January 23, 1937

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—COLLIER'S—
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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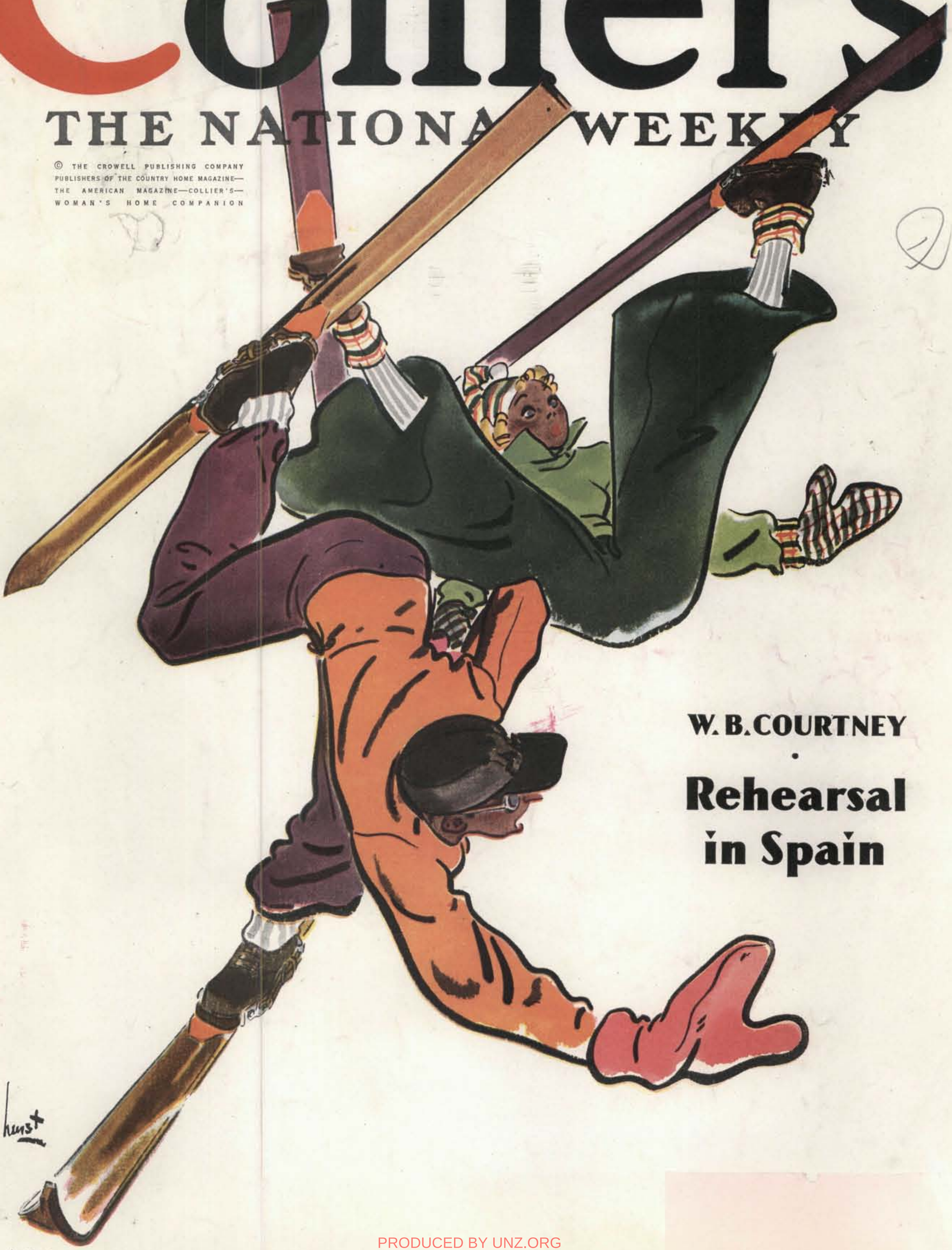

W. B. COURTNEY

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an 23 1937

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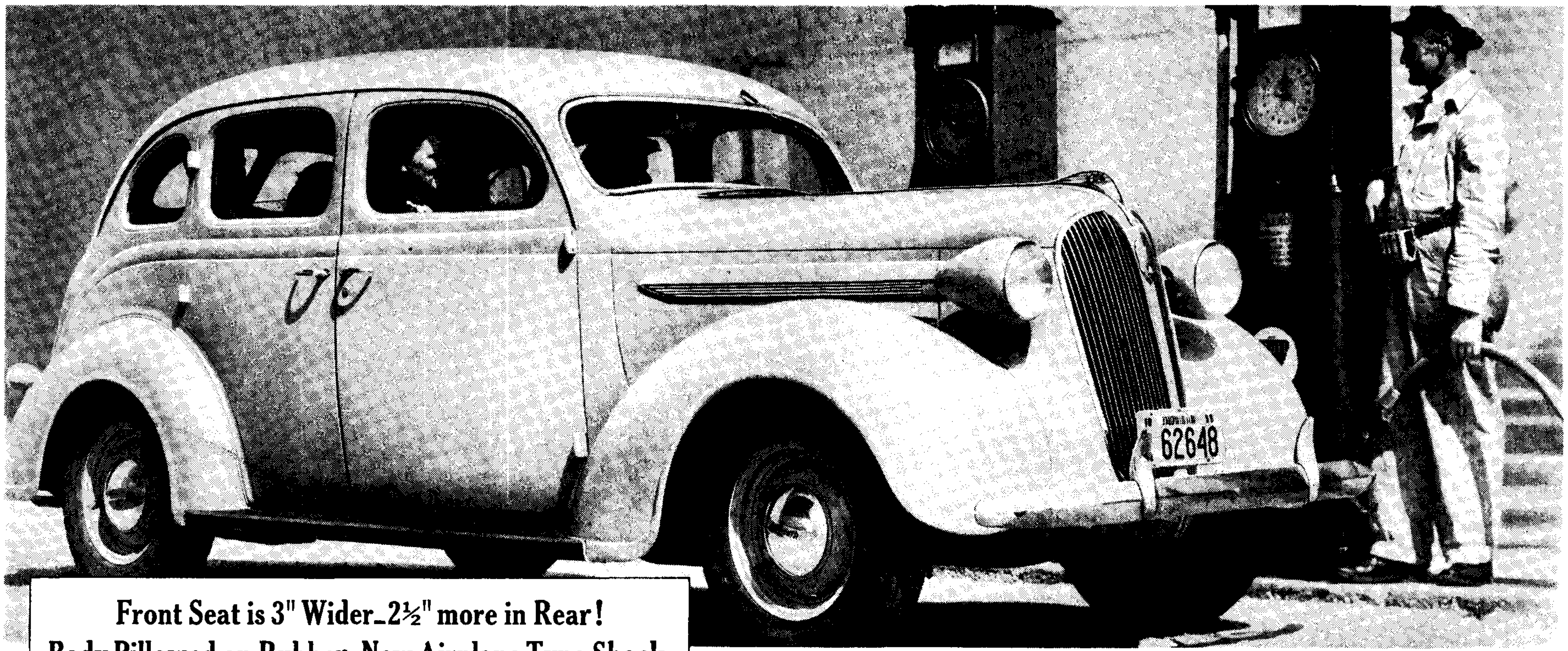

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Associate Editors

Next Week

GEORGE CAREY woke up and found himself a hero. That part of it was all right. The trouble was that he couldn't remember what had happened; he couldn't remember anything for a period of eight years.

Then he began to find out about himself. His name wasn't George Carey any more: he was Larry Wilson. And he had a wife. Her picture was in the cabin where he woke up—a very beautiful girl, whom, to the best of his recollection, he had never seen before. Eight years of his life were a blank and in that period lay a mystery upon which depended the life of a friend. In "I Love You Again," Octavus Roy Cohen begins the fascinating romance of a man who had to turn detective to find out who he was.

FOR some time there have been signs that the gloom has lifted from Wall Street. Brokers are rushing about, and the street is full of rumors and full of dollars. The small investors and speculators are at it again, pouring their aggregate millions into the market. And high in its watchtower sits the SEC, doing its level best to see that the sucker gets an even break. But the sucker never does. And it's still possible to lose money in Wall Street. Next week John T. Flynn publishes "Rules for Suckers."

A POLICE court isn't a gay place to be married in; but it's downright awful to be stood up there. Bridget was just getting her start in the theater when that happened. Three years later she was famous—and still in love with the man who had failed her. Malcolm Reiss tells the story of her mistake.

THERE must be something special about the waves of the Rio de la Plata, for the rhythm of their lapping is heard around the world. From them comes the tango which holds in liquid suspension the glamor of Buenos Aires. Edward Tomlinson tells the romantic story of South American music.

THERE'S no game that has the same kick as "Russian Roulette." It's played with a revolver. You take out one cartridge, spin the cylinder, put the muzzle to your head and pull the trigger. Georges Surdez writes the story of Sergeant Burkowski, who played it for a time very successfully.

HEYWOOD BROUN contributes the Short Short Story. Albert Richard Wetjen, Kyle Crichton, Kenneth Perkins, Henry F. Pringle, Ernest Haycox, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain complete the list. With one masterpiece each.

This Week

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January 23, 1937

Cover by Earl Oliver Hurst

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●

Any Week

WE DIDN'T meet Mr. Wencke. And we feel sure that the regret is all on our side because to Mr. Wencke our name would probably mean nothing at all. But we passed Mr. Wencke's place of business. The reason we didn't stop was because we were in a train wabbling through North Dakota, the thermometers outside registering 20 degrees below zero. Mr. Wencke is the proprietor of a very modest-looking establishment, but that modesty does not pervade Mr. Wencke. On his one-story frame place of business is this sign: "Cigar Store, Pool Room, Cold Beer and Saloon." We can visualize Mr. Wencke looking it over and then saying to himself, "Oh, what the hell," and adding—as he did—"No chiseling here. Also one nickel slot machine."

IN DENVER we were one of a considerable group of people who had gathered at Eighteenth and California streets. We asked the reason and were told that a couple of bandits were about to give an exhibition. We said that it was very decent of them to wait until an audience had gathered. But all we saw were two young men panhandling the crowd. We were about to part with our dime, thinking that perhaps the bandits took up a collection before demonstrating. But a rough fellow brushed us aside and grabbed the bandit. He was a detective. We followed them to the police station, where our supposed bandit said that he had spread the rumors of impending highway robbery just to attract a crowd. Said he: "I'm from Oklahoma and I've panhandled the streets until my feet feel like a couple of toothaches. So I thought up the idea of having the suckers come to me instead of hunting them up."

SO THEY threw him into the nearest cell and we went on our way. Presently we were in Helena, Montana. It was more than a year ago that a series of earthquakes made life in that former mining camp a dismal experience. One of the first things we saw were troops of boys and girls carrying books entering trains of Pullman cars. They carried no baggage, wore no hats and there were no anxious-looking parents bidding them farewell. Naturally we became inquisitive. "Oh, they ain't going nowhere," an overalled gentleman with the itch told us. "Them's high-school students and them cars is the high school ever since the quake ruined the regular one and we ain't had no money to fix it up. Good idea, too. There's lots to be learned in Pullman cars if you keep your ears and eyes open."

SO WE got on the next Pullman that came by and presently met a gentleman who lives in a house that seemed to us to be built wholly contrary to all the accepted notions. It was at least nine-tenths porch, the house proper looking something of an afterthought. But everything was explained by the gentleman's son. Said he: "The old man bought that house for five thousand dollars and when he made his pile added a ten-thousand-dollar porch—the one you see. The old man's a sucker for porches. He wants to give me and my wife a porch for a wedding present. He says all we have to do is to buy a house and he'll hang a porch on it. But we've fooled him and he's madder than hell. We ain't going to buy a house until he dies."

WE MET an elderly cow gentleman—a rancher and stock raiser—who got rich by refusing to squander time and opportunity. Fifty years ago, a ranch foreman, he got on his horse and rode a hundred miles to marry a girl whom he'd met in a restaurant. She was the waitress. After eating there three times he asked her to marry him. She said yes but that he'd have to come to her home a hundred miles east and marry her there, in the presence of the family. So she went home and a week later he followed. With him rode two cow hands. Naturally the bride-to-be introduced the three gentlemen to her family, including her two sisters. "Hell a'mighty," roared the bridegroom, "I didn't know you had a couple of sisters." Then, turning to his pair of best men, he added: "You two bucks might just as well git married same time as me and git all this kind of nonsense over and done with. You ain't gonna do no better nowhere." So there was a triple wedding that evening, and while we promised to mention no names, we have permission to add that they're all still married and as happy as— But that would be silly.

WE ALMOST said kings.

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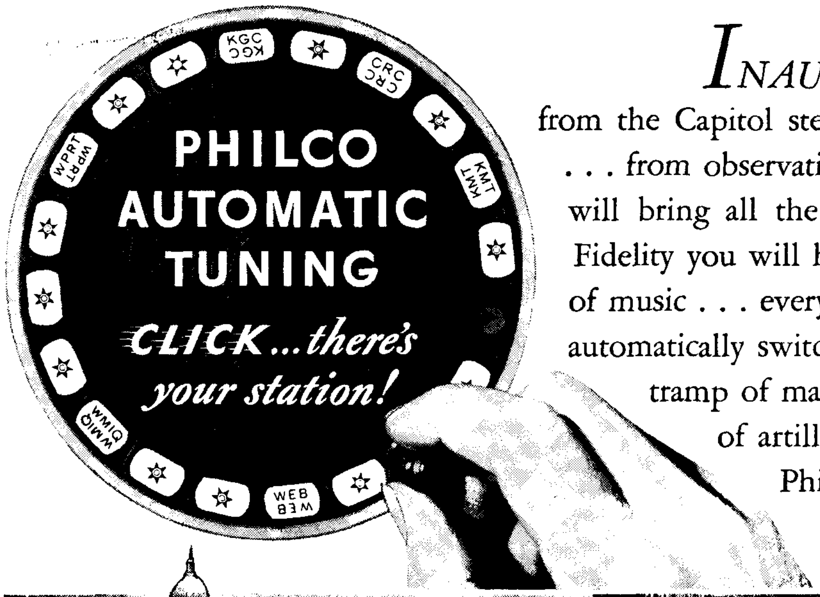

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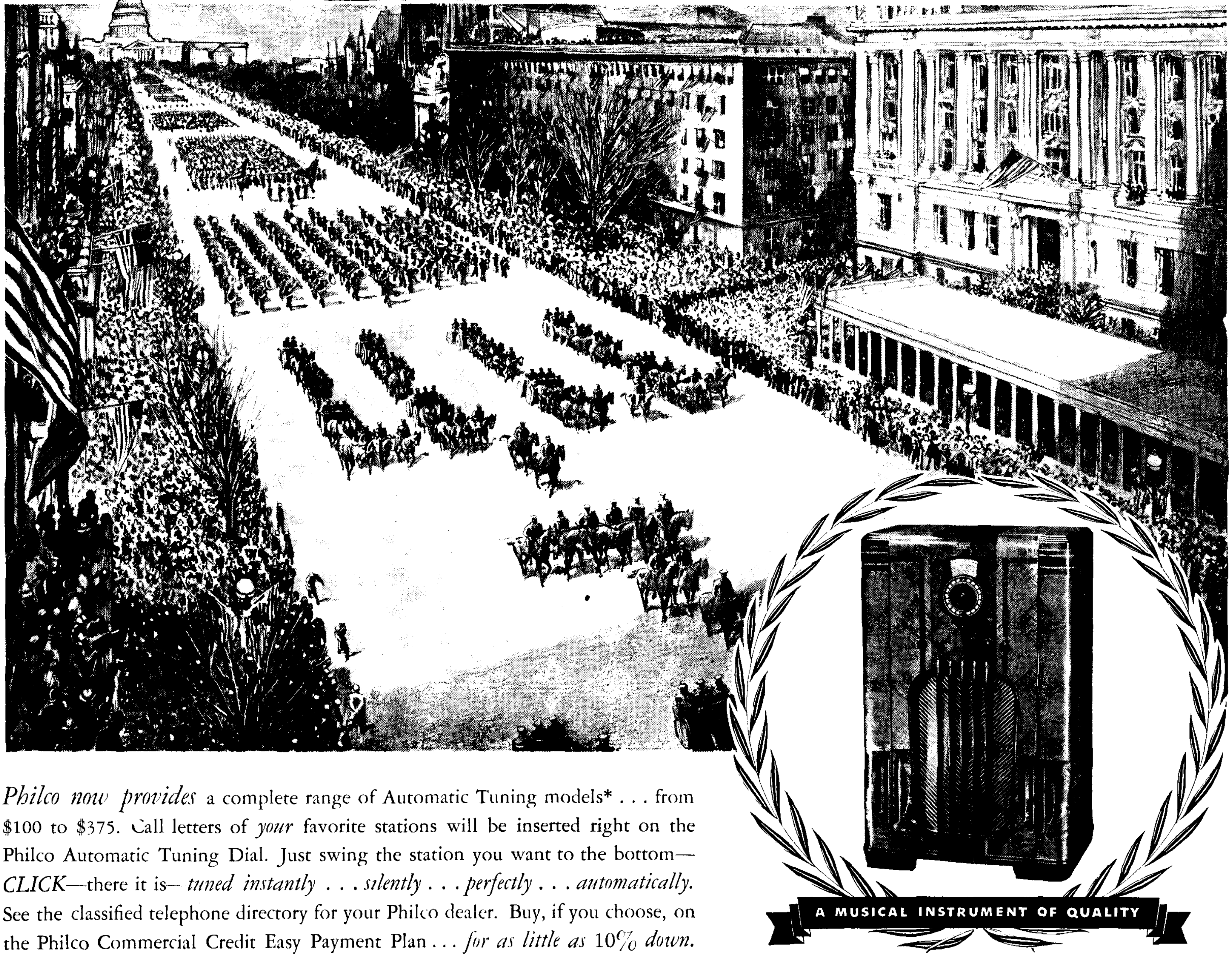
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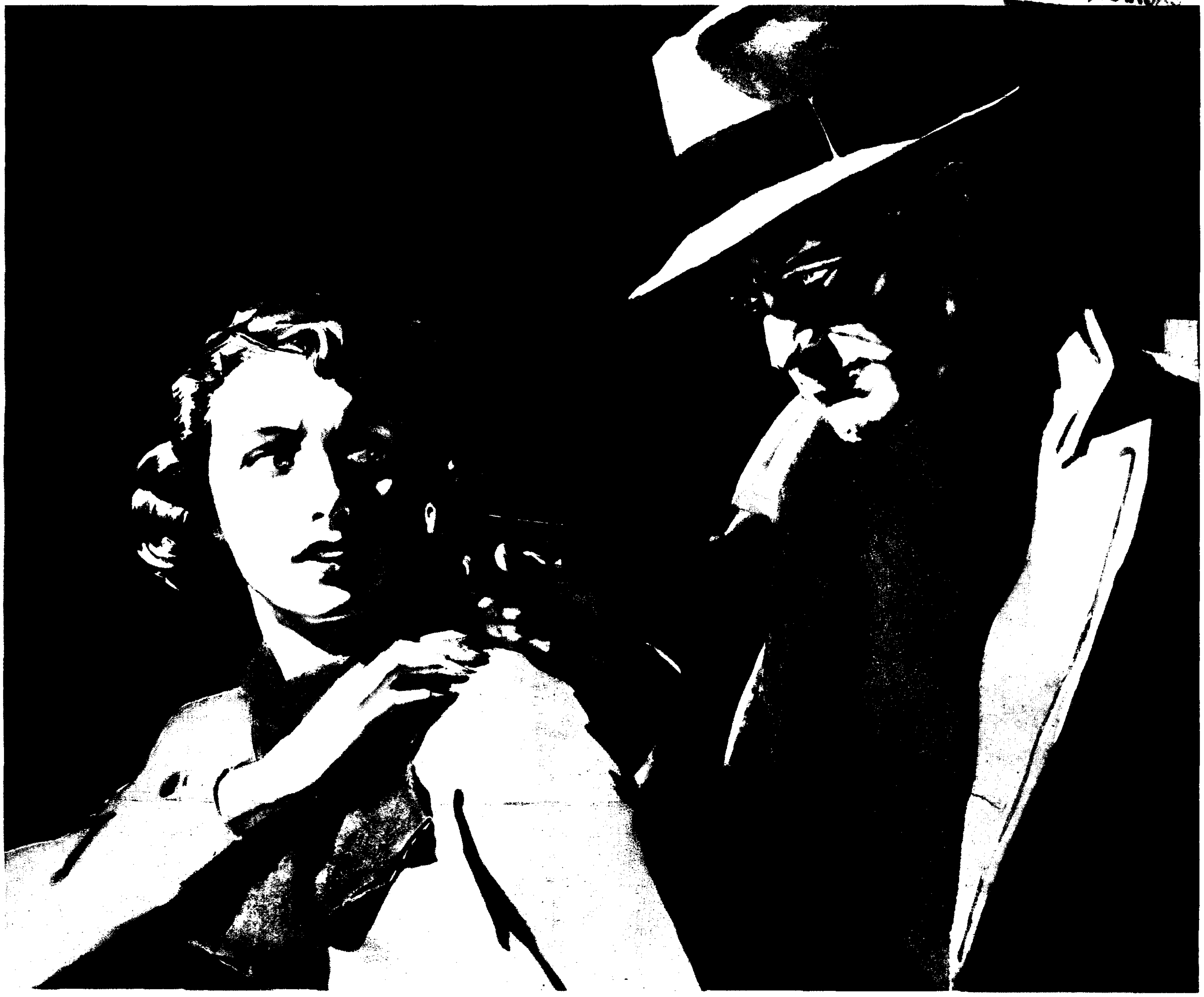


"Baby," Johnny Scarfe said, "go downstairs. Now. While you can walk"

Woman Expert

By Thomas Walsh

The education of Cornelius Kerrigan, cynic, in the ways of women, about which he knew much but understood little

SHE wasn't at all the kind of girl Kerrigan had built up in his mind. Small and dark, rather sturdy, with cheeks flushed rosily from the cold and crystals of snow sparkling on the collar of her worn fur coat, she came down the aisle behind the porter, smiling a little, obviously excited, with checkered galoshes on her feet and heavy gray gloves in one hand.

When the porter had racked the luggage on the shelf above her chair Kerrigan had just a side glimpse of thick dark hair drawn back severely about a round young face—a glimpse that for a moment worried him, until he saw the man in the gray coat and brown hat walk down the station platform outside and stop by her window to light a cigarette. That was the finger, the handover; and, relieved, Kerrigan yawned and picked up his newspaper, deciding that this girl of Scarfe's was nobody's dumbbell. The get-up was good; he'd have to be careful. Even a woman expert would never have picked her out of a crowd as Johnny Scarfe's girl.

In a moment they began to glide past the platform, deserted now save by a few redcaps and the man in the gray coat, who was hurrying along toward the nearest stairway with his collar bundled high about his face. He did not look up as they went by, and Kerrigan, warm and relaxed, seeing the skirts of his coat bellied out by the wind, rather pitied him. Out here they certainly had winters.

Kerrigan shivered delicately and edged his sharp young face deeper into the cushion at his back. It was a bit small for his body, that face, under black hair that curled crisply, close clipped above his temples; and very handsome too with its genial, Irish-blue eyes, its straight mouth that had a twist of perpetual and audacious good humor crinkled at its corners. Little Boy Blue, he was called sometimes in certain quarters—though rarely to his face. Lou Evans favored the woman expert, but that, Kerrigan conceded, wasn't bad, though you had to know how to say it the right way. Men who knew Kerrigan usually said it the right way.

He thought of all that with a complacent comfort as he sprawled out in the chair, his lean, big-knuckled fingers resting on his knees. He didn't think of the girl very much until the white-coated Negro came down the aisle with the first call to dinner, for he had decided that he shouldn't push things too much; there was plenty of time. New York was still a night away and, as it happened, he didn't have to make the break at all. Things couldn't have been better if he'd ordered them himself.

THE diner was crowded when he entered, with only one vacant table for two; and he'd just finished his tomato juice when the steward ushered the girl to the chair across from his. She seemed pretty enough, rather timid, a bit too unconscious of him as she read the menu. And Kerrigan himself seemed abashed, avoiding her eyes and clearing his throat several times, until the silence became awkward. Then, hesitatingly, he remarked that it was bad weather.

She looked at him for the first time, with big dark eyes that seemed to have no guile about them.

"It's January," she said, after a moment. "That's always the worst month out here."

Kerrigan had his cue.

"Back East," he said, "we don't get winters like this. Baltimore's my home town. It snows once or twice, and we get cold snaps all along, but day after day—" He shook his head wryly. "I guess it's all right; I'm not knocking it. Only I hope my next time out it'll be summer."

Supply them with a lead, the woman expert knew, and it all would be much easier. She asked, of course, if it was his first visit, so Kerrigan, without being forward, could plant the whole story in her mind. The accountant, the main office in Chicago, the chance at a managership, the interview with the big boss—

"I don't know," he went on, with the grin that he could touch up to wistful shyness, "what the boss thought of me. I'm kind of afraid to hope."

It had been, the woman expert sensed, the right method. It made him a worried young man, nice, and in no way fresh. When she said she wouldn't worry, it would probably turn out just the way he wanted it, the woman expert knew he had her; he would have sworn that she'd almost patted his wrist.

Later, in the club car, where there was no question about their sitting together, there was a faint starry stir of excitement in her eyes. It seemed that she hadn't thought there were any trains like this, with lamps and little tables and easy chairs and writing desks. The woman expert didn't have to lead her on. She was going all the way to New York, to a job—a fine job. She knew she was going to like it. There was a glow in her face when she spoke the name. New York! It was, she said, an—an adventure. It was wonderful.

IN HIS berth, smoking a last cigarette with an empty toothpaste carton for an ash tray, Kerrigan decided she was very good or a natural. She sounded small-town all right—she was small-town; but, then, even small towns had their measure of off-color dames. Still, if he didn't know this one was Johnny Scarfe's girl . . . The woman expert, slightly amused by himself, yawned and switched off the light. Just before going to sleep he wondered drowsily what names she'd call him when the blowoff came. He'd bet she couldn't think of any that hadn't been used.

In the morning, as they entered the tunnel, the woman expert got his bags down. He knew now he had her just where he wanted her.

"Awful nice," he said. "It was swell to have someone to talk to. And look—" with just the proper mixture of embarrassment and eagerness—"I'm staying in New York tonight, to see my girl. If you wouldn't be busy—I mean, well—" He looked for a moment confused. "Eleanor works for a ticket agency. She gets passes for all the shows. Tonight we're planning to see the Scandals, and I just thought it might be nice—well, for you to come along. You'd like Eleanor. If you've got a friend we could meet you there, by the theater. If you haven't, come yourself, anyway. They say it's a swell show."

Susan Butler seemed a little uncertain, and Kerrigan didn't push it, but he thought that "come yourself" might decide her. She'd be followed from the station, of course—Johnny Scarfe would never be dumb enough to meet her there—but it wasn't hard to slip a tail, even a good one. And Kerrigan, looking shy and eagerly boyish, wanted to work this thing out by himself; he was sure he had her figured.

"I'll be at the Morris," he said. "Call me there if you can make it. Been awfully nice knowing you, Miss Butler."

Lou Evans, who had got on the train at Harmon, came through their car then, descending to the platform with them. At the taxi stand Kerrigan shook hands with her, cried, "Don't forget the call," and slipped on the grin once more. Lou Evans was a good tail, but somehow he had a hunch this girl was going to slip him.

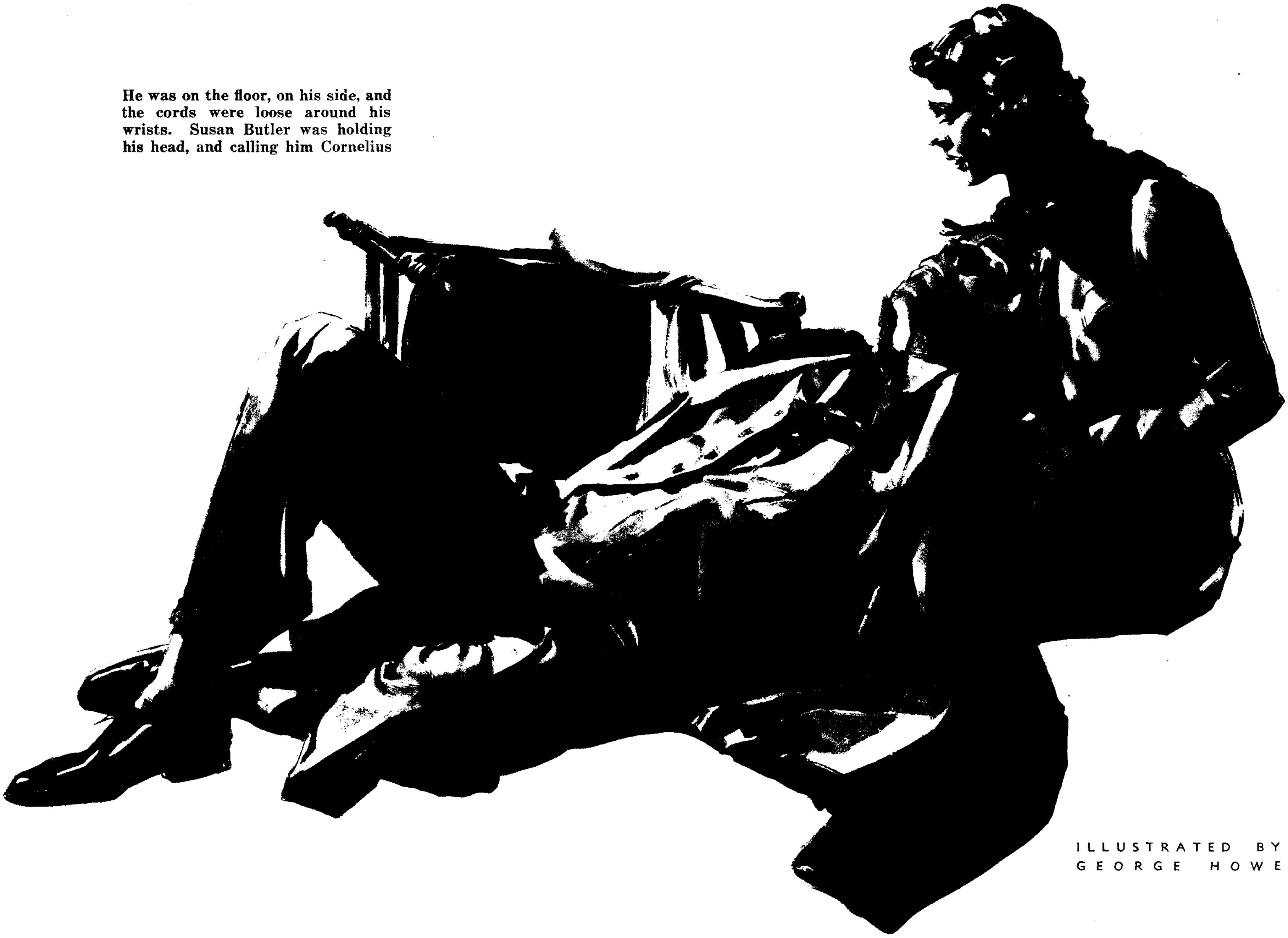
SHE did. Along toward five o'clock Kerrigan got the news. After she'd registered at a small hotel, she'd gone down to the subway and asked some people for directions to Times Square. There she'd just made a shuttle train that Lou Evans just missed. It might have been an accident, but Kerrigan, the woman expert, only grinned. "Don't lose your shirts," he said. At the Morris, John Bronson, the house dick, said the call had come in: Miss Butler would meet him at eight o'clock. . . .

She was in the lobby at eight, in the same shiny fur, but Kerrigan cursed silently when he saw she was alone. His smile was a little strained as he went forward with Miss Peel, who was the best-looking policewoman he had been able to find.

"I'll check the passes," he said, after the introduction. "You alone, Miss Butler?"

"I don't know. I thought—" She looked anxiously around, while Kerrigan lit a cigarette and felt his heart beating hard. Johnny Scarfe would want to give him the once-over first, of course; he'd been smart to think of Miss Peel. If he didn't like their looks— A tall man in bone spectacles and a long

"How are you," he said, and shook his hand, and then smashed him viciously with a left hook



He was on the floor, on his side, and the cords were loose around his wrists. Susan Butler was holding his head, and calling him Cornelius

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

brown coat came out of a drugstore and crossed to them. Susan Butler waved an arm. "Mr. Adams," she called.

The tall man didn't look much like Scarfe. Going only by pictures, Kerrigan wasn't sure of him until he was very close, and Susan Butler was turning to him, speaking. Kerrigan put out his hand. "How are you," he said, and shook his right hand with an earnest, Frank-Carter-of-Baltimore grin, and then smashed him viciously against the chin with a left hook that had all the weight of his body behind it. Little Owen Malley from the undercover squad slipped up behind the man in the brown coat in time to catch him as he staggered back. Steel flashed against the mass of dark coats crowding the lobby. Faces swung toward them, suddenly turned, astounded, while the tall man faced Kerrigan, his glasses hung crookedly across his nose, his hands gathered together behind his back.

IT WAS done deftly and swiftly. Kerrigan picked up Johnny Scarfe's hat and crushed it carelessly on his head, and Malley hustled him out by the shoulder. To the crowd Kerrigan ordered, "Move on, move on," taking Susan Butler's arm while she stared at him pale, stricken dumb.

"Come on," the woman expert said. "You, too, sister. Don't start any trouble here."

It was a neat job, even for Cornelius Kerrigan. There was the usual kidding after it, but Kerrigan didn't mind that much, so long as it stayed within bounds. He knew they all felt pretty good about it, despite the cracks; for, three months before, Johnny Scarfe had killed a cop, and so his taking was, in a way, a point of personal honor.

The girl, this Susan Butler, faded from Kerrigan's mind, for she was only one job in many to the woman expert, and the job was done with now—or at least in the D. A.'s hands. The next morning, when he entered the cafeteria on the corner down from headquarters, she wasn't at all in his thoughts; he had, in fact, to frown at her slightly before he remembered who she was. Sitting on the high stool in the cage near the door, she didn't see him as he came in; and after a startled moment Kerrigan went by her to a chair at the end of the long tiled counter along one wall. He said, "Hello, Joe," to a fat man in a white apron busy draining one of the coffee urns, and when the fat man turned he jerked his head toward the front.

"Where," he asked, "did you pick that up?"

Joe was short and clean, comfortable-looking, with red cheeks and bright little eyes. He dried his hands on his apron and came over with a mug of coffee, setting it down before Kerrigan to lean over the counter with his elbows set far apart.

"She's new," he said, following Kerrigan's nod with his eyes. "Nice kid. Rose Cady's getting married next week and I had to get someone to take her place. I guess Rose gave up hope of hooking you, Kerrigan." He chuckled amiably.

"Cakes," the woman expert ordered, "and some of those toothpicks you call sausages." He stirred his coffee and looked back again at the cage. "How'd you happen to get this one?"

Joe called, "Cakes with, Eddie," and pushed the sugar bowl toward Kerrigan with one hand. "Don't you ever get tired lining them up, fella? She seems like a good kid. Came in late last night and sat around fiddling with a cup of coffee until it was time to close up. I got to talking to her; she looked kind of lost. Got in yesterday from someplace out west, thinking that a job was set for her. Somehow or other that blew up, and I guess she didn't have the fare back, though she didn't say so. I felt kinda sorry for her, and I knew Rose wanted to quit a couple of days ahead, to do shopping and all that. So I told her if she wanted to cashier here—"

"SUCKER," Kerrigan grunted. "She tell you she was Johnny Scarfe's girl?"

Joe's eyes got round and wondering in his fat face. "No!" He looked incredulous. "You kidding, Kerrigan?"

"Do I ever kid?" the woman expert demanded, stirring his coffee irritably. "We got a tip last month that Scarfe hid out in a small town in Indiana and went line and sinker for some dame there—this dame. He got sozzled one night and cried into his beer about her, and someone passed the word along. So we got the police out there to keep an eye on her. Day before yesterday they wired in she'd bought a ticket to New York on the afternoon train. She bought it a day ahead, and that gave me time to fly out there and pull the sucker act on the train. We had nothing on her but we knew she was heading for Scarfe." He paused to sip his coffee.

"Scarfe always liked girl shows, and I figured he'd want to celebrate the first night she got to town. Guys like him can't stay cooped up forever, so I said I had passes, and if she wanted to come and bring a friend—" He looked up at Joe moodily. "She came all right, and we put the collar on Scarfe. But I figured they'd hold her a while—material witness. She must have bawled loud enough to touch old Powell's heart."

"A kid like that," Joe said, looking worried. "You wouldn't believe it. You think I ought to get rid of her, Kerrigan?"

"Before she walks off with the store."

"Yeh." Joe rubbed his forehead vaguely. "I guess I'd better. This afternoon; soon's I get another."

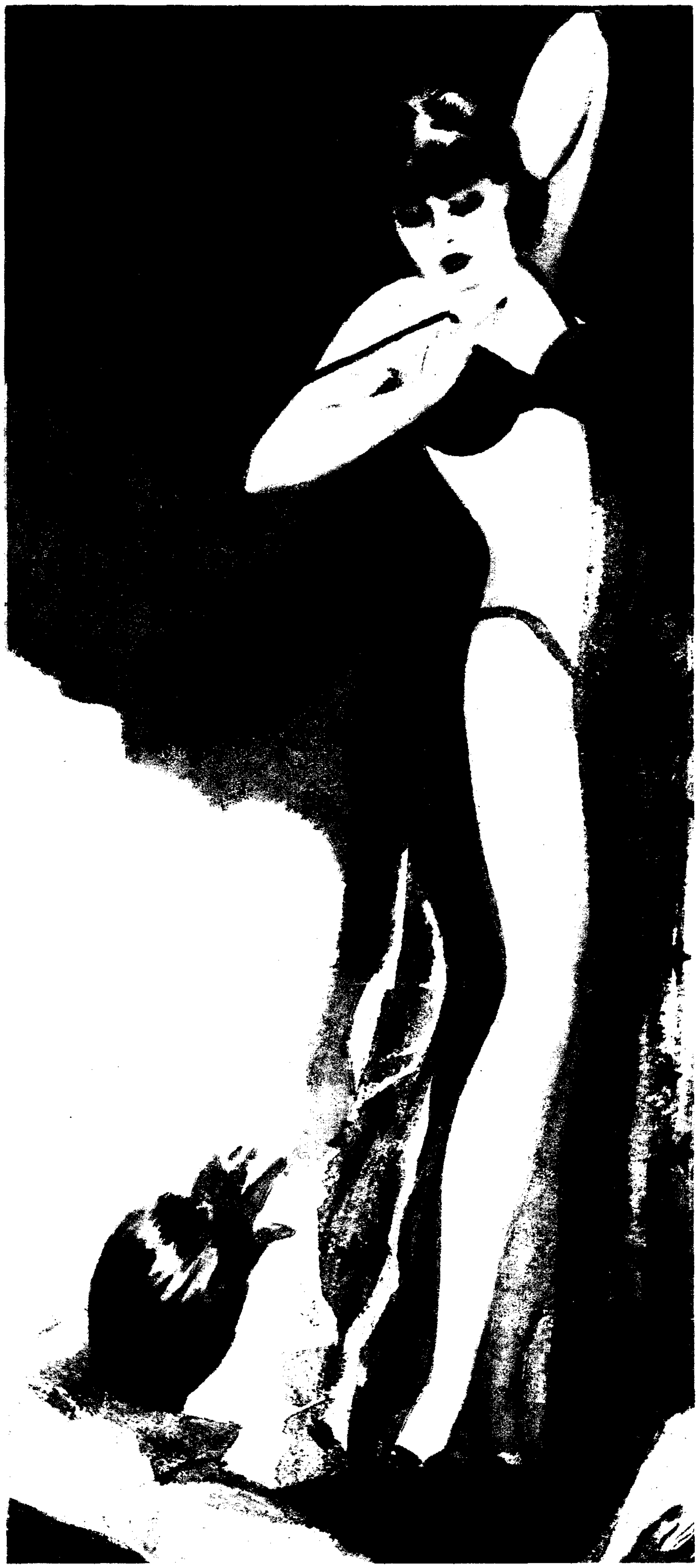
But it didn't really surprise Kerrigan when she was still there that evening. Joe was a soft-hearted slob, and all this Susan Butler had to do was pull the old line on him. Small-town kid—no money. He could see Joe mumbling helplessly between his teeth, looking uncomfortable. Well— But she couldn't pull that stuff on Kerrigan. He was grimly amused when she tried it. She paled a little at first as he presented his check, and then grabbed his arm. "Oh!" she said. "Wait a minute, please. I want to—" The woman expert only grunted, "Save it, sister," and scooped up his change. He didn't have to find out about women from her. Women were Kerrigan's job. Some cops remembered faces, and some never forgot license tags, so that if a hundred cars went by them they'd pick out the stolen ones just by looking at the tags. But only Cornelius Kerrigan knew women. They were his knack.

(Continued on page 30)

Strip-Tease Sal

By Heywood Broun

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



"You must not let the shoulder strap all the way down. Just a suggestion will do"

"NO, Miss Doremus," said the producer, "not for Broadway."

"Not what?" said the large young lady in the middle of the stage who was just about to lower her shoulder strap.

"You must not let the shoulder strap all the way down," Mr. Midley explained patiently. "Just a suggestion will do. Remember, we open at the Winter Garden, not in Fourteenth Street."

The large young lady was close to tears but she advanced to the footlights belligerently. "I'm singing this song Strip-Tease Sal and you tell me that I'm not to take off anything. How is that going to look? What will my public say? I'd be ashamed to face them if I have to walk off at the end of the number with all these clothes on."

"I have been trying to explain," interposed Mr. Midley, "that on Broadway we do these things quite differently. You must be more subtle. For instance, when you slap yourself I don't want that resounding whack. It's cheap. It's vulgar. Stop the gesture in mid-air so to speak. Our audiences will understand."

Thomas Midley and Dolly Doremus had come to the Broadway stage from opposite directions. Midley's original reputation was gained as a director of undergraduate theatricals at Yale. This was his first experience in directing for Hess and Blum, who hired him to put on High Jinks of 1936, but Mr. Blum had said, "We want it elegant and no monkey business."

Mr. Midley was a little startled at the very beginning to find that among the members of the cast assembled for him was Miss Dolly Doremus, who had just been snatched from burlesque, where she had been a sensational success in a disrobing number. Still, he had no desire to be captious, and his chief comedian was Ronald Drake, whose sly method was precisely attuned to his sort of direction. . . .

"Do you mean to say," Dolly Doremus insisted, "that I can't throw my brassière out to the audience and say, 'Gone with the wind'?"

"I think," said Midley, "that we will omit that piece of business. Naturally the line will have to come out, too."

BY NOW Dolly was frankly weeping, but these were tears of rage rather than surrender. "I don't see why Mr. Blum should hire me just to make a fool of me," she stormed. "The words of the song say 'I'm little Sal, the strip-tease gal' and then I don't take off anything."

"Come, come," said Midley, trying to pass it off lightly. "You wouldn't want us all to get arrested."

"You ought to get arrested. There's a law against it. It says in the electric lights Dolly Doremus and then I don't take off anything. That's obtaining money under false pretenses."

"This," said Mr. Midley gently, "is a two-hundred-thousand-dollar production. We don't know yet whether we are going to obtain any money. We certainly won't unless we all work together. The number which you have is not intended to be a real strip-tease number. It's a burlesque."

"Burlesque is what I'm talking about."

"Make it satire," said Midley quickly. "In a delicate and subtle way you are supposed to make fun of the vulgarity and crassness of disrobing acts. This is a strip-tease act to end all strip-tease acts."

"Why should I want to do that?" asked Dolly. "I got more money from Blevitch but they told me this would be an opportunity."

"And so it is, Miss Doremus. On the opening night you will be seen by all the critics of New York. It may be that you will become another Beatrice Lillie. Only time and Mr. Snedecker of The Globe can tell."

"Joe Williams liked my act when I was in Fourteenth Street."

"Mr. Williams is not a dramatic critic. He is a sports reporter. A good review from Snedecker can make or break a new performer. He is an Oxford man and I suppose his book on 'The Decline of American Satire' is at the moment the best seller outside of fiction. I'm giving away no secret when I say that it was his enthusiasm for Ronald Drake which has made Mr. Drake what he is today. Watch Drake at rehearsal and catch the way in which he always gets his laugh by understressing a line or a piece of business. Take that drunken scene, for instance. Some other comic would fall on his face or stagger all over the place. Drake does it with nothing more than a slight disorder in the knees. That makes it much funnier. At least for Broadway."

"I don't care," said Dolly. "I wish I was back on Fourteenth Street," and she left the stage and went to her dressing room, where she could really cry.

Midley spoke to both Hess and Blum about the situation but they agreed that they wanted Dolly Doremus in the show if it were humanly possible. "Make her behave," said Hess.

"She's behaving well enough," Midley explained. "Maybe it's my fault, but she's behaving too well. There's nothing in Strip-Tease Sal which could possibly shock anybody, but I'm wondering if there's anything to make anybody laugh."

"It's too late to change now," said Hess. "We've got to take a chance."

DOLLY DOREMUS was standing in the wings waiting for her cue for Strip-Tease Sal. She was more nervous than she had ever been in her life. Suddenly she felt a hand on her shoulder. It was Ronald Drake, who had hardly spoken a word to her during rehearsals.

"Nervous?" he asked.

"Yes," said Dolly with irritation.

"And a little homesick?" suggested the comedian.

"What's it to you?" she snapped.

"Hold on," said Drake. "Where do you think I got my start? I was in burlesque before you were born. Did you ever hear of Pat White or Billy Watson's Beef Trust? I broke in with them. And don't let anybody tell you that this crowd is any different from the old gang we played for in burlesque. It takes a little longer to get 'em warmed up, but once you do they're just as friendly. But you've got to go after them in the same way."

"But Mr. Midley's been telling me—"

"Forget Mr. Midley. Go out and do your stuff. There's your cue. Pretend you're back in burlesque and remember there's a burlesque boy here in the wings rooting for you."

Mr. Midley was always a nervous audience for his own first nights. He was particularly worried about Strip-Tease Sal, and before the number began he darted out for a breath of air and a quick drink of brandy. He came back just in time to see a brassière flying out over the footlights while a large young lady drawled in a husky voice, "Gone with the wind."

The audience was liking it, but what about the critics? Midley sat up for the final editions of the morning papers and turned in agitation to the critique of Clarence Snedecker.

"The rest of High Jinks of 1936 doesn't matter," wrote Mr. Snedecker. "But let it be announced at once that there should be a national holiday and dancing in the streets. America has found that for which it has long been seeking and I do not mean a good five-cent cigar, but a genuine satirist. Her name is Dolly Doremus and her song Strip-Tease Sal is a masterpiece in subtle and delicate derision."

Turn On the Light

By J. D. Ratcliff

Every sneeze starts an expeditionary force of germs on a far-flung campaign. The air is full of floating armadas ready to pounce—but now we know how to deal with them. Here's the device for bagging microbes on the wing

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

JETZT *niesen Sie!*" "Now sneeze!" As the German researcher Flugge barked this order, the subject let out a room-shaking explosion. The spectacle was ludicrous. Around the stolid, obedient sneezer hung festoons of glass slides. It all looked something like a giant Chinese devil chaser—the kind that used to tinkle on every other front porch.

When the sneezing bee was over, Flugge unhitched the glass slides and slipped them into an incubator. Each was covered with sterile gelatin—the equivalent of a turkey dinner for bacteria. If the man sprayed out germs with his sneeze, they would land on the plates, gobble the gelatin, grow up, and have children. Then they would be examined under the microscope.

When Flugge completed his work he presented the world with a pathological picture of a sneeze. Droplets of water, swarming with various microbes, were expelled. Dragged down by gravity, they cut a parabolic path to the earth after traveling only a few feet. On the ground the germs perished. The work looked thorough, complete—and it was German, so other researchers accepted it as gospel. Air-borne microbes, apparently, were negligible in respiratory-tract infections.

Furthermore, if a sneeze, a veritable bacteria howitzer, didn't project a batch of the organisms into the air, it wasn't likely that the air was a considerable factor in other infections.

Just the same, lots of mysterious things happened that needed explaining. Why, for example, were post-operative complications constantly occurring no matter how rigidly doctors followed the laws of asepsis, no matter how much they scrubbed their hands and boiled their instruments? And why did meningitis strike isolated lumber camps without contact with the outside world? How come that a person contracted flu after paying a call on a sick neighbor, even though he had gingerly avoided getting close to the bed?

The medical profession's answer, no matter how lengthily expressed, boiled down to this: We don't know. But the air looks suspicious.

About a year ago two Harvard investigators got bees in their bonnets. William F. Wells and Wyman R. Stone wanted to settle the question of microbes in the air once and for all. Probably, Flugge had been right about sneezers. But they wanted to see for themselves.

They picked a novel way to duplicate the old German's work. Instead of getting a husky Cambridge cop with a bad case of sniffles, they built a sneezing machine. The machine was simply an atomizing nozzle stuck through one wall of a glass-lined room. A blast of air in the nozzle sent a spray of bacteria, mixed with distilled water, into the room.

There was one thing in particular they wanted to check in Flugge's work. Granted the big droplets fell to earth, what about the tiny ones that evaporated before they settled? Possibly the bacterial passengers were left floating around like feathers in a spring breeze.

So they shot whiffs of deadly microbes into the glass room. Then they allowed time for gravity to do its work before sampling the air. Their hunch was right.

Grand results piled up—grand, that is, for the investigators, but pretty foreboding for humanity at large.

Pneumococcus, Type I, one organism that causes pneumonia, was still floating, still well and happy, after forty-eight hours. Likewise the bacillus diphtheriae, the one that clogs babies' throats, then kills them with the disease called diphtheria. The less harmful streptococcus viridans lived two days.

These bacteria, all associated with respiratory-tract diseases, hence apt to be present in every sneeze, lived longer than other strains. Those which cause dysentery and typhoid and other intestinal disorders were less virile. They could last for only eight hours. Pus-forming staphylococcus aureus kept healthy three days.

Definite proof that these death dealers lived so long, ready to pounce on anyone, spurred Wells and his helper to further work. If they survived so readily, how far could they travel? The investigators thought they saw a clue in ocean spray. Salt crystals, evaporated out of this ocean water, had been found fifty miles inland. Why couldn't a sneeze in Detroit ride the night winds to Toledo?

If pneumonia germs could be launched by a sneeze, travel for miles, and then be sucked into a well man's lungs for incubation, implications were large. It seemed possible that floating streptococci might drop in open wounds, raise large families, and cause blood poisoning. Or that Welch's rod-shaped organism might slip into a minor cut and cause the most fearful of all infections—gas gangrene. Floating organisms might be the root of the post-operative infections that have given more than one surgeon gray hair.

Wells wanted to find some way to clean the air quickly, thoroughly, and cheaply. Sunshine, he knew, made bacteria shrivel and die. Scientists thought

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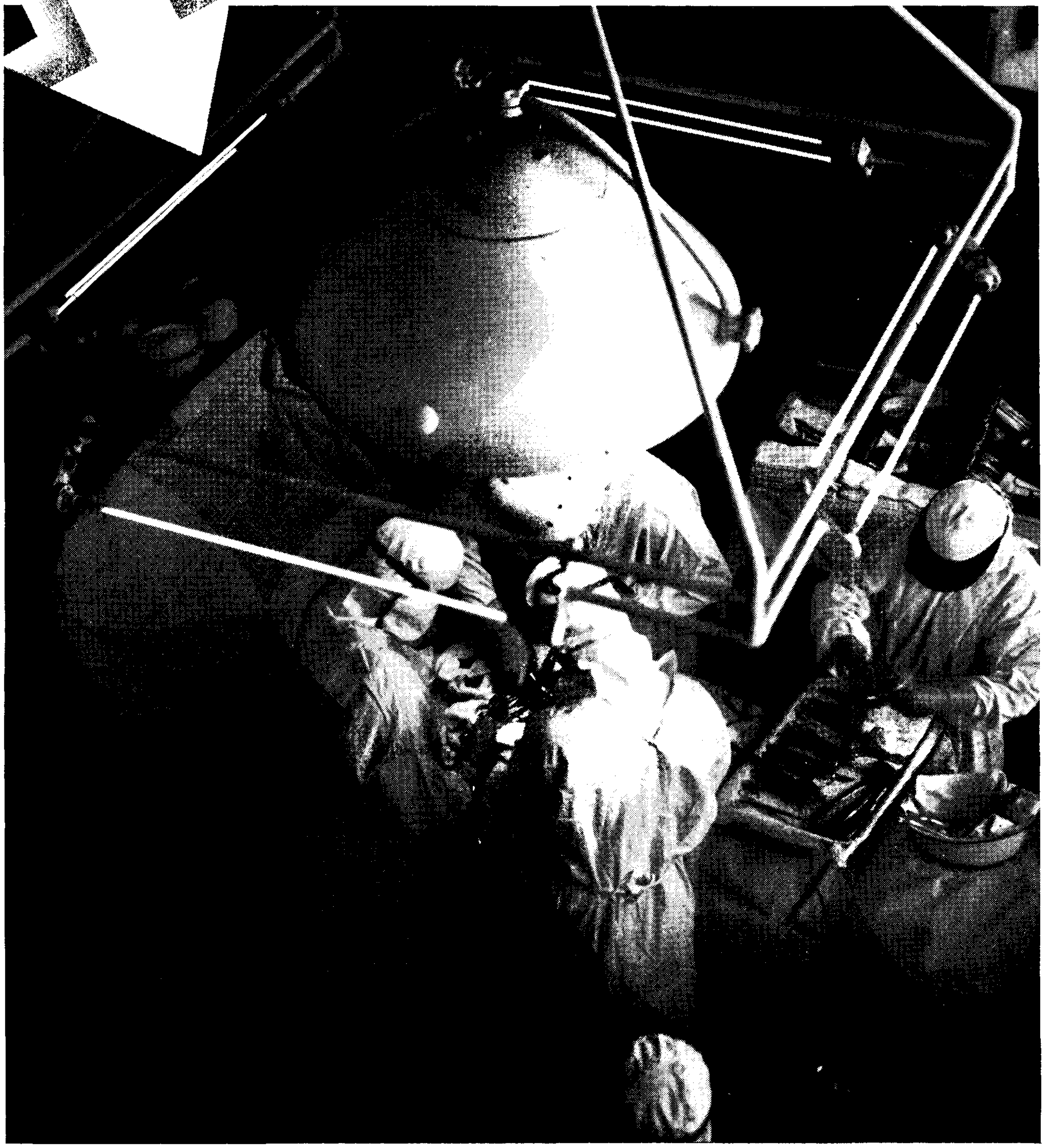

Rehearsal in Spain

By W. B. Courtney

This is the show window of the next war. In it the common man can see what is in store for him; in it dictators and war makers test and shop for the latest weapons and methods of destruction. Mr. Courtney shows you at close range the barbaric savagery of modern science run amok

YOU show your passport, and your special border zone credential, to the *Garde Mobile* and he examines them by the light of your automobile headlamp; and then he shrugs—that quick characteristic hunching which is most expressive of the average Frenchman's realism. It signifies: all right, you understand the risk; this road is constantly under fire at night, but your papers are in order so go ahead if you want to. It's your funeral.

Behind you, in the town, are bright sidewalk cafés with little round tables gay under provincial cloths. Before you, complete and bitter darkness. Beside you, huddled shadows; human pools of misery and hopelessness. These are refugees, who stand all day and night just staring, the *Garde* tells us. "They do not speak much," he explains, "but in the daytime one may stir and point across into Spain and say, 'That is my house.' But you look and all you can see is a pile of stones. These are the poor ones. The others"—he spits noisily—"are in villas and de luxe hotels up the coast!"

This is at Hendaye, where Basque France ends.

Your new acquaintance, who is taking you on this night's adventure, is a Frenchman on holiday from Nantes; a reserve artillery major to boot. He now drives southeast down a short grade, along the embankment road which follows the coiling Bidassoa River. This brief stream writhes from the Spanish Pyrenees and never pushes the sharp mountains back enough to make itself more than a creek; for the last few kilometers of its snaking to the ocean it is the boundary line between France and Spain. If you stand in one of its loops, on either side, and fire up the valley, your bullets inevitably must invade foreign acres. The Spanish bank is so near you might converse with persons over there, as from one curb of Main Street to the other.

You appreciate that battle firing over the frontier—with death of neutral persons here on the peaceful side—is unavoidable. You do not understand why there should be deliberate sniping. "That is what I am taking you to find out," says your comrade.

You are both in the front seat, the rear being empty. You go through a hushed Behobia, which is a split village: part in France, half in Spain. Minute after minute of driving in no-man's world. There comes a quick stab of light, as though a car had momentarily swung toward you close by in the misty night and then vanished down a side way.

ACME

GERMANY

RUSSIA

SOVFOTO

Berlin street cleaners in anti-gas suits and masks continue to work during a staged air raid to train the civilian population for war conditions. In Russia, hundreds of soldiers armed with machine guns are dropped by parachute from planes in a demonstration of military mobility

EUROPEAN

ACME

The civilian populace of Elgoibar, Spain, watch the maneuvers of a rebel plane flying over the city. In Italy, the civilians and military co-operate in a realistic air raid. Equipped with gas masks, Neapolitans make "rescues" and extinguish "blazes"

SPAIN ITALY

Your ears ring curiously; you think, this is how you might feel if you stood inside a giant milk bottle and someone hammered on the outside. You turn, and make out a brand-new patch of jagged white lines on the rear-door window just behind your head.

"Better raise your window," the major says, and you do so with alacrity. Your companion does not vary the medium pace at which he has been driving. "If I did, that would only draw their fire." When you have recovered from your fright, and there is no immediate repetition, you let it be known that you are not a stranger to the *pphhip-sping* of bullets; and those refugees now—poor devils, of course; but, hell, there have always been refugees and bullets in wars, civil or foreign. The major says gloomily, "My friend, believe me, this one is different!"

You stop in front of an unlighted stone farmhouse on a valley bluff. The major is known and you are quickly admitted to a family circle of the fine, clean people of the Basque.

Basque Sport

One man is a cousin; a sardine fisherman, whose home is in Pasajes-de-San-Juan, over in Spain. You drink some of the good red Basque wine—the best *vin ordinaire* in the world—and before long the fisherman talks candidly to you.

"The major says his car has another chevron," he grins. You think you never met a man so heartily, sunnily good-natured, and you are totally unprepared for what follows. "He says you puzzled because they fire directly across; risking action by the French. But the French, they are no fools. They say to their own, keep out of the way. In the cafés you hear a great tale about how three anarchists waded over at night and slit rebel sentry throats. Ah, there have been more than three; some every night. Not Anarchists, not Reds; just Basque folk. The rebels know, and that is why they fire irresponsibly at everything near the river that moves, every shadow—and many of those only in their imagination! Look, you see my hands? Strong, eh, from nets, oars. Well, only last night I went across and came up behind a Fascist lad and got a stout grip on his hair with my left hand and jerked his head back so hard that he was choked, and unable to cry out, and then I cut him open, like a sardine.

The air of the kitchen is muggy with hatred. You shudder at the contrast between outward signs of kindliness, and matter-of-fact recital of murder. They pass the wine again, but you have had enough; glad when it is time to run the gantlet home. When you have driven quietly for a while, the major says: "I wanted you to hear that. It will explain the new things in war. Hatred. Murder, not fighting. I told you this one is different—"

The major is a fine and cultured man: in his native land a research worker of standing. He says: "War used to be a contest of force between states for reasons in which common men had little concern. This duke wanted a slice of that duke's fertile lands. One king was enraged because his plain-faced sister had been jilted by another king. Nations of aggressive tradesmen penetrated rich far countries and fought any who sought the same goals.

Perils of Empire

"Empire builders involved their home governments in adventures in greed. Infrequently there was a genuine humanitarian issue. But millions of soldiers have been slain in all parts of the earth over privileged matters in which they had no personal stake. The common soldier regarded his enemies without heat, except in battle. You saw that, in the World War.

"The whole scheme has been revised. International political faiths supersede mere racial and nationalistic motives. Enormously improved communications, radio, enable dictators to reach every fireside and to make the measure of their own ambitions the faith of every citizen. War is no longer a matter chiefly of interest to states, with a technique of purely military strategy. It is now an exercise in mass hatred: and its technique is terrorism, administered by three main weapons—radio, poison gas and the airplane. War is no longer directed against soldiers, but against civilian populations. The definitions of Clausewitz and von Moltke and Napoleon are obsolete; the conceptions of dictators, whose purposes are not only material victory but intellectual conversion, now rule. The first can be won by killing; but the latter only by frightfulness."

His opinion, I found in Spain and in Europe generally, is not unique; it is, rather, the accepted standard. Particularly did it raise echoes in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, lovely Basque resort, where many of the Madrid diplomatic corps set up residence when they were driven from their summer homes in San Sebastian by the fighting. I said to one foremost diplomat: Everyone in the United States wonders when the big European war is going to break out."

He said, with a heavy gesture: "The war has already begun. Do you still think of war as something to be officially declared? Alas, that sort of thing belongs to the past, when there were more gentlemen than thugs in the chancelleries of Europe; to the age of chivalry, and not to these days of gangster government. In your country, gangs declare war by dumping corpses from automobiles, or leaving them propped on the doorstep of the rival. In Europe, the

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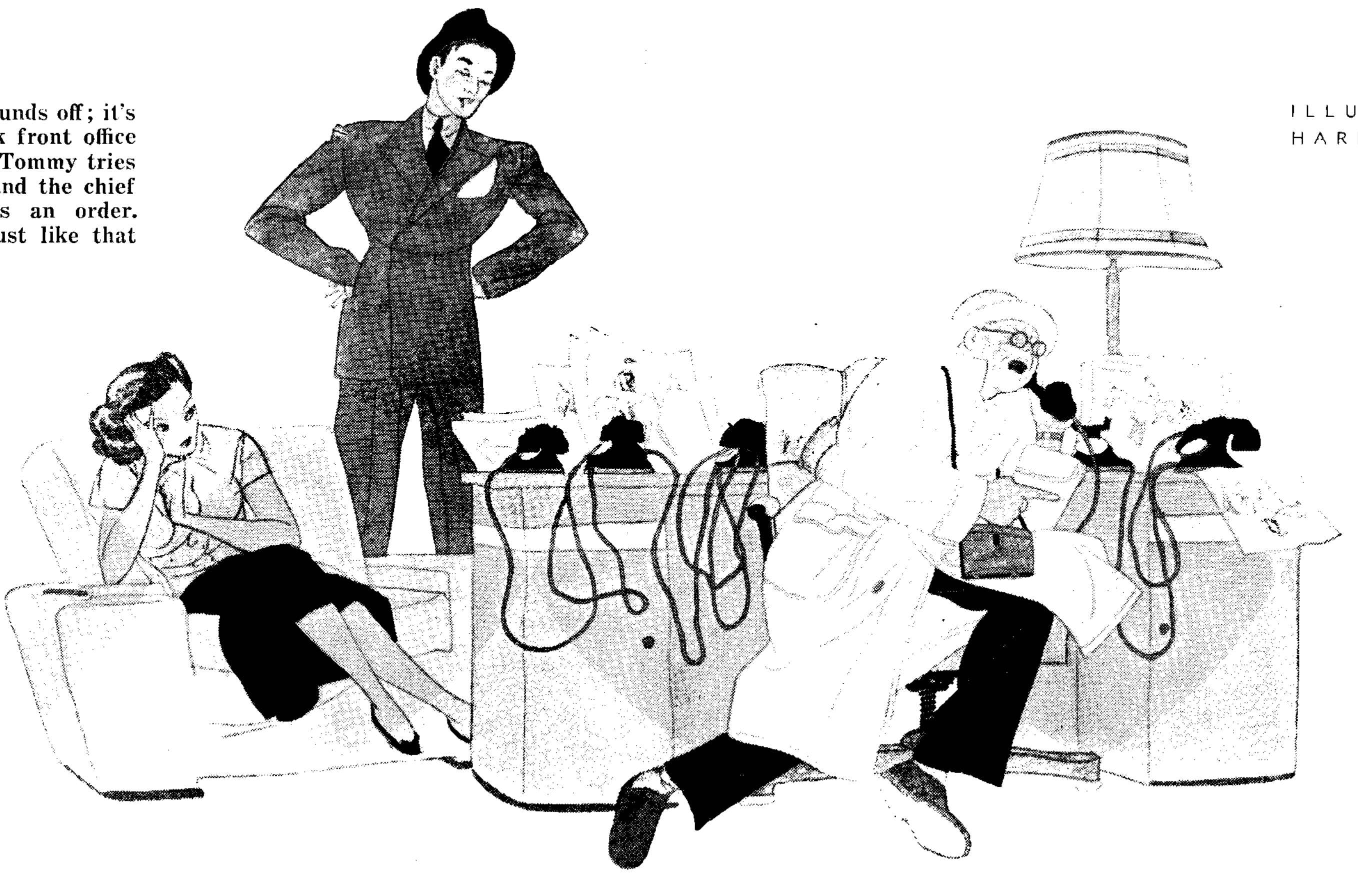


The buzzer sounds off; it's the New York front office on the wire. Tommy tries to back-talk and the chief yells: "That's an order. Get 'em!" Just like that

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Hollywood Horse

A stableful of reasons why a good man in his own line shouldn't take up horse racing, this being the history of the Horn-Pont silks, the track's most sensational headache

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

GUNGA DIN, an unknown three-year-old carrying the silks of Z. Malcolm Hornzer, the great movie mogul, had just won the Santa Anita Handicap. Gunga Din paid $156.40 for a $2 ticket. It was rumored around Hollywood that Hornzer and his associates in Mastodon Films, Inc., had cleaned up ninety-odd thousand dollars on this one race.

"I found Gunga Din on a mule farm at Boonville, Missouri," said Z. Malcolm Hornzer to the newspapers. "A little old widow lady owned him. She and I were the only ones who believed in Gunga Din. It is a sad story in a way, for the little old widow lady died just before Gunga Din went to the post, and consequently did not live to see him win, although I wonder if she was not there at the finish line beckoning him on, after all. I chose the name Gunga Din from one of Damon Runyon's famous poems."

Phooey—said Jerry Feldbaum. So Z. M. Hornzer discovered Gunga Din, did he? Phooey. So Z. M. believed in Gunga Din? Thrice phooey and a couple of horse laughs, fella.

Now, don't get me wrong. Z. M. Hornzer is the greatest living genius in pictures today. When it comes to putting something up on that screen Z. M. is tops. But Z. M. should ought to know better than to set himself up as a race-horse man. Listen, look—horses took Z. M. for the worst ride he ever had. And that includes Wall Street in '29 and his second wife in '34. *I* ought to know, shouldn't I? Ain't I been the chief's stooge for fifteen years?

IT WAS terrific. This horse thing, I mean. And none of us had a moment's notice. For two years Z. M. never gave Santa Anita a tumble. Whilst the rest of the picture mob was over there losing their shirts every Saturday afternoon, Z. M. stuck to the picture business. *He* called story conferences for Saturday afternoon. The writers on the Mastodon lot said it was Little Napoleon stuff, but that's very unfair. Z. M. don't look like Napoleon and he never tried to act like him. Z. M. is too tall, for one thing; and he's too gentle, for another thing. Z. M. kept away from Santa Anita simply because horses hadn't entered into his consciousness. Y'know?

Well, one Saturday afternoon at the close of the spring meeting Irene Delpont drags Z. M. over to Santa Anita. It was *romance*—the love thing, see? So Z. M. goes over to Santa Anita; and not knowing which horse is which he starts to betting. Of course, he can't lose. He hits two long shots on the nose, wins on the daily double and winds up with a wild parlay on the last three races.

"Why, Z. M., you big fraud!" squeals Irene. "You know all about horses!"

"It's nothing but beginner's luck," said Z. M.

"Nonsense, boss," says the first yes man. "No one can pick 'em that pat unless he knows horses!" The second, third and fourth yes men chimed in with more build-up; and Irene dragged Z. M. over to meet two of the Jockey Club stewards.

Me? Look, fella, I'm a stooge for Z. M. to kick around; but I know the race racket too well. I'd've choked on that you-know-horses gag. Besides, I'm too busy tearing up bet tickets.

That night about nine-thirty I was just sitting down to dinner—little trouble on the Robert McRobert set with me batting for Z. M.—when the phone rang. It's the chief. I'm to come right over to the studio.

Z. M. is at his desk, still wearing a new polo coat and with brand-new race glasses hanging on his chest. He's been dictating notes to a steno.

"Look, mug," says Z. M. "I've decided to buy a race stable." He leans back, smiling complacently.

Oscar, the cop on the front gate, grabbed me

He was looking for a manly shoulder to cry on

"Midget autos, ice-skaters or turtles?" says I.

"Horses, mug," the chief said, "and don't try to be a gag man."

"But why a stable?" I kind of stammered. "Crosby and Gable and the other boys are starting out with two or three nags. That's plenty—"

The buzzer sounds off; it's the New York front office on the wire. Z. M. talks to Tommy Halfin. He wants Tommy to get him prices from Whitney, Widener, Bradley, Woodward and Hertz on their stables. Tommy tries to back-talk and the chief yells: "That's an order. I want their lowest selling-out prices by Monday morning. Get 'em!" Just like that. Then, Z. M. turned the high pressure on me. He shoved a list of horses' names across his desk.

"GO OUT and buy 'em, mug," he says.

It was terrific. I looked at the list—he had horses like Discovery, Time Supply, Rosemont, Pompoon and Granville. I tried to keep a strictly dead pan.

"Just how much money are you figuring to spend on this stable, chief?" I said.

Well, Z. M. is a genius, y'know. Money ain't never meant much to him, just so many chips in the game. And I could tell he was all hopped up over this race-horse thing. His desk was loaded with stills of picture horses and about a dozen books on racing from the Research Department.

"Money?" says Z. M. "Why go into that? You buy 'em. I pay the bills. Isn't that the way it's always been, mug?"

I nodded from sheer force of habit; but I knew that little Jerry was on the spot. I'm just a stooge and the only guy in this Hollywood town who has the guts to talk back to Z. M.

"Look, chief," I said, "I know a little something about the race racket. Some of these horses you couldn't buy for love or government bonds. The folks who own 'em don't have to sell—"

The chief takes off his glasses and looks sad and gentle. He don't see me at all. He's seeing visions.

"Defeatism, mug," he says. "You said we couldn't get that writer, Sir Cyril Whatchem, from New Zealand. You said we couldn't take Purva Moon away from United-British. If the right amount of dough will buy writers and dancing stars, it'll buy horses. Furthermore—"

It was terrific. I mean, Z. M. can make you feel like you've stuck a knife right between his shoulder blades, while he's seeing visions. Y'know?

"Okay, chief," I said. "I'll wire queries on these horses right off."

The chief shakes his head and turns to the steno.

"Arrange plane transportation for Mr. Feldbaum—New York—midnight." Then he breaks the sad news. "You're going to Saratoga, mug. After that, Long Island. Then, Kentucky. I'll telephone the rest of your itinerary and instructions."

Before I can blow off, Z. M. brings out a nifty toy race-track game with electric horses. "For that Terence kid of yours, mug," says he. "And I'll send Irene over to take your missus out to the track several times while you're away." Yeah. That's the guy unthinking heels call Little Napoleon. Gentle, that's what Z. M. is, underneath. I love the guy.

But that trip was no dream, fella. Z. M. wasn't satisfied with sending me up against big shots like Alfred G. Vanderbilt, William Woodward and Mrs. Payne Whitney—trying to talk them into selling horses they had no idea of selling. Oh, no, Z. M. wanted jockeys and trainers, too.

I finally got back to the studio. I had the writers' cramp from answering telegrams and I was hoarse from trying to out-yell Z. M. by telephone. I hadn't heard from him for two whole days after wiring him, "Bradley's trainer under contract and won't jump. Stop. Says for you to jump you know where. Stop. Love." I was kind of hoping the excitement had died down.

Oscar, the cop on the front gate, had a Racing Form in his pocket and he grabbed me, wanting to know if it was true that Z. M. had bought Case Ace, winner of the Arlington Futurity. On the way to the chief's office I ran into two writers talking horse and bragging loudly about Z. M.'s stable. In the corridor of the exec's building, Jurie Mokam-Kyrum, the studio's head dress designer, was tearing his hair and looking for a manly shoulder to cry on. It seemed like Z. M. had ordered Jurie to design his racing silks and then had shelved all his designs.

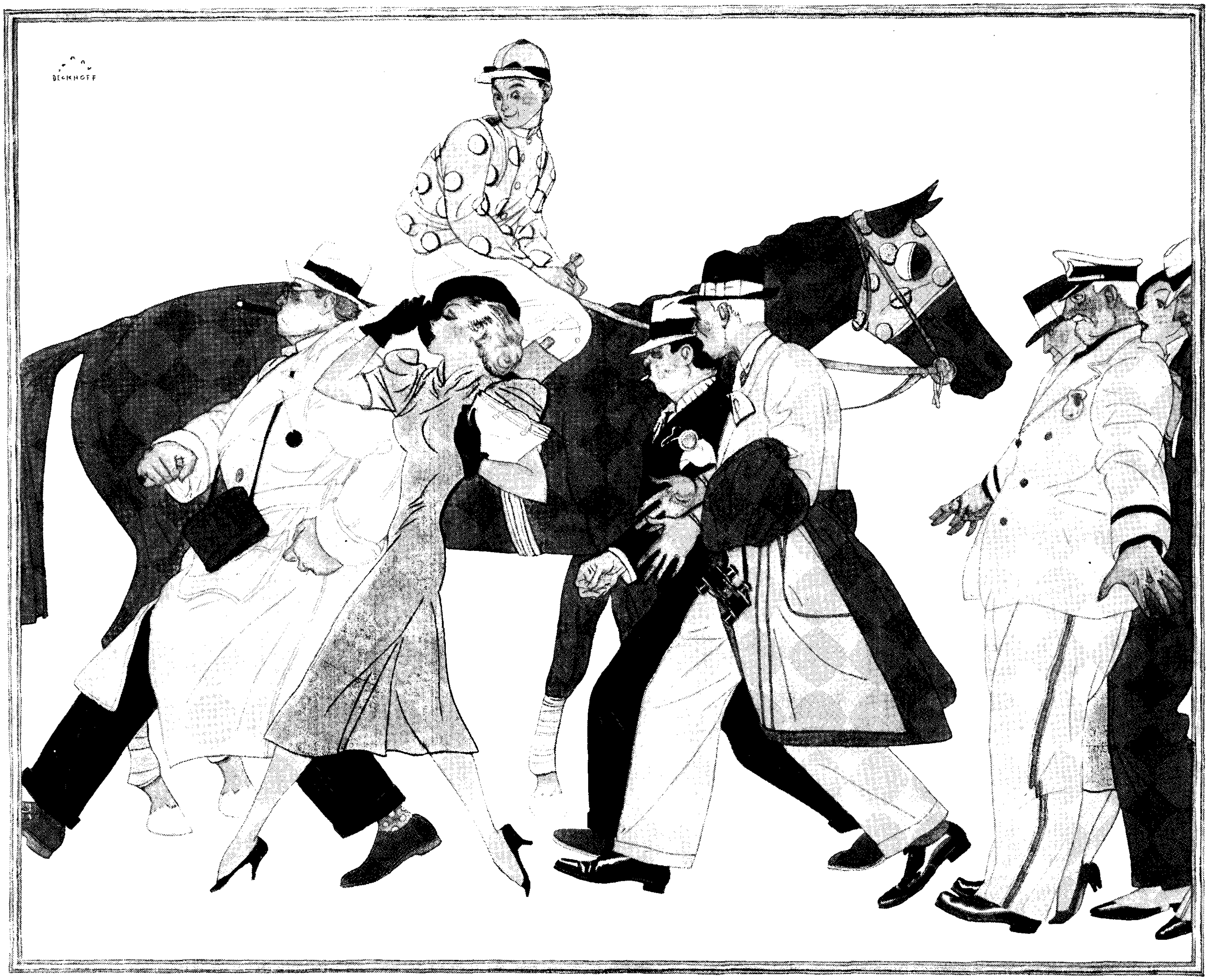
Z. M. was in a terrific mood.

"Those blue-bloods in the East must think I'm dumb or something," he snarls. "Look, mug, look—" he shakes a cost sheet under my nose. "Three hundred and eighty grand for Granville! Am I sucker? I could buy Gary Cooper for that!"

I go on the spot once more.

"Why not start in with those two-year-olds I picked up at the Saratoga sale?" I say. "Then we gradually build up a string—"

(Continued on page 45)



We went over to the paddock, a mob of Irene's picture fans tagging her. Z. M. was so excited he could hardly walk steady

MEUSSER FROM LEWIS

The best downhill ski racers are the ones who believe in skiing under control

Down to Earth

By Edwin Muller

For generations Europeans have been learning the fine points of skiing. We Americans are trying to master the sport overnight. Mr. Muller flashes an amber light: Proceed with caution

HE WAS one of those Austrians who came over last winter to see for themselves what all the ski excitement was about. They were a pleasant lot—and they could ski the way you do it in your dreams. This one stood beside his host with the Vermont snow crackling under his feet, eagerly watching the trail. And his blue eyes went rounder and rounder.

The Nose Dive was the trail that his friend had selected to show how they ski over here. The name tells what it's like. It comes plunging and swooping down the side of Mt. Mansfield, a broad ribbon of pure white cut through the pines and the underbrush.

The Austrian stood at the edge of one of the curves. Above him the trail ran steeply down and across the slope. The turn was an abrupt right angle, with the trees cut away to a certain distance at the lower outside of the curve. Below the turn the grade eased off a little, then tilted down again as the trail disappeared among the trees.

The first man to go by wasn't at all what the Austrian had been led to expect. A beautiful runner. He came hurtling down the trail, hugging the uphill side, skis close together, knees slightly bent, his body leaning forward as if he were pulling the skis after him. Just above the turn he dropped a little toward a crouch, then rose again. As the skis came around in the Christie the dry snow leaped up in a geyser that hid him to the waist. His long, sweeping curve cut accurately across the inside of the corner, then flattened out in the straightaway. When he went out of sight he was still in perfect balance.

The Austrian purred his approval:

"*Wunderschoen.*"

The other nodded.

"One of the lads from the Dartmouth Outing Club. They teach 'em control over there. But wait."

The next one was different. He was running fast too, but you could see by the expression on his face that he wasn't happy. He was back on his heels and the points of his skis were wobbling. When he saw the turn coming a spasm went over his face. But he kept his nerve. With a convulsive effort he jammed the backs of his skis apart in a stemming position and managed to come around without doing more than brush the edge of the undergrowth. The last that was seen of him he had hit the steep pitch below the turn and was waving both arms frantically to keep on top of his skis.

The Austrian shook his head and went a little pale.

Then came a girl. She was out of control too—very game about it, making no effort whatever to check her racing speed. But she never had a chance of making the turn—and luckily she knew it. So she sat down. Twenty yards was all she slid and she came to rest in a complicated tangle of skis, poles, arms and legs. She untangled—and up—on.

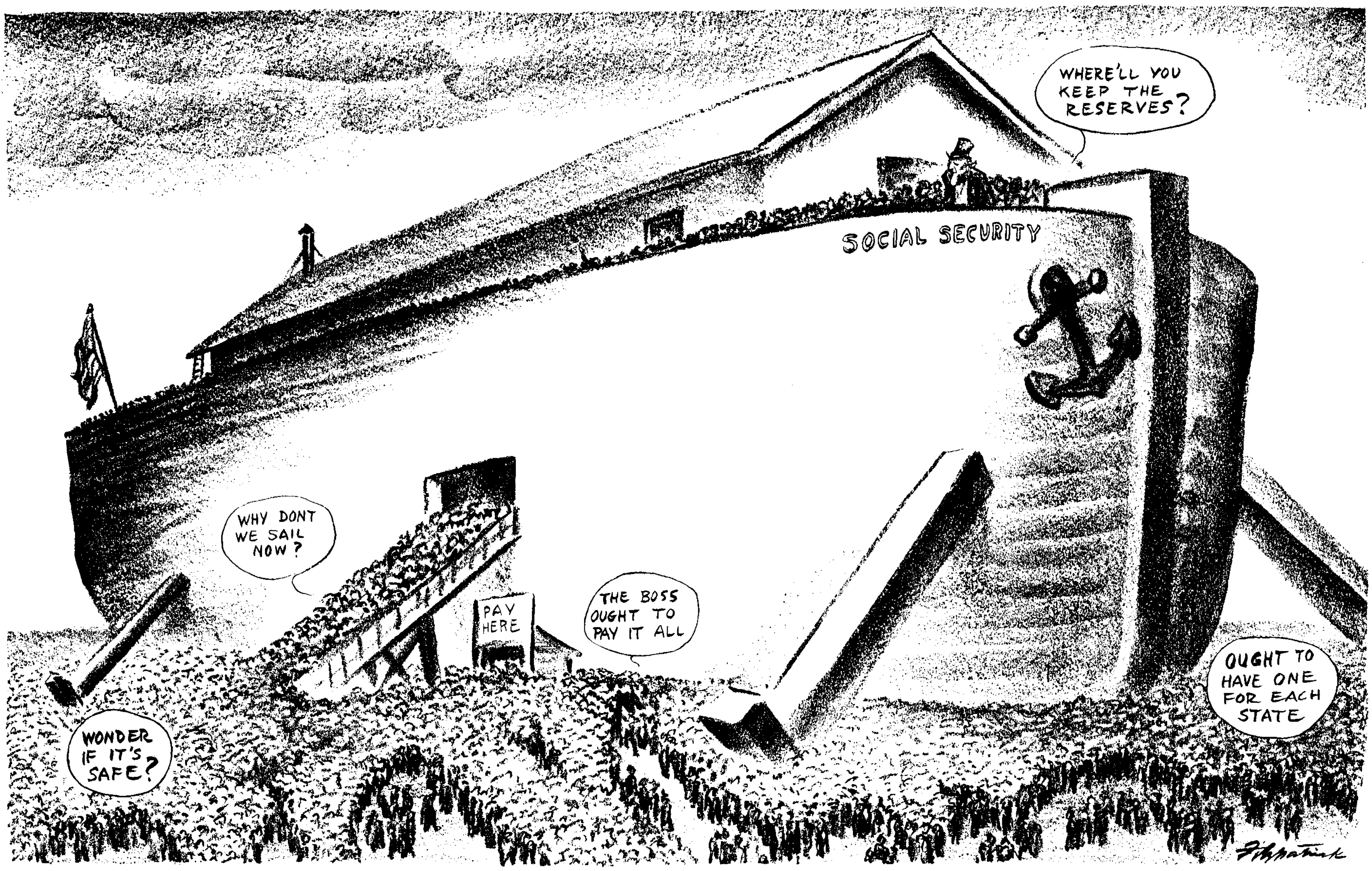
"Hope she had cushions sewed in her pants," growled the host.

The next man was going even faster than the others. Tired, badly out of breath, worried—but not making a move to slow down. Perhaps he didn't see the curve in time, at any rate he was seconds late in starting his turn. The skis began to come around—a few yards more and he might have made it. But as it was—

The Austrian seized his friend's arm, his eyes bulging.

The runner ripped into the bushes below the curve, sprawled and plunged down headlong, his momentum scarcely checked. There were a dozen tree trunks ahead of him, big solid ones that would have been very nasty to crash into. But somehow he missed them all. The thick tangle of rhododendron clutched at his body, checked him and brought him finally to a stop.

(Continued on page 60)


WHERE'LL YOU KEEP THE RESERVES?
SOCIAL SECURITY
WHY DONT WE SAIL NOW?
PAY HERE
THE BOSS OUGHT TO PAY IT ALL
OUGHT TO HAVE ONE FOR EACH STATE
WONDER IF IT'S SAFE?
Fitzpatrick

A thousand and one groups are clamoring for fundamental change or vital amendment of the Social Security Act

What You Pay For

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

Twenty-six million of us are now contributing every week to the fund which will be administered under the Social Security Act. What becomes of our money and what will we get for it?

ILLUSTRATED BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

IS THE Social Security Act as bad as charged or as good as claimed? Is it a "fraud on the working man," or a "great humanitarian measure that will substitute safety for uncertainty"? Can the taxes collected be misappropriated and squandered by "pork-barrel politicians," or do they constitute a "sacred trust backed by the wealth of the entire nation"? Important questions, for they touch the pocketbook of every employer, have vital bearing on the lives and hopes of 26,000,000 workers and involve money figures that stagger the imagination.

A billion a year is being collected from labor and management, and, unless the act is amended, the reserve funds will amount to forty-seven billions by 1980.

The law was never regarded as a partisan measure until made an eleventh-hour campaign issue. In the Senate the Republican yeas were 15 and the nays 5, while there were 60 Democratic yeas to one nay. In the House, 77 Republicans voted for the bill and 18 against it. The Democratic yeas were 288 as opposed to 13 nays. The genesis of the law was equally nonpolitical.

It is also noteworthy that even the enemies of the law accept the *principle* of social insurance. Certainly there is nothing novel in the idea, for Germany established sick insurance in 1883, old-age insurance in 1889, and unemployment insurance in 1927. European and Scandinavian countries, and even a few South American republics, have long had similar laws, and unemployment compensation acts in England and Ireland go back to 1911. Even before 1916, many large-scale American employers went in for old-age pensions, and after the war the number increased until more than 600 were in operation.

Just as the principle of social insurance receives general acceptance, so is it the case that many features of the present law have escaped attack. Under its provisions, for example, these appropriations have already been made for grants-in-aid to the several states, together with assurance of continuing appropriations: $85,000,000 for needy aged; $8,000,000 for needy blind; $35,000,000 for dependent children, $2,820,000 for maternal and child health services, especially in rural areas; $2,150,000 for services to crippled children; $1,200,000 toward welfare services for the protection and care of homeless and neglected children in danger of becoming delinquent; $8,000,000 a year for the extension of public health services and $841,000 for vocational rehabilitation. At this writing, every state in the Union is co-operating under three or more of these provisions.

Zero Hour for Social Security

Attack centers on the old-age insurance and unemployment-compensation sections of the law, a thousand and one groups clamoring for fundamental change or vital amendment. The full cost of unemployment compensation is placed on employers, the tax starting at 1 per cent and rising to a maximum of 3 per cent in 1949. Naturally enough, employers think this unfair. Management and workers share the burden of old-age insurance, with a contribution of 1 per cent each for the first three years, and mounting until a maximum of 3 per cent each is reached in 1949. Workers hold that the whole cost should be borne by the employer, and others contend that the entire expense ought to be raised by general taxation.

Many prefer "old-age assistance" to old-age insurance; there is considerable demand for "state-administered plans" without any federal interference; the exclusion of agricultural labor, domestic service, teachers, governmental and institutional workers is resented, and lack of a sick-insurance provision is an equal complaint; the "compulsory" features of the law are criticized violently; instead of benefits starting in 1942 there is growing insistence that they begin at once and on a more generous scale, and, finally, certain suspicious souls fear that the reserve funds may be "looted," while others stoutly deny the wisdom of any reserve fund at all, urging a "pay-as-you-go" policy.

(Continued on page 54)

The Ghosts of Spring

By Sidney Herschel Small

You don't have to use your eyes to solve a murder mystery—as the girl in this story learned from a blind student of the Orient

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

THE bell of the cathedral on the edge of Chinatown sang the quarter-hour, and the one sweet brazen stroke hummed away into silence. It was a clear blue night without hint of fog; eastward, a pale streak of greenish-yellow already marked where the sun would rise.

Ballard Scott, waking, heard the bell, and wondered if it were a quarter after three, or four, or five. It couldn't be the last, since the cable cars hadn't started running; there was no click-click-clack of the cables running over the rollers. It was certainly later than three, since there was no sound of milk drivers. Fifteen minutes past four. That was it.

There were a good many things a fellow could figure out, even if he couldn't see his watch. Ballard Scott couldn't see it, nor anything else. He had been blind for two years.

Small sounds came to him, but none from the street below. The soft sizzling noise of a gas pilot. The hum of a refrigerator. A creaking spring in the apartment above his own. As an undertone, he heard the soft steady breathing of the big dog who slept beside his bed; he put his hand down, stroking the thick back hair, and it was pleasant to hear Ching's light sigh. Even in sleep the dog knew who touched him. Ballard Scott smiled.

It wasn't the sort of smile which had been on his lips two years ago. Then, flat on his back, he had been pegged beneath a blazing sun, staked out by Chinese bandits. The heat had penetrated until, even with eyes shut, the ball of fire was in the sky, a yellow ball, a red ball with fierce lightning flashes across it . . . and then myriad colors, scarlet and green and a snarling purple. Scott hadn't seen the sun since that terrible day.

It was lucky, everyone said, that Ballard Scott was a rich man. He had everything except sight; he hadn't lost more. If he couldn't see a football game, he was able to sense and enjoy the almost ridiculous excitement. He liked a noisy party . . . or a quiet dinner. A walk with Ching. A lazy afternoon on a beach. The bay, with salt wind in his face and the gulls screaming. When he laughed, it was almost impossible to believe that the eyes behind the customary dark glasses were sightless. When he danced, only those who knew him realized that the girl was doing the leading.

Certain things even his friends found amazing. Scott usually called you by name as soon as you entered the room. He didn't often err. He was able to distinguish girls also, although, with them, he was more often wrong. But let him shake hands, and he'd rectify the mistake . . . by Maryann Payne's sapphire, or Louise Leonard's square-cut emerald, or the elephant-hair ring of Sally Mathews. . . .

He didn't tell people that, before, he'd depended on just one sense, and that now he used all of them he possessed.

On this early morning he wasn't sleepy. He plugged in the coffee machine, lit a cigarette. Then he heard, or felt, the vibration as the dog stirred.

"Alley-oop, elephant," Scott ordered. The big dog stretched, jumped on the bed.

Scott drank his coffee; then, getting out of bed, he dressed.

Ching whined when Scott finally slipped on the leash; the dog's quiver of pleasure slid up the plaited leather to Scott's hand. Two years ago he wouldn't have noticed it.

"It's the swellest time of day," Ballard Scott said. "The street all to ourselves. Nobody clucking when I talk to you." He touched his pockets, making sure of cigarettes, matches, dark glasses. "Let's go. Front door. Walk down."

Ching understood. "Down" meant nose in paws. "Walk," said quickly, was the very first lesson he had been given as a puppy, when he was learning to guide some blind person. But "Walk down," he had discovered, meant that he needn't stand in the cage which made him want to spraddle his legs wide when it descended.

The dog didn't like elevators.

THE steep street was deserted. The cathedral bell chimed three short notes: quarter before five. The cables weren't running.

Head high, tail waving proudly, alert, watchful, the dog led Scott along. At the first intersection Scott said, "Get all your bearings, Ching. We'll do it a bit differently today. Couple of blocks south and then around. Can do?"

The man pressed the leash gently to the right; the dog led the way. Ballard Scott had learned that no matter where or how he might turn, when he finally said, "Home," they always returned to the apartment on the Chinatown hill. He couldn't possibly have done it himself, although he knew, as he did now, when he passed a Chinese bazaar, and when a Japanese shop, by the difference in odors.

WHEN Ballard Scott said at last, "Home," the dog moved in a direction which Scott would have sworn was wrong, but, after three blocks, he heard the silence broken by the click-click of the cables which carried streetcars up and down the street. It should have been five o'clock, although the man didn't hear the chime of the cathedral bell.

The dog, rather suddenly, moved from his straight line of guidance. That, Ballard Scott knew, would be to allow someone to pass. Someone, undoubtedly, who had come out of one of the apartment buildings, and not all the way along the street, since Ching's movement was abrupt, surprised.

The leash became taut. As the big dog growled, Scott said, "Steady, boy."

Tremendous in the early morning, a gun roared. The impact of the dog's body hurled Ballard Scott back against what must have been a street-light stanchion; when the animal fell, Scott tumbled with him.

"You fool," Scott cried. The cathedral bell began to announce the hour. "You've killed my dog! I'm blind!"

The bell sounded the last of the five strokes; the echo faded away. Scott, trying to rise, heard a sharp breath. Very close. Whoever had done the shooting must be standing above him. Ballard Scott caught odors; for one brief instant his nostrils were filled with them. Then he heard retreating footsteps, at first uneven, then steady, then running. Heard a window being opened.

He put both arms around the dog's body, speaking incoherently. The top of the animal's head was warm and sticky. Scott shouted for help; he rose to his knees, to his feet, and his first steps bumped him against the stanchion. Next, he almost fell from the curb, struggled to orient himself, turned again, and brought up against the side of a building.

The cables which pulled streetcars up and down the street were clicking now with steely rhythm. . . .

No help came. Whoever had opened the window, and perhaps stared down, hadn't come out into the street. Scott managed to get one hand out and, slowly because of his burden and his blindness, moved along against the side of a building; when he found the entrance, it took long minutes before his searching hand found the bell beside the door. He pressed, and pressed again; softly, in sheer desperate hope, he began to swear. No one came. Not at five in the morning. Not after a shot had been heard inside, perhaps.

The bell sounded the quarter-hour, fifteen minutes after five. The city ought to be waking; it was the previous hour that everyone seemed asleep. Blending into the echo now, the man heard the clack-clack of the first cable car as it went over a trolley-car crossing westward. He decided instantly to go into the street, stand on the tracks, stop the car. He must start at right angles from the curb, and slide his feet along until they felt the tracks or the central cable-slot . . . when the car stopped, the gripman could get him to his apartment, where there was a telephone.

HE WAS fumbling with his feet when the first machine in an hour hummed up the street in second gear; a voice demanded almost before the automobile stopped, "What are you doing with that dog?" and another, equally as official, broke in, "The man's blind!"

Ballard Scott was shivering. These, of course, were officers. Whoever had opened the window, after hearing the shot, must have sent in a call. He said, "I was out for a walk. Someone shot him. I've got to get him to a vet." As an afterthought he added swiftly, "I'm Ballard Scott."

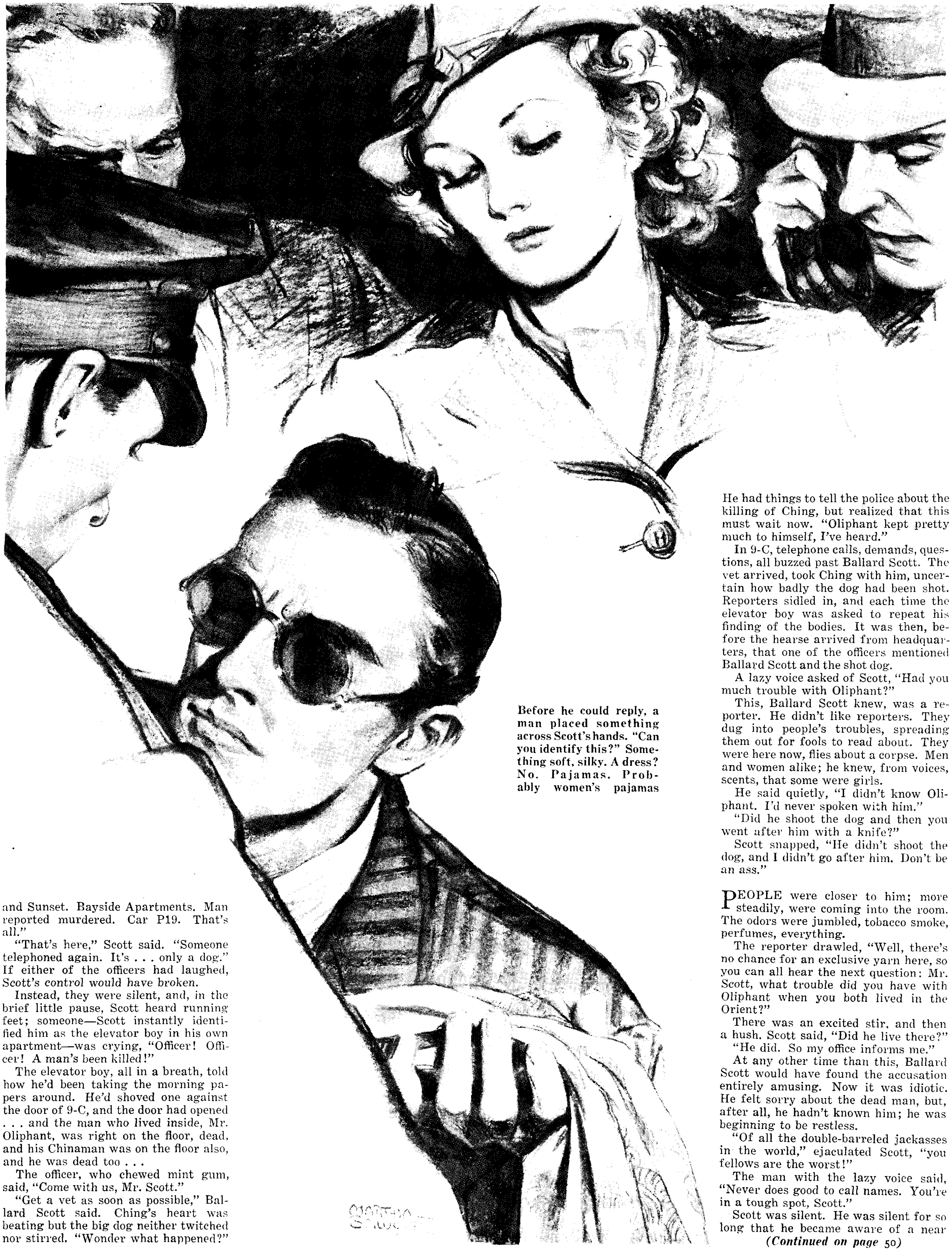
The officer said, "Oh," and reached for the dog.

"I'll keep him," Scott said. "He's alive." He could feel the beating of Ching's heart; his voice roughened. "Let's get going."

"Was someone trying to get you, Mr. Scott?"

"What difference does it make? I—"

The radio in the police car began to rasp, "Car P19. P19. Go to California



Before he could reply, a man placed something across Scott's hands. "Can you identify this?" Something soft, silky. A dress? No. Pajamas. Probably women's pajamas

and Sunset. Bayside Apartments. Man reported murdered. Car P19. That's all."

"That's here," Scott said. "Someone telephoned again. It's . . . only a dog." If either of the officers had laughed, Scott's control would have broken.

Instead, they were silent, and, in the brief little pause, Scott heard running feet; someone—Scott instantly identified him as the elevator boy in his own apartment—was crying, "Officer! Officer! A man's been killed!"

The elevator boy, all in a breath, told how he'd been taking the morning papers around. He'd shoved one against the door of 9-C, and the door had opened . . . and the man who lived inside, Mr. Oliphant, was right on the floor, dead, and his Chinaman was on the floor also, and he was dead too . . .

The officer, who chewed mint gum, said, "Come with us, Mr. Scott."

"Get a vet as soon as possible," Ballard Scott said. Ching's heart was beating but the big dog neither twitched nor stirred. "Wonder what happened?"

He had things to tell the police about the killing of Ching, but realized that this must wait now. "Oliphant kept pretty much to himself, I've heard."

In 9-C, telephone calls, demands, questions, all buzzed past Ballard Scott. The vet arrived, took Ching with him, uncertain how badly the dog had been shot. Reporters sidled in, and each time the elevator boy was asked to repeat his finding of the bodies. It was then, before the hearse arrived from headquarters, that one of the officers mentioned Ballard Scott and the shot dog.

A lazy voice asked of Scott, "Had you much trouble with Oliphant?"

This, Ballard Scott knew, was a reporter. He didn't like reporters. They dug into people's troubles, spreading them out for fools to read about. They were here now, flies about a corpse. Men and women alike; he knew, from voices, scents, that some were girls.

He said quietly, "I didn't know Oliphant. I'd never spoken with him."

"Did he shoot the dog and then you went after him with a knife?"

Scott snapped, "He didn't shoot the dog, and I didn't go after him. Don't be an ass."

PEOPLE were closer to him; more steadily, were coming into the room. The odors were jumbled, tobacco smoke, perfumes, everything.

The reporter drawled, "Well, there's no chance for an exclusive yarn here, so you can all hear the next question: Mr. Scott, what trouble did you have with Oliphant when you both lived in the Orient?"

There was an excited stir, and then a hush. Scott said, "Did he live there?"

"He did. So my office informs me."

At any other time than this, Ballard Scott would have found the accusation entirely amusing. Now it was idiotic. He felt sorry about the dead man, but, after all, he hadn't known him; he was beginning to be restless.

"Of all the double-barreled jackasses in the world," ejaculated Scott, "you fellows are the worst!"

The man with the lazy voice said, "Never does good to call names. You're in a tough spot, Scott."

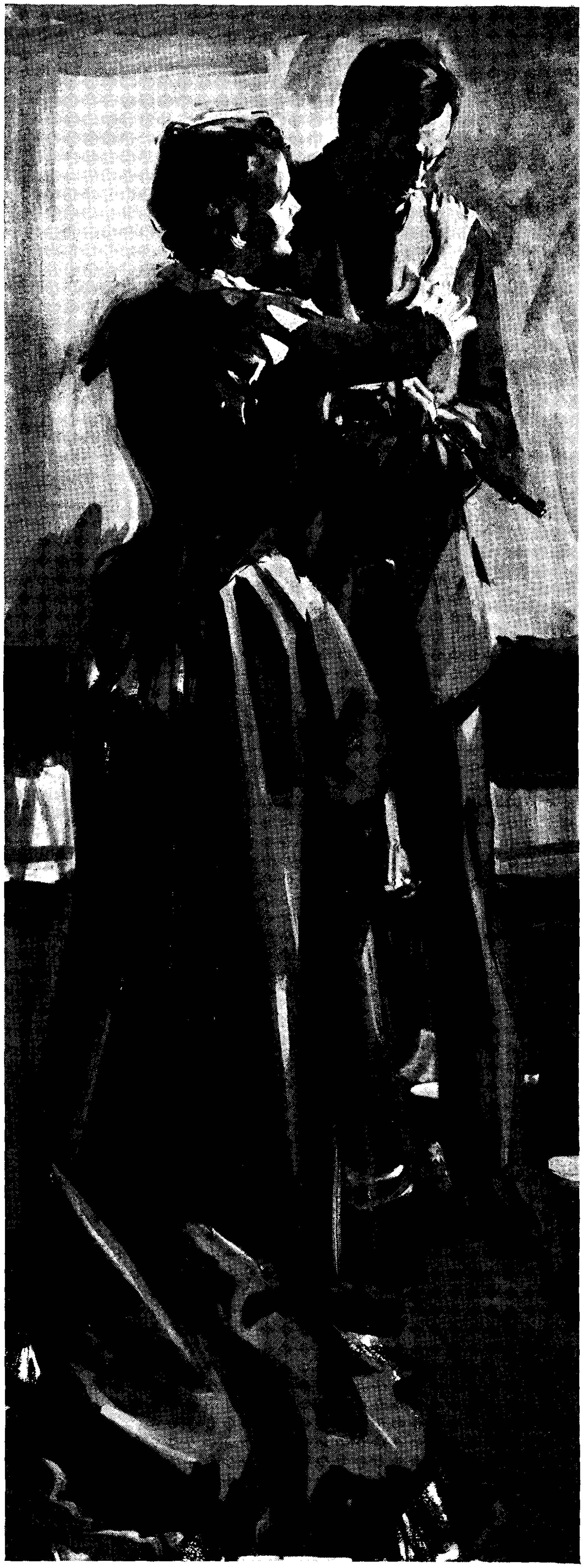
Scott was silent. He was silent for so long that he became aware of a near

(Continued on page 50)

Deep West

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Connie Dale, daughter of old Jack Dale, who owns the Hat ranch near the town of Two Dance, Jim Benbow, Dale's foreman, learns that she has promised to marry Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman.

Wretchedly unhappy, his impulse is to go away. But when a band of cattle rustlers begins to make depredations on Hat he decides to stay and do what he can to protect the ranch. Uncertain as to the identity of the members of the band, he hires a Cheyenne detective to investigate. The man arrives—and is murdered!

Resorting to a clever stratagem, Benbow proves that Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M ranch, and the notorious Indian Riley are co-operating in some mysterious enterprise. He suspects that Gore is the power behind all the trouble; and with characteristic frankness he accuses the Running M man of being a crook and prepares for a desperate struggle, now inevitable.

Among Benbow's friends is Joe Gannon, a ranchman, who has recently married Eileen Gray, daughter of a prominent cattleman. Clay Rand knows that Eileen has been in love with him for years, that she still cares for him. Although she now has a husband, he seizes every opportunity to make advances to her. And Gannon, suspecting the situation, hates him.

A young stranger—a Texan who calls himself "The Traveling Kid"—asks Cash Gore for a job. Believing him to be one of Benbow's spies, Gore kills him.

Certain now that Gore is the man he should watch, Benbow makes his plans for securing legal evidence against him. But he does not guess the truth concerning *Clay Rand*. In some strange way, Rand has become involved in the rustlers' operations! But he admires Benbow; and on at least two occasions he saves the foreman's life.

Following a talk with old Jack Dale at the ranch house, Benbow prepares to leave. Clay Rand rides up, dismounts. Connie invites both men to "come in for coffee." Benbow declines the invitation gently, rides away. And Connie, watching him as he swings down the road, little dreams what the future holds for the two men—and herself.

IV

NELSON McGINNIS came over Two Dance's crowded street and touched Benbow's arm. "Back room of the Cattle King in ten minutes," he said, and walked away. Frank Isabel tramped down the street; a dark-stained and barren-faced man. Jim said, "Howdy, Frank," and watched Isabel's squaw trudge behind him, carrying their five-year-old. Price Peters idled up, time heavy on his hands. He stood there, his restless and sharp eyes seeing things in this town other men never saw. "A drink?" he suggested.

"Try a dance first."

"And then a drink," murmured Price, "to drown the memory of that impertinence."

"Don't follow you, Price."

Price's grin was a rare thing—lighting up the settled and disbelieving shadows of his face. "Never mind. I read Omar once, and never forgot him. My education has been comprehensive. Like the education of other fools. So we dance."

They strolled toward the Masonic hall, countering the steady traffic of valley riders drifting down toward Faro Charley's. Diamond-and-a-Half was in, Crescent and Hat were in; and at this moment Block T's crowd came riding out of the windy blackness with a long wailing halloo. Three Running M hands stood in studied indifference by the Cattle King porch. One of them said, "Hello, Hat," in a way that was narrow and touched by plain insolence. Benbow stopped and made his slow, deliberate wheel. He said, "Hello, Ben," and watched Ben Kell's muscles go straight and flat. There was something here, like the smell of smoke from a fire he couldn't see; as definite as that. The other two Running M riders showed the obscure and shineless surfaces of their eyes to him, neither moving nor speaking. But the smell remained here.

He said in a summer-soft voice: "That all, Ben?" And waited until he knew there would be no answer. He turned deliberately and went on, Price Peters' boots striking more exactly beside him. Price murmured: "I don't know those other two fellows."

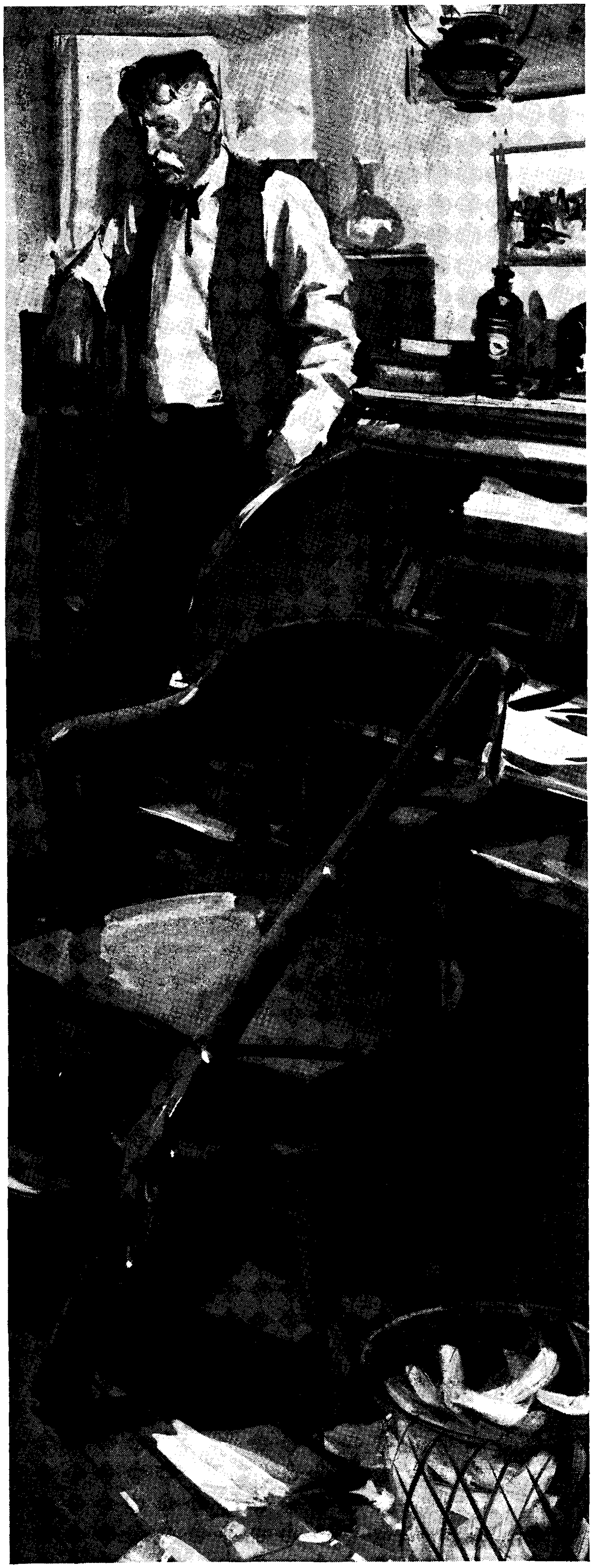
"Cash hires his men from the other side of the Yellows."

Price's shoulders moved impatiently. He wasn't satisfied. It was the way of his mind to keep digging deeper into the motives of men, the dark areas of their minds. He said: "What'd he speak for?" in a discontented way, and then looked along the street, his interest honed to a razor's hungry edge by Ben Kell's talk.

Wind thrust its keen chill down the street and Two Dance began to glow and glitter, like a woman receiving the attentions of men after long loneliness. Price and Benbow edged themselves through the crowd at the Masonic hall's doorway and were struck at once by an outdraft of warm air and the steady beat of fiddle, guitar and accordion lifting and falling in the rhythm-swing of the schottische. They joined the solid line of men along the wall.

THERE was always something strange about Price Peters, a compound of bitterest cynicism and of a sadness that would never let him alone. Watching him, Benbow saw how the sight of all those couples wheeling and balancing out on the floor seemed to strike the raw edge of a memory never quite healed. Price's exact face showed it. He wasn't smiling; he had gone a little pale, a little unsteadied. And then Price saw Karen Sanderson turn by on the arms of a Crescent man and stepped to the floor, displacing that man with a remote flourish of an elegance. A gentleman, Benbow thought, remembering manners long unused.

The music stopped just as Connie and Clay Rand came up. They walked over to Benbow, Rand as ruddy and restless as Benbow had ever seen him. There was something pulling at this handsome man, at his nerves and at his impulses; plainly he wanted to be somewhere else. Connie wasn't smiling. A fellow yelled, "Pick 'em, boys," and the music sailed into a



Connie came to him then, concern written plainly on her face. She gripped his shoulder. "Be careful, Jim," she said

waltz tune. Benbow took Connie's arms and started for the floor. Rand said, with a hurried relief, "I'll be back in a little bit, Connie," and made an instant bolt for the door.

Benbow saw Connie's glance follow Rand and then they were into the crowd, gliding with it and being turned by it.

Benbow said: "Quarrelin'?"

Ray Dedman, who was Block T's riding boss, caromed against them and pulled his girl away; Ray had shucked his coat, exposing a pair of pink sleeve-holders clamped around his arms. He pumped his arm up and down and there was a rapt and desperate expression on his long cheeks, and a beaded sweat.

Connie said in a small, wistful voice: "Nothing holds Clay's interest very long, does it?"

He said: "I keep rememberin' a night last year when we danced at Block T. Then Clay came and something happened."

"What happened, Jim?"

"You grew up."

Izee and Mary Boring stalked past, more walking than waltzing. Mary Boring's voice was remotely exasperated. "You could dance better if you'd practice."

Izee said in pure desperation: "Practice with what—heifers?"

Connie said to Benbow gently: "No matter how much we fight, I keep coming back to you for support. For help—when things go wrong."

He said: "That's the trouble."

She looked at him directly, throwing back the smooth black surface of her hair. "You're very wise sometimes."

THE music quit. They strolled on toward the door. Men advanced to claim Connie, pushing Jim away. Izee and Mary Boring floated on, Izee's face showing signs of doggedness as he listened to her. "I suppose you've got to go and spend your money at Faro Charley's." Izee didn't say anything; he simply plowed through the crowd, outward bound. Ray Dedman claimed her; she made a futile gesture with her arms but Dedman pulled her out upon the floor. There was a crowd around Karen Sanderson and Benbow watched the way she stood before them, graceful and slow-smiling and mysterious to a man's eyes. Her glance lifted past them and caught Benbow's attention; and remained on him, enigmatic and deliberate. Connie, lifting her head, suddenly saw that little scene of two striking and self-contained people exchanging some strong thought across the interval. She looked swiftly at Karen and as swiftly back to Benbow; and at once dropped her glance, a feeling like fear and like jealousy racing through her, to change the whole evening. When the music started, Benbow slipped out of the door.

Price Peters stood at the edge of the walk, raking the street and all the shadows pressing upon the street with a careful and restless attention. He said, "Cash Gore went over and said something to Ben Kell. Then Kell and those three other fellows dropped out of sight."

Benbow said, "Come on," and crossed with Price to the Cattle King. Back beyond its lobby they found the Two Dance valley owners waiting for them. Nelson McGinnis said: "Where the hell you been?" agreeably. Tobacco smoke fumed around the small quarters in solid blue clouds. Gordon Howland was squatted in the middle of the floor drawing a picture, Indian fashion, for George Gray of Block T. Rand had come in and stood by himself, hands plunged into his pockets, and staring irritably at the bare wall. Mayne Riley, who ran Hogpen away up north beyond Mauvaise siding, was also here, vith Chuck Fentress, whose outfit was beyond the badlands.

Price said: "If it's business, let's get started. I still got my drinking to do."

Nelson McGinnis said: "Boys, listen—" and stopped. Jubal Frick came into the room slowly. He lifted his shoulders and looked around the circle with an uncertain air. He said: "A meetin'? Didn't know it till this minute. Why wasn't I told?"

Silence settled at once. Gordon Howland rose from his squatting position and made a deliberate turn, putting his back to Frick. George Gray stared at the floor. It went on like this until Price Peters said: "Well, Nelson."

Nelson McGinnis was older than the others; a blunt and aggressive man never known to hide his feelings. But he was uncomfortable and he seemed saddened when he lifted his voice: "You better go, Jubal."

Jubal Frick stiffened his shoulders and let them fall. Age had broken him down. Age and something else, Benbow thought. Frick said: "That's all right, boys. I understand," and turned out of the room.

McGinnis growled: "I came up the trail with Jubal years ago. He used to be a fine man."

Price Peters was impatient. "I still got that drinking to do."

McGinnis turned to Benbow. He said with a driving briefness: "How much help you want—and when you want it?"

It was like that, the blunt expression of what lay in all their minds, without need of any explanation. Benbow drew out his tobacco and framed himself a cigarette, staring at his finger tips. He said: "Not yet."

Nelson McGinnis shot out his question. "Why?"

Price Peters moved around, impatient with his interrupting talk. "All you boys seem in a hell of a sweat to push Jim into this chore. If you're in such a hurry why not get your own outfits out and do the work?"

"Now look, Price," put in George Gray, "we're all in it and we're all ridin' with Jim. Get off your corn."

"Sure, sure," grunted Price Peters. "You're all ridin'. But you want Jim to pull the trigger."

"Somebody," pointed Nelson McGinnis, "has to give the orders."

"Well," argued Price, strangely stubborn, "why not you? Or Gordon here?"

"SOMETIMES," stated Nelson McGinnis definitely, "you're a damn' fool, Price. It takes a smarter man and a tougher man than I am or you are to ride the trouble out this country, without gettin' half of his own men killed. It's a delicate business at best. The fellow that takes a committee into this brush has got to know the way. It's worse than you think. I saw a posse slaughtered cold once, down in Texas, bein' led by a foolish man. There's going to be a fight and there's going to be grievin' at the end of it. I'll do anything or go anywhere that Jim tells me, but for no other man. That's the way it is."

"To hell with it," said Price, his dissatisfaction mounting. "You're making a target out of Jim."

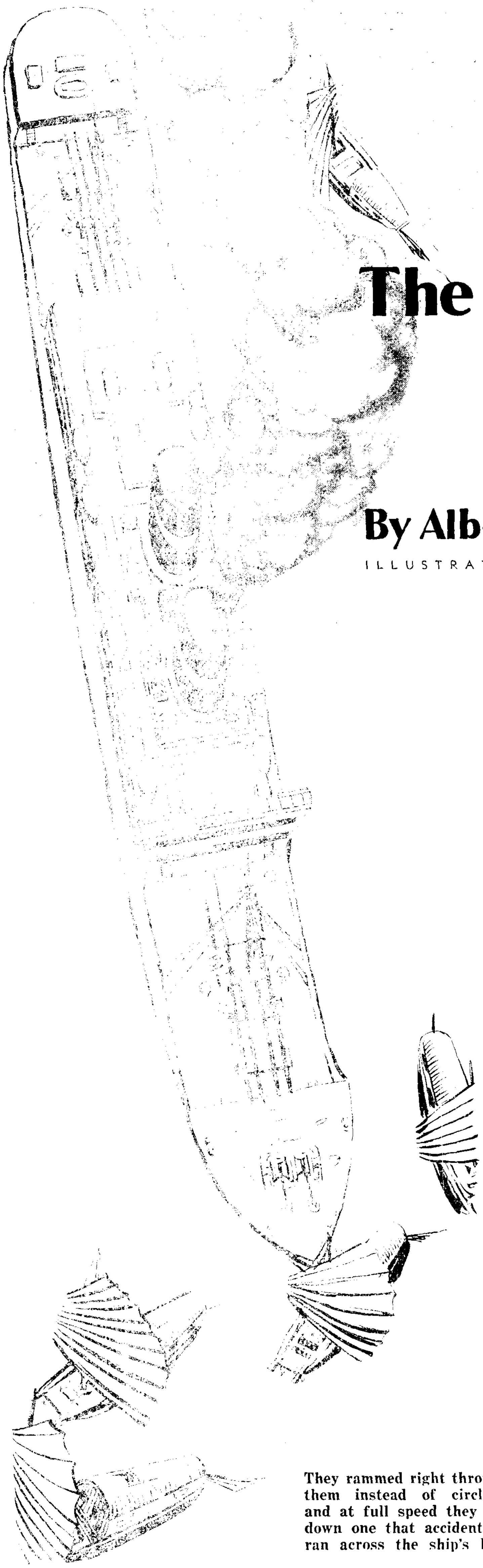
Benbow, listening all this while, suddenly said: "That's all right, Price. It's Hat's chore, and I'm working for Hat. But I'm not ready, Nelson."

"Why?" insisted McGinnis. "You know enough to be satisfied in your own mind, don't you?"

"I know—"

Gordon Howland whirled and said in an even, warning voice: "I wouldn't tell what you know, Jim."

(Continued on page 38)



They rammed right through them instead of circling, and at full speed they cut down one that accidentally ran across the ship's bow

The Lucky Man

A story that would have ended in disaster on the Columbia River bar if Captain Bull's luck hadn't kept right on working for him

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

CAPTAIN BULL was a stout, red-faced and imposing man, entirely without scruples, almost murderously ambitious and not hampered by too much imagination. "Opportunity," he would boom. "One must grasp at opportunity. Then look after the company and the company will look after you." He would point out his own rapid rise. Second mate at twenty. First mate at twenty-three. Master at twenty-seven. And men would listen to him for a while and then turn away with compressed lips. For it was general knowledge all through the Green Star Line that coupled with his ruthlessness and his colossal conceit he enjoyed the most amazing luck.

Some seamen are like that. The one man sails under a bright star and the other under a gloomy, sinister cloud; and there is no explaining the matter.

Captain Bull did not attempt to. He took it for granted. Once it dawned on the heavy mind of Captain Bull that his star was a lucky one he began to ride that luck.

His first serious attempt to do this occurred in the captain's cabin of the Texas Star. Mr. Bull, he was first mate then (and there were strange tales as to how he had maneuvered the previous mate out of his berth), was the accidental bystander when Mr. Strang, the new general manager and efficiency expert the line had just hired, made an ultimatum to the Texas Star's master.

"Our new plans go into effect at once," he snapped. "With the competition growing we must cut our schedules by at least six days. Service. That's our motto from now on."

"That's impossible, sir," said the captain. "We have to drive pretty hard to keep our present dates."

MR. STRANG pinched his nose.

"I note from your logbooks there have been occasions when you've missed tides you could have caught with a little extra hustling. And you have a bad habit of anchoring when it isn't entirely necessary. I understand the vessels of the Baker Line, for instance, go through the Magellan Strait whether it's dark or not, while you wait for daylight. Twelve hours right there."

"I can't afford to take chances," said the captain warmly. "What with passengers and a valuable ship. I'm astonished you . . ."

"I'm not interested in your opinions," said Mr. Strang dryly. "If you've lost your nerve I'll have to find a younger man who hasn't."

And it was at that moment Mr. Bull coined his famous saying, Opportunity. One must grasp at opportunity. He stepped forward and coughed.

"Give me command, sir, and I'll clip seven days off the run," he said. The general manager started and compressed his thin lips as he surveyed the imposing mate. He had forgotten he was present.

"Mr. Bull," choked the master of the Texas Star, "get out on deck. This conversation does not concern you." The breach of etiquette, not to mention the blatant disloyalty, had turned his face crimson.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Strang. "You know what you're talking about, Mr. Bull?"

"I know what I can do, sir," stated the first mate. "Things can be speeded up. I've often mentioned it to the other officers. And I'm not afraid to take a few reasonable chances."

The general manager's fishy gray eyes narrowed a little and it came to him that here was a man after his own heart. He had to make good with the line's directors, and this man looked as if he would make good with him. He nodded.

"Come and see me at the office this afternoon," he said.

So it was at the age of twenty-seven Mr. Bull became the youngest skipper in the Green Star Line. And he made good. He brought the Texas Star home nine days ahead of her old schedule, and Mr. Strang gave him congratulations.

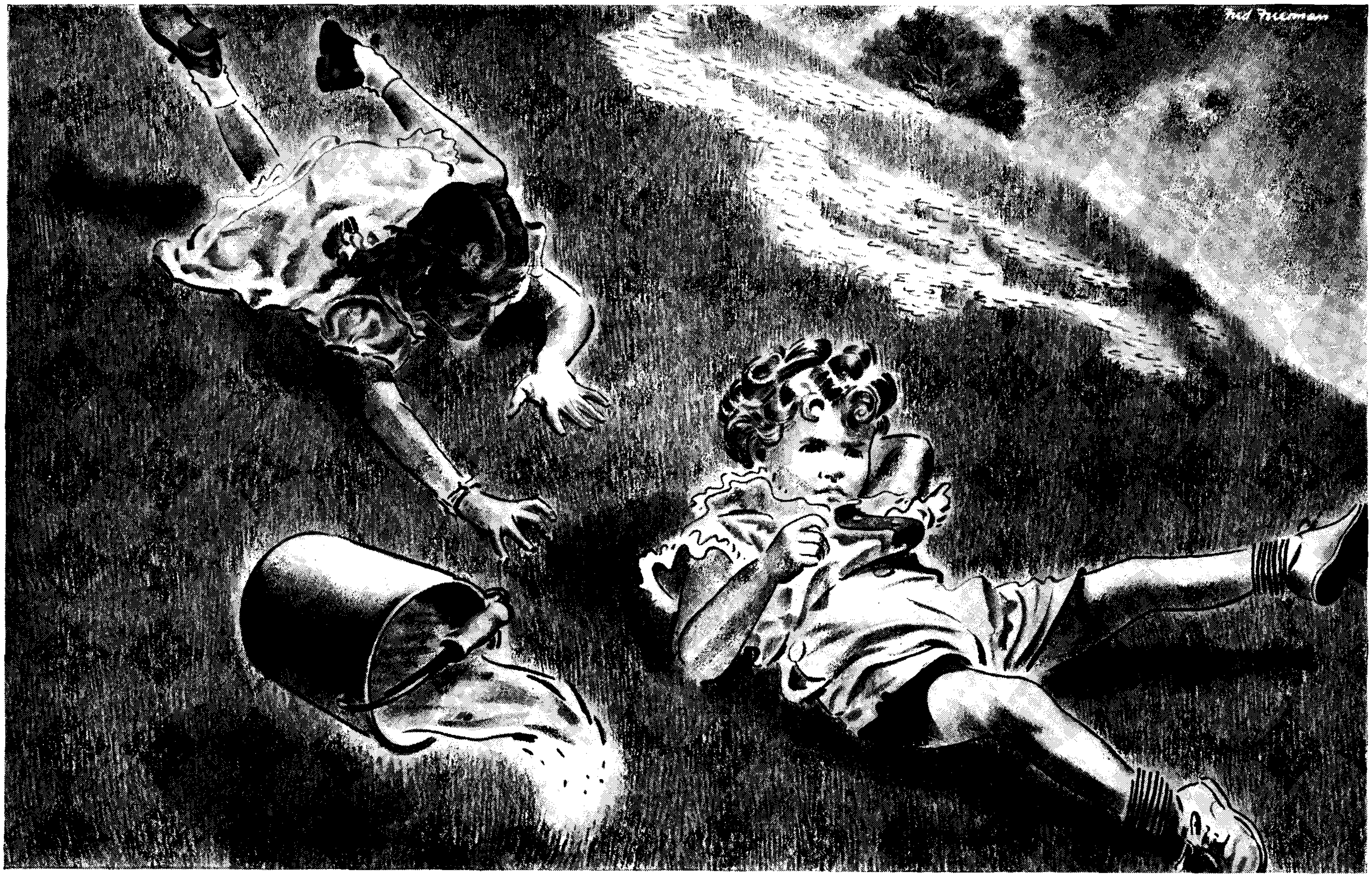
"The dividends will show well this year, Captain Bull. And the board will not be ungrateful. You have set a mark for our other masters to aim at, and I'll see they do. We need men who think of the line." And Captain Bull knew he was made.

No one spoke of the fact that two of the engineers and all the deck officers resigned as soon as the ship was docked. But the officers said plenty.

"It used to be a good line," they swore. "Now it's a madhouse. And Bull! The man's mad!" Yet he prospered.

WHEN Mr. Tremaine, young, keen and efficient, joined the Texas Star as first mate, he had an idea what to expect from what friendly brother officers had told him. He had come out to the Pacific coast from a New York-to-Havana run after a particularly messy fire at sea, followed by a sensational inquiry. He had personally been acquitted but no eastern line cared to hire any officer who had been connected with that particular wreck. Mr. Tremaine had no fears about trying new fields. He had a first mate's unlimited ticket in sail and a master's unlimited in steam, and he knew that the two together would impress almost any port captain.

The trouble was he struck the Pacific coast in a period of unemployment, when freights were low and ships were being tied up for lack of business. All the major lines were doing their best to keep old employees at work and men with masters' tickets were gladly taking berths as quartermasters. Except on the Green Star boats. There were usually vacant berths there but few men wanted them. Mr. Tremaine took the Texas Star mainly because his money was exhausted, and it was either that or starve. And besides, he didn't believe any line could be quite as bad as the water fronts stated the Green Star



Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after

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Why haven't we heard from Jack and Jill?

We've had so many letters from men and women and boys and girls who have had all kinds of bumps and bruises and aches and pains that any day now we expect to hear from that famous hill-climbing tumbling team, Jack and Jill.

Anyway, it's certainly very gratifying to know how many hundreds of thousands of people find quick relief with Absorbine Jr.—how many hundreds of thousands of families always keep a bottle on hand for those little mishaps that happen almost every day in the best of families. Sprains and wrenches and sore muscles and stiff necks and barked shins and stubbed toes and a hundred and one other painful little accidents.

Thanks, everyone, for your kind letters. And rest assured, Absorbine Jr. will continue to be the same good dependable product that so many have come to rely upon for more than forty years—remember, too, it is welcome relief for that distressing Athlete's Foot that's so very common. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. On sale at all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. And if you would like a free sample, just write W. F. Young, Inc., 439 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. . . . . . Thanks again!

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The model illustrated is the Buick Special *4-door Sedan, $845 list, Flint, Mich.*

Here in this sparkling new Buick SPECIAL is power to make any man's pulse beat faster—and control to make a woman's dreams come true.

It moves quietly as an eyelid. It seems almost to steer itself. You can whisk it in or out of a tight parking space without pulling a seam in your glove.

And when you get this big buoyant valve-in-head straight-eight out on the open road, *then* you'll see the king of travelers in his own kingdom.

The smooth flashing action of this marvelously poised car—the firm steadiness of its going—the way it holds true without weave or wander—these make engineering seem almost to come alive.

You can sweep from easy cruising speed to racing pace with the merest touch of your toe on the accelerator, with a quickness that'll sink you an inch deep into the soft cushion at your back.

You can head into a curve without sway, tire-squeal or roll, so perfectly are the double-stabilizers fitted to their job.

You can stroke down from speed to a safe straight-line stop by no more urging than the touch of a dainty slipper on the easy-action hydraulics.

Whatever you ask this great car to do, it will do gallantly and with becoming grace—and because *character* is hammered into every ounce of its metal, it will keep on doing it that way.

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AEROBAT CARBURETOR—built on the same principle as carburetors used in aerial acrobatics. No stop, start or swing is swift enough to affect its even feed of fuel

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"It's Buick again!"

YOUR MONEY GOES FARTHER IN A GENERAL MOTORS CAR was. But he began to suspect he was wrong when he joined the ship at Gray's Harbor, Washington.

It was sailing day and his first impression was that all the crew were drunk. That, in a measure, was normal, but he could not recall ever having seen such a nondescript and useless-looking crowd since he had been third mate of a nitrate bark out of Callao, and they had had to take the sweepings of the jails when their home crew deserted at the news of a gold rush in the hills. There was, Mr. Tremaine noted as he stepped on board, a fight in progress on the fo'c'slehead and that Mexicans, Chinamen and Negroes seemed very much in the majority among the hands. He began to rub his lean jaw. He wondered what the score or so of saloon passengers thought. Probably they didn't care. It was a cheap line and its passengers would be men and women who couldn't afford complaints.

"The one thing to remember," boomed Captain Bull right away, "is that we're out to make time. We run on a strict schedule, and we keep it by cutting hours, minutes, even seconds at every opportunity. Opportunity. One must grasp at opportunity. Do I make myself clear?"

"I take it you mean it's a question of driving, sir," said Mr. Tremaine. "Well, I've served on scheduled runs before."

Captain Bull looked at him with some disapproval.

"That's what I mean," he snapped.

Mr. Tremaine gave a short, "Very well, sir," and left the captain's room. And then he remembered something and came back.

"The weather's pretty bad outside, sir, and they tell me there's an ugly bar to cross. I suppose we'll be anchoring in the stream along with the rest of the ships, until the swells go down."

"I'm a qualified pilot for the harbor," boomed Captain Bull. "I'll decide later."

MR. TREMAINE nodded and went on the bridge to get acquainted with his new ship. He found the second mate in the chartroom, a dispirited little man named Travis, with a spidery yellow mustache and watery blue eyes. He was, also, slightly drunk.

"Do the officers hit it up too on sailing day?" the new mate inquired. The second wiped his mouth with the back of one hand and scowled.

"You'll come to it," he stated. "That's all you can do to stop from going crazy on this packet. Don't worry, there'll be little time to drink until we're home again. Every damned minute from the time we cast off belongs to the company . . . or the skipper."

"As bad as that, eh?"

"Worse," said the second morosely, and told things. He recounted how once, to save twenty miles, they had cut a reef so close they could have tossed a biscuit on it; and how, meeting a fleet of Chinese fishing junks, they had rammed right through them instead of circling, and how at full speed they had cut down one that accidentally ran across the ship's bow. Captain Bull had not even stopped.

"Then why don't you quit?" demanded Mr. Tremaine at last. The second mate shrugged.

"I've had my ticket suspended twice," he muttered. "Where else would I go?"

Mr. Tremaine went down on the main deck, thoughtfully rubbing his jaw. It looked like a queer trip all right. He went for'ard with head bent against the cold, sullen drizzle that seeped from an ashen sky, and after some argument straightened out the nondescript crew and picked watches to get the ship away. And it was soon after that when he had his first experience with Captain Bull's habit . . . save it was a mania by now . . . of saving time.

THERE were seven ships anchored in Gray's Harbor. Each of them had completed loading a day or more before, and they were all waiting for the weather to abate and the bar to smooth over. The Texas Star, as it happened, was the largest vessel of them all and was drawing the most water. Also she had a substantial deck cargo, and over a score of passengers in her saloon. Logically, for safety's sake, she should have anchored with the others and waited.

Mr. Tremaine stood by his anchors for'ard expecting any moment to hear the call to let go. But nothing happened. A small but powerful tug surged alongside for a moment, the official pilot boat that had been out to inspect the bar and was reporting conditions. A man in the wheelhouse megaphoned up at Captain Bull: "She's running high, Skipper. We're holding the others for a day or so yet!"

Captain Bull paid no attention. He was inspecting the bar through his glasses, and the Texas Star was still heading seaward at full speed. Mr. Tremaine bit his lip. Masters seldom ignored pilot advice, but he remembered that Captain Bull held his own license for Gray's Harbor, so he must know what he was doing.

"Yeah, 'e's going to try it again," the bos'n said, spitting over the rail. "The pilots 'ave got sense. They ain't risking ships and men and their jobs. But try and tell our old man."

Mr. Tremaine stared at the massive shoulders looming above the rail of the navigation bridge, and at the gross, red face half obscured by the glasses. Then he shielded his eyes against the rain and stared at the bar. It looked ugly and swollen, but since he was not acquainted with it he could form no opinion as to crossing it. Still, when the regular pilots advised against a try. . . . He rubbed his jaw and moved about uneasily as the first of the bar swells caught the Texas Star and she was dropped to half speed to ease her. Three or four preliminary lifts of her bow and then she caught it. She rolled acutely, sickeningly. Spray and then white water sheared over her bows so the port watch took shelter behind the capstan. Mr. Tremaine hung onto the fo'c'slehead rail, his knees awash, and felt the cold sweat start on his face. This was madness. Twenty-four or -five feet of water on the bar, the ship drawing close to nineteen, and those swells dropping her another six or seven in the hollows. There must have been times when her very rivets scraped sand, and six inches more drop would have broken her back. But she wallowed through.

ON THE bridge sometime later he looked at Captain Bull and recalled the stories of his fabulous luck. There was no doubt about that now.

"That was quite a chance, sir," he ventured. "I thought we'd get caught any second."

"But we weren't caught," boomed the other triumphantly. "And we've saved two or three days."

The weather was rainy, desolate and cold all the way down the coast. The Texas Star called at San Francisco for more cargo and a few more cabin passengers, and then rolled down to Callao. And the way she discharged freight was a revelation to Mr. Tremaine. South American ports are notoriously slow but Captain Bull had a way with him.

Due for a call at Punta Arenas in the Strait of Magellan, Captain Bull arrived off the entrance to the strait late at night, in a thin mist and with an ugly sea running. But instead of groping a way to the nearest safe anchorage and waiting for morning, he went right on. He would save well over half a day by doing that, and so he did it. The strait was badly lighted, narrow, with sheer walls of granite each side; with squalls coming viciously down through the mountain passes and visibility often obscured. Mr. Tremaine's hair stood on end more than once during that passage. But they got through, and the mate understood very clearly that it was not a matter of nerve, nor altogether a matter of that sheer, unexplainable luck. And the man's own certainty, his own belief in that luck, had Mr. Tremaine at times practically convinced in spite of himself. But it simply wasn't natural.

The Texas Star plowed her way across the Pacific to Auckland, New Zealand, after they had cleared Magellan Strait again, and there, for the first time, Captain Bull left the ship. Always before he had remained personally

(Continued on page 57)

"Well, it's mutiny, and I might as well go the whole hog," he muttered. He bound Captain Bull hand and foot, and gagged him

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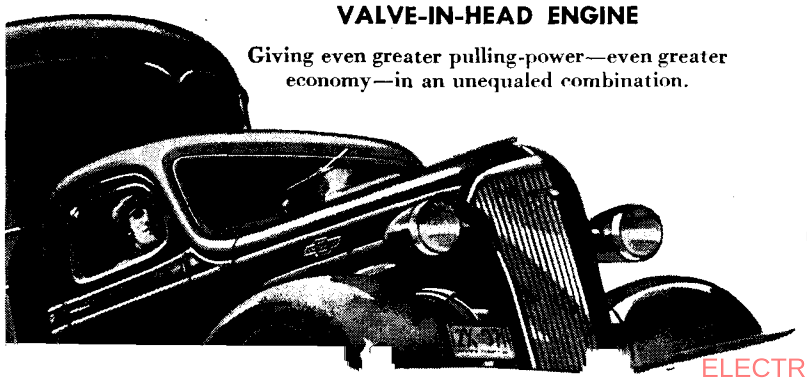

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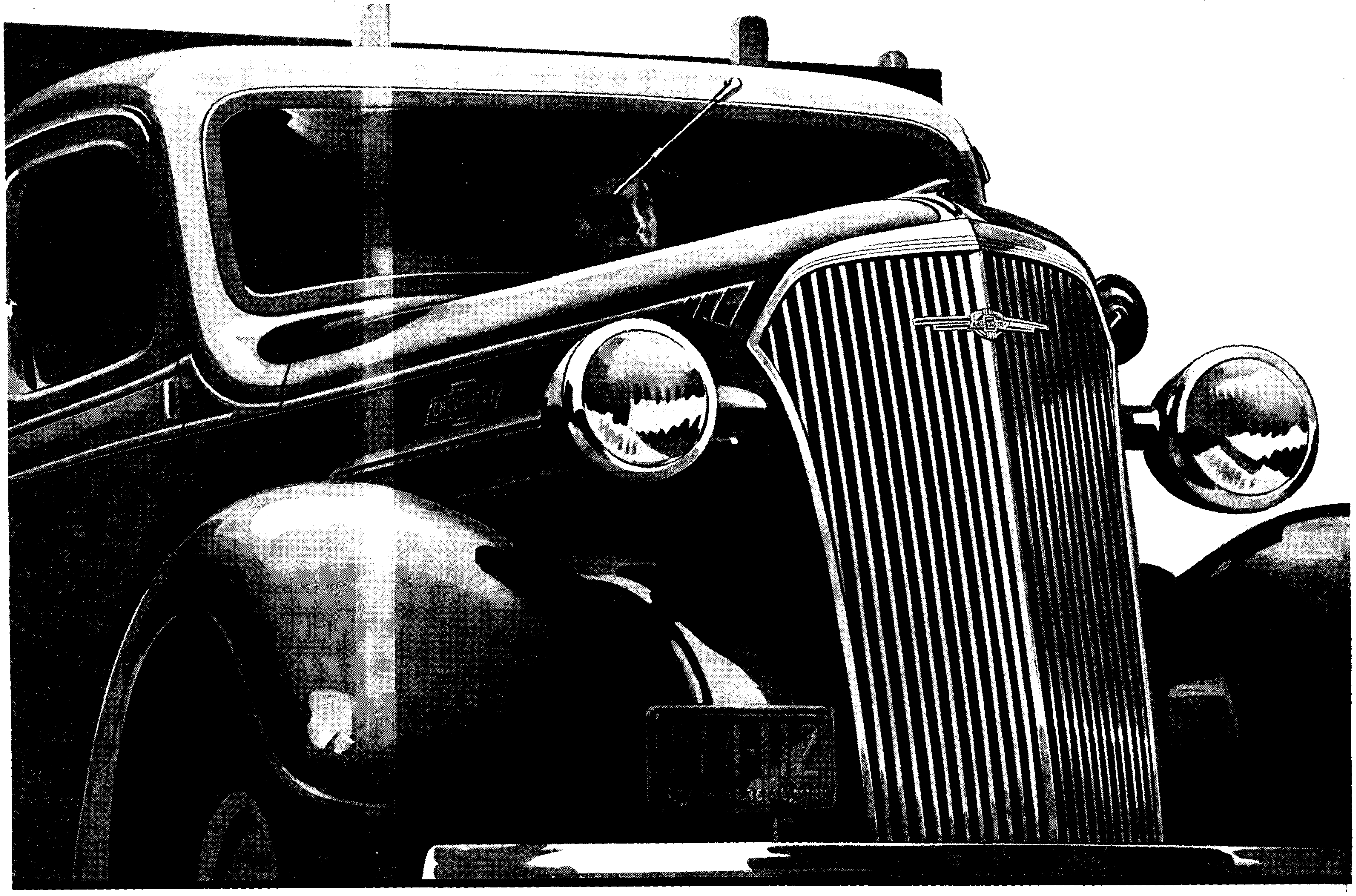

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For 1937, Chevrolet presents a new series of commercial cars and 1½-ton trucks which are *even greater in all respects* than the famous Chevrolet units which won such overwhelming buyer preference during the past year.

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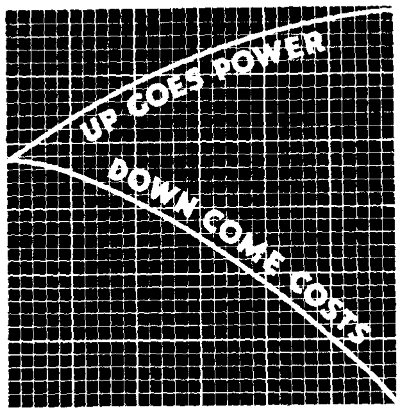

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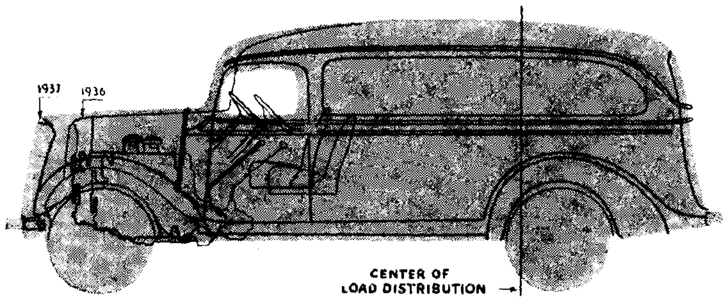

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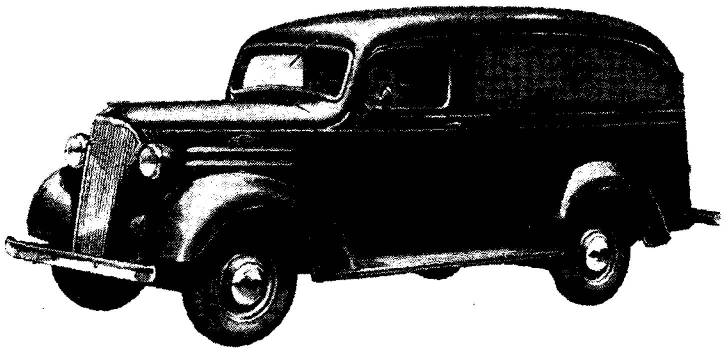

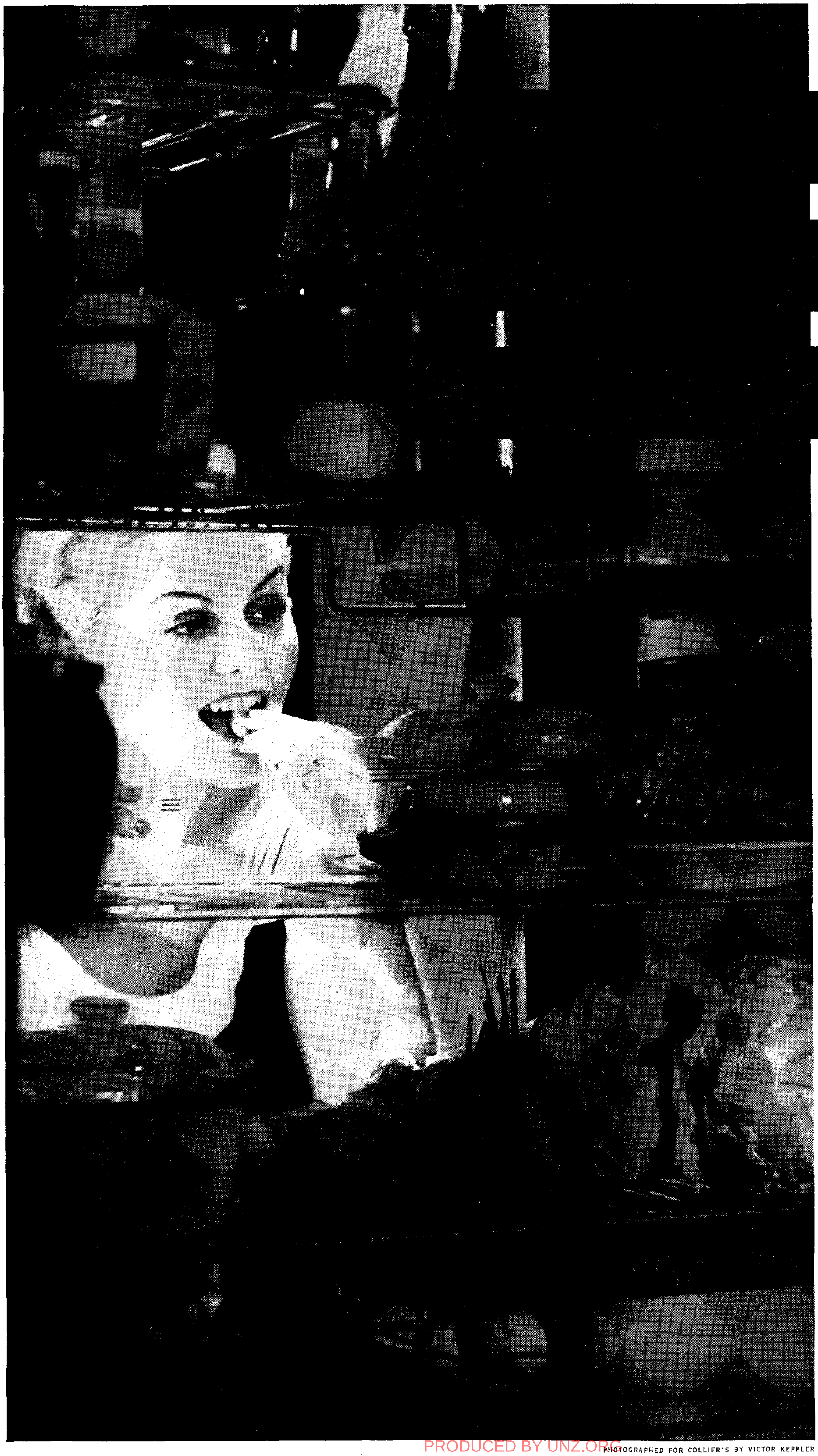

Here's how your well-stocked ice-box shelves would look to a camera inside the box when you open the door for that afternoon snack

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR KEPPLER

DOCTORS say that eating a little and often is much more considerate of the digestive apparatus than just methodically stowing away three big squares a day. Some suggest five or six meals at frequent intervals, in the European style. Miniature meals, of course, yet with all the stamina of crackers and cheese, the staying power of egg malted milk or cold cuts. Such snacks in time are sure protection against between-meal droop and fatigue. They should be easy to prepare and handy to grab, the instant hunger whimpers.

Many health regimes, indeed, are now based on frequent piecing that formerly was frowned upon. And the nickel bars kids clamor for at offside hours aren't very different from the food faddists' fruit-nut-and-bran health restorers handed out in high-priced sanitariums at the most outlandish hours.

Our own favorite snack (next to a homemade oyster stew, all crinkly at the edges, bubbly with cream and the whole soup solo accompanied by the crunching obbligato of a pilot cracker) is a bland triple-decker, pyramided on a crackling triangle of flat Swedish whole wheat or rye as deeply dimpled as any Miss America. It is spread with honey, Philadelphia cream cheese and peanut butter, and it doesn't matter a cream puff to this smiling, open-faced sandwich in which order the three facials are applied.

A distant cousin of this is "Black Jack," popular in girl's dormitories and as an office snack. It consists of half a chocolate bar laid on a graham cracker and nibbled as a sandwich. Other members of this versatile tribe are a whole flock of trick crackers with fancy spreads of honey butter, honey and almond, honey and apricot; and the plain but useful buttered bread loaded down with brown sugar or pulverized maple sugar.

Those who hanker after piquancy spice their snacking life with three varieties of alligator-pear salad made right in the shell and eaten from it with a spoon. There's no fuss or dirty dishes, and any bride who can boil water without burning it can split an alligator pear in half, harpoon out the seed, big as an ostrich egg, and fill the hole with mango chutney. That's all there is to it. And even a groom can spill a little red-wine

(Continued on page 62)

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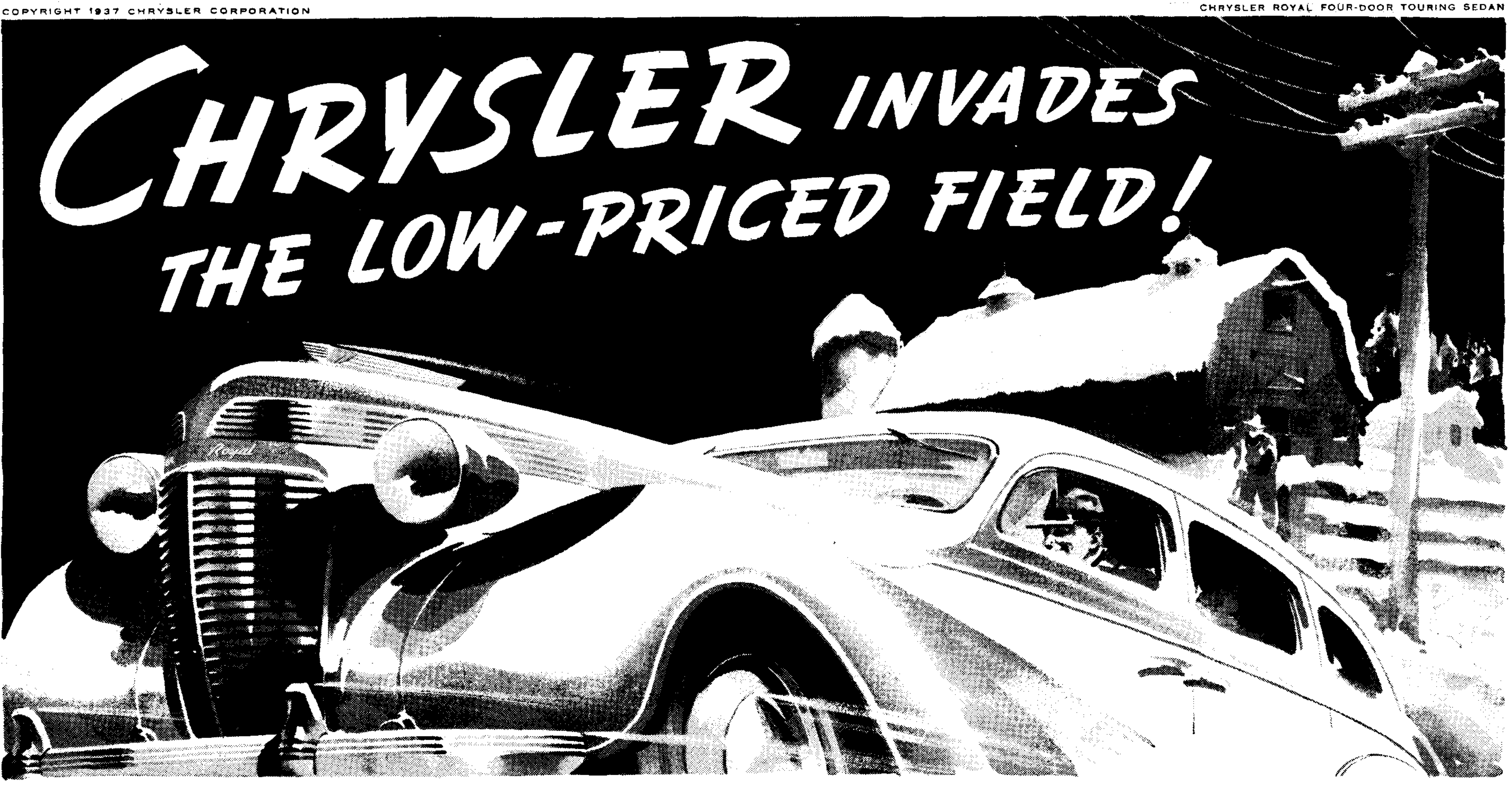
CHRYSLER ROYAL FOUR-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!



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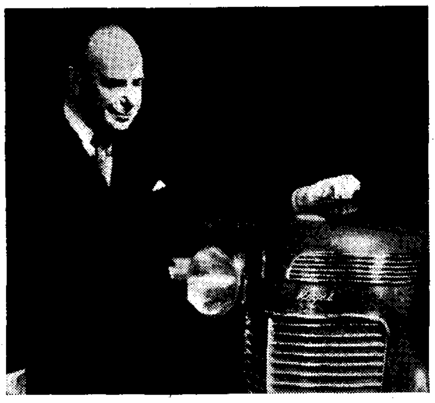

"Chrysler's new design gives a feeling of tremendous power" . . . **TONY SARG** . . . noted illustrator . . . creator of Tony Sarg's Marionettes

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"It's a beauty! The interiors are exquisite. Just what you'd expect from Lady Mendl" . . . **NANCY McCLELLAND** . . . *distinguished interior decorator*

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THE dashingly different design of the 1937 Chryslers bears the style sponsorship of Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) . . . internationally famous stylist and decorator. Every detail of exterior and interior design . . . radiator and body lines . . . upholstery fabrics . . . were critically examined by Lady Mendl and received her authoritative approval.

The triumph of Chrysler style is the talk of the whole smart world. Charles of London, one of the greatest decorators in the world, says, "I consider the 1937 Chrysler a signal achievement in beauty."

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You can pay less for a motor car than the price of the Chrysler Royal . . . but this big, beautiful car is surprisingly close in price to the very lowest-priced cars. For the few extra dollars, you get infinitely more style, more room, more comfort, more quality. See the 1937 Chryslers. Any Chrysler dealer will also show you the brilliant 1937 Plymouths.

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Time payments to fit your purse on Official Commercial Credit Company plan.

Woman Expert

Continued from page 9

Joe, however, was different; every night he'd argue about Susan Butler. "Look, Kerrigan," he'd say, "suppose she's telling the truth?"

Kerrigan would grin wearily and ask him to shut up. He'd give this Susan Butler credit because she was smarter than the rest. She never tried to see Scarfe, or write to him, and she gave up trying to put over her story on Kerrigan. After a while her face was as cold and detached as the woman expert's own when he gave her his check. The boys noticed that. "Falling down?" they asked. The ribbing got under his skin. "Say," Kerrigan growled, "in a month I could have that dame shining my shoes. You want to bet?"

None of them did, but Kerrigan had done it anyway, perhaps to show them, perhaps because it seemed to reflect on his professional ability, perhaps for some other reason that would never enter a woman expert's mind. He turned on the charm, not overdoing it, little by little—just making out he'd been wrong, and stopping by her desk a bit longer every day to talk. In two weeks he was taking her to the movies. In a month he knew she was crazy about him.

The funny part was that this one time Kerrigan guessed he had been wrong. She'd never been Scarfe's girl; she'd just swallowed his hot air about the broker, and the job. She hadn't known what she was walking into. Kerrigan knew that was the truth, because nobody, not even a woman, could keep on lying like that. He wasn't fooled into it, Kerrigan, because he never made a pass at her; he never kissed her. One night, indeed, he asked her why she didn't go back to Indiana.

"It's queer," she said, her round young face grave and quiet. "I'd always thought of it as home and now it isn't—it's just like another place on the map. It's like here." She stopped a moment; but before the woman expert could put in something about the movies she went on, softly: "You've been nice to me—you and Joe. You're the only people I know. Oh, they try to make dates at the counter—I don't mean that. You're the only ones who—"

EVEN at the movies Kerrigan was uncomfortably aware that her thoughts were running like that. All the way home she held his arm, and in the doorway, after they'd said good night, she came very close to him.

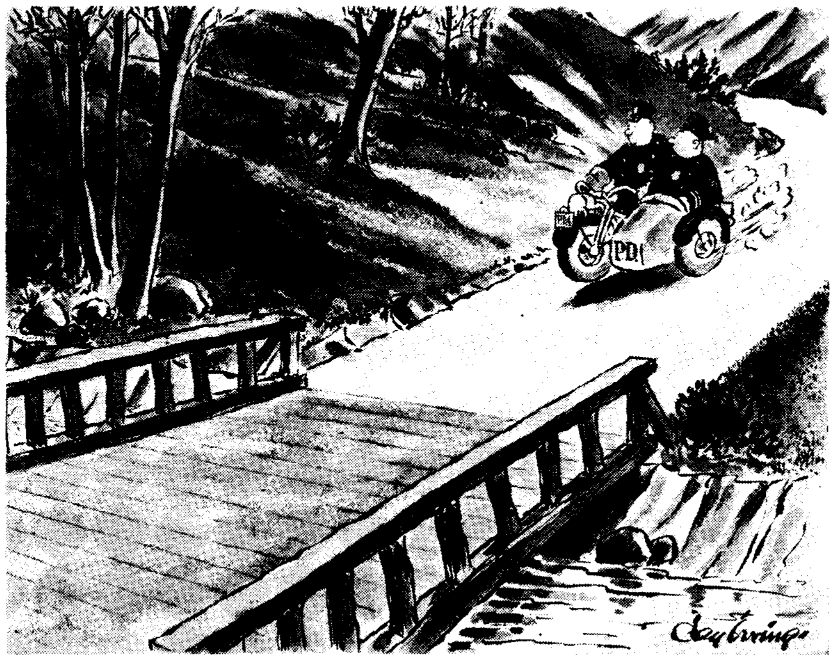
"Cornelius," she said, in that grave voice of hers, "you were so nice on the train; so—oh, I don't know. But it wasn't only your job, Cornelius? You did like me? I'm so lonesome when I don't see you. I think you're only making out again, perhaps. That you don't really—"

A woman expert shouldn't have kissed her and told her he did mean it. Kerrigan knew that, of course, but what else could he do? It was the old song and dance.

It was a queer thing he fought against—a mingling of pride and injured vanity and the dreary knowledge of all the years since they'd kidded a rookie at a Bronx precinct house about his attraction for women. You'll have to do better than that, Cornelius Kerrigan thought—much better, sister. He wasn't forgetting any angles. He knew how they started, trying to make you feel sorry for them, trying to get the soft spot in you. Sometimes you couldn't cure that soft spot; but if you were a woman expert, if you knew your way, you wouldn't give it a start.

The woman expert didn't give it a start. For a week he simply avoided Joe's, and that kid who'd tried to give him the business. And on the last night of that week Johnny Scarfe escaped from custody, three days before his trial.

Even Kerrigan didn't find out much about the method of his escape, for everyone around headquarters was pretty sore, and things were kept under the hat. There was a story that Powell was grilling the guards, who claimed that Johnny Scarfe had suddenly pulled a gun on them as they brought him back from the visitors' room; but Lou Evans scoffed at that story. Johnny Scarfe's wife, he said, had visited him that afternoon; if she brought along a bundle of cash, to be split three ways among three so-and-so turnkeys . . .


"Y'know, I think we're on the wrong road . . . but we're making such good time I guess we'll keep going. . . ."

JAY IRVING

KERRIGAN himself didn't believe it was bribery. Dora Scarfe might have found some way to pass him a gun; but she wasn't handing out any cash. Kerrigan was sure of that because he knew the kind of dame Dora Scarfe was. Fat and almost forty, with blond hair that anyone could see didn't go with her dark, bold eyes, Dora Scarfe knew how to take care of herself. That type was only rabbits to Kerrigan. Fifteen years younger, he could find a dozen for you in any dance hall. Baby-eyed and hard-hearted, nobody's sucker, using perfume and highly colored nail polish, reading confession magazines and tabloids, they had given the woman expert his easiest assignments. A dame like that was always on the make, always looking out for number one; but if you knew how they reacted they were apple pie. Johnny Scarfe had married this Dora years ago, and deserted her off and on since; for the tall punk fancied himself as a ladies' man, and Dora Scarfe wasn't a bargain any more, not in anybody's book.

Kerrigan figured she wouldn't know any more where Johnny Scarfe was than a fortuneteller, and when Lou Evans and his partner were detailed to follow her he thought it was an awfully dumb move. With someone like the blonde, the thing to do was make her jealous; give him five minutes alone with her, he thought, and she'd spill the story of how he got out. That night in his room he was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to try to get in touch with her when the phone rang.

"Listen," Joe said. "Susan called. She said she wanted to see you, Kerrigan."

"Okay," Kerrigan grunted, and hung up. Going over to the table he poured himself a small nip of Irish whisky, drank it, and balanced the empty glass thoughtfully on his palm. The woman expert could picture what was coming up. . . .

Kerrigan coached himself thoroughly before starting; he made it very clear how he was going to act, and why he would see her at all. Things like this were better cleared up, with no loose ends. . . .

It was, in theory, simple enough, but Kerrigan felt a dryness in his throat as he went up the stairs. She was standing in her open doorway, outlined against the light, and Kerrigan said, "Hello," in a surly fashion, brushed by her, and sat down inside with his light gray fedora resting on his knees. She started off as he had known she would, uncertainly, because he would not look at her face. When he hadn't come into Joe's all week she was afraid something had happened; she thought he might be ill.

"Busy," he said, with a rasp in his voice. When she didn't answer, his eyes came up to her at last, and when he saw her face a kind of dumb anguish broke in him. She was trying to smile, and saying something about she just hadn't known.

"All right," Kerrigan mumbled. He transferred his hat from one knee to the other, and he wondered how guys like Lou Evans ever got married—

HE WOKE to what he was thinking with a stunned horror; and then in a moment the horror was gone, and Cornelius Kerrigan, the woman expert, said huskily, "Wait a minute. Don't look like that."

He got up, although he didn't know what he was going to do—maybe get the hell out of there. He felt caught and in the wrong, and when the door to the hall opened behind him he looked at it dumbly.

Johnny Scarfe came in. He pushed the door shut with his left shoulder and then leaned against it, watching Kerrigan for what seemed a long time. Kerrigan wasn't a fool. He didn't move or drop the hat out of his hands; he just stood very still. He could see the automatic in Johnny Scarfe's right hand without looking down at it.

After that long while Johnny Scarfe said, "Get his keys," to the girl. "His car keys. We'll need a car. Then cut some rope out of your drier in the kitchen and tie his hands behind him, around his chair. Move."

When she bent over him for the keys Kerrigan closed his eyes so that he wouldn't have to see her. It was all very simple: they'd needed a car. And she had said, "If I call Kerrigan—" They had probably laughed about it. Johnny Scarfe would have advised her to put on the weeps. It was very simple.

And Kerrigan took the blame; he accepted it with a rage that was as cold and hard as ice in his heart. He'd been a fool.

She was standing by the door now, very pale, watching him.

"Go downstairs," Johnny Scarfe said. "Get started."

"Sure," Kerrigan said. "Go on. You can always tell yourself you didn't know what he was going to do. You don't have to read the papers."

"Cornelius," she whispered. "Cornelius, do you think I knew he was coming? I don't know how he found me. I thought if I did what he asked he wouldn't hurt you. That's why—I won't let him kill you, Cornelius."

"Baby," Johnny Scarfe said, touching the side of her cheek with the barrel of his gun, "go downstairs. Now. While you can walk. I went to a lot of trouble looking you up; I took a chance of running into a nest of coppers to pick you up tonight. You go with me or you stay here—right on your back, baby."

She stared at Kerrigan. After a moment she shook her head.

"I'll stay," she said. "I'm not afraid, Cornelius."

THE woman expert started to speak, but his voice was drowned out in the sudden bang of the downstairs door—a sharp sound that made Johnny Scarfe's tall body rigid. Quick, light steps pattered on the stairs, and swiftly and quietly he moved against the wall. "Squeak," he said, looking back. "Just squeak once, Kerrigan."

The steps came up past the first landing; an instant before they reached the second, Johnny Scarfe had kicked the door ajar. Dora Scarfe stood on the threshold.

The tall man swore softly, with relief, with anger.

"Damn you!" he said. "Why did you come here? Didn't you know they'd follow you?"

Dora Scarfe cried shrilly: "I hope they have! Do you hear that?"

Her face was twisted in a sobbing frenzy; mascara streaked the dark eyes. She looked older, haggard.

Her eyes darted to Susan Butler, glittering with triumph, with the venomous hate that lay deep in the lines of her mouth. From his chair, looking at her, and remembering that Lou Evans and his partner had been watching her, Kerrigan saw that this was how women were, this was how they betrayed you. Johnny Scarfe must have had the same thought, because he moved over to the window, flattening his body against the wall. There he cursed softly and crossed to the dark kitchen. In a moment he was back, his face pale and shiny in the light of the one lamp.

"Covered," he said slowly. "A guy front and back. The place is bottled up. In five minutes they'll have a squad car here."

Very carefully Kerrigan began to loosen his bonds. Susan Butler hadn't gathered them very tightly. Maybe in a minute—

Going over to the door the tall man stopped before it, with the funny shine still on his face, and the bones in it outlined as if they had been marked with white chalk. His lips were a crazy color

(*Continued on page 32*)

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WHO'LL THROW A SNOWBALL AT WHO —?
WHUP!
DUCK FAST
HAD ENOUGH - SISSIES?
I SURRENDER!
SO DO I — I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE
WHY, JOHNNY DEVLIN - I'M SO GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU'RE SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT
SURE - AND WHAT'S IT TO YOU, MY PRETTY MISS?
PLENTY! A GIRL DEMANDS THE RESPECT OF A SWEET-SMELLING TOBACCO IN THE PIPE OF HER ESCORT. WHAT YOU USED TO SMOKE WAS TERRIBLE
OH, SO THAT'S IT
SHUCKS, JOHNNY - THE LADIES ALL SEEM TO FAVOR P.A.'S FRAGRANT AROMA
AND THEY'RE RIGHT, JUDGE. IT'S JUST A FURTHER INDICATION THAT THE TOBACCOS IN THE BIG PRINCE ALBERT TIN ARE ALL MILD AND MELLOW
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
MEN...EVERY P.A. TIN IS BACKED UP WITH A 'NO-RISK' OFFER
YOU BET PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES COOL... IT'S CRIMP CUT
P.A. HAS FLAVOR PLUS. I CAN TELL IT'S MADE FROM CHOICE TOBACCOS
FOR SMOKING THAT DOESN'T 'BITE,' GIVE ME PRINCE ALBERT. THE 'BITE'S' REMOVED

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

(Continued from page 30)

—like liver, Kerrigan thought. After a moment he rubbed them, looked at Kerrigan, at the windows, at the blonde.

"Thanks," he said, stolidly and harshly. "Thanks for turning me up, baby. They're set out there; they're waiting. I go out and it's like doing the Dutch act."

Dora Scarfe whimpered something that sounded like: "Johnny, Johnny." Her expression was puffy, stupid, the way she'd look waking from sleep. "I didn't mean to, Johnny. I didn't know. When Al told me he'd found out for you where she lived, when I thought you were here, with her—I guess I was crazy, Johnny." She put her palms against her temples and closed her eyes, staying like that for a long time. "How many are there—two?"

Kerrigan chuckled harshly. "That's all they'll need."

She didn't heed him. Crossing to the tall man she gripped his wrist.

"Listen, Johnny—give me your hat and coat. There isn't much light in the yard. I'll look like you. The one in front will come running back; the street will be clear. You can get away then, through the front. It's simple, Johnny."

Kerrigan glanced up at her, narrow-eyed. He knew the type—he could tell how their minds ran and who they always looked out for, but for a minute he couldn't figure her play. They were tricky enough; this wasn't a bad idea. The only trouble with it was that she didn't see the catch.

Kerrigan showed her the catch. He explained very carefully: "Go out in that derby and nobody's going to ask you questions. You won't get three steps. Maybe you didn't think of that, sister."

She looked at him then rather blankly with Johnny Scarfe's big coat lapping down to her heels. But she didn't answer him, and the tall man, licking his lips once with just the tip of his tongue, handed her the derby hat.

"Write to me," she said, crumpling the hat down over her hair. "You know where, Johnny. Let me know how you are. And don't you worry about me."

"Sure," the tall man said in a husky voice. "Sure, baby."

Kerrigan thought maybe she meant to snatch his gun, and plug him to get herself clear—or maybe, at the yard door, she meant to call Lou Evans and tell him how things were upstairs. Kerrigan knew what dames like this were. Still, sometimes they did stupid things; and he wanted her to see just how things stood.

"They won't play cops and robbers with you, sister. Go out there and you walk into a bullet. That derby—"

SHE looked back at Johnny Scarfe from the doorway, and she was scared. Kerrigan could see that; her voice, shaky and pretty low, proved it. She was saying something about not to worry, to be sure to write. Then she was gone, and Kerrigan had a funny feeling in his stomach. The room was very quiet; her footsteps died on the stairs. Kerrigan's face felt clammy. He knew she was going to call Lou Evans, to tell him—

"Lou!" he yelled, just to be sure. "Lou!"

The tall man was over him in two leaps, smashing the gun butt against his head. Things swam. When they cleared he was on the floor, on his side, and the cords were loose around his wrists. Susan Butler was holding his head, and calling him Cornelius in a quick, panicky fashion. At the door Johnny Scarfe was bent forward, listening, one hand clenched at his side, the other tense on the knob.

There was a shout, two shots, close together and echoless as Kerrigan tore his hands free from the bonds, tore his body clear of the chair. Johnny Scarfe was moving with the shots; before Kerrigan got up he was through the door, and had it locked behind him. It was a solid door, set deep in the wall, and it threw Kerrigan's first lunge back as if it had been made of rubber. He didn't wait for a second; shaking off Susan Butler's hold, he ran to the front window and thrust it up. The stone arch that covered the doorway loomed out over the stoop, a floor below him, as he had remembered it. In an instant he was through, lowering himself from the sill by his arms, and dropping when they were out straight from his body.

That way the arch was only four feet below him. No wider than a coffee table, it angled to a point in the center, sloping down sharply on either side. Kerrigan struck the left of it with his knees, grabbed the edge with a desperate lunge, and was torn free from that by the jerk of his body. That instant broke his fall, although he didn't catch the stoop flat; his feet struck crookedly on the rim of the first step and thrust his body backward, so that he caromed down the stairs on his back, as Johnny Scarfe came through the doorway and jumped over him. The only thing Kerrigan could grasp was his ankle. Johnny Scarfe stumbled, and smashed his fingers loose with the gun. Then he was past Kerrigan, running from his knees like a drunken sprinter staggering for balance. The gun he had dropped ceased spinning on the pavement, three feet from Kerrigan's hand.

HE GOT to it just as Johnny Scarfe reached the corner. Kerrigan had medals at home—sharpshooters' medals—and the tall man wasn't ten yards away. The gun felt small and solid, part of his hand, as he fired. From his knees he watched Johnny Scarfe fall, roll over, and become something formless and very still against the house wall.

Slowly Kerrigan got up, wobbling and jarred. There was blood all over the four fingers of his left hand, and he stared at them for a moment dazedly, before going up the stoop and into the hall as Lou Evans ran through from the yard.

"A woman!" he cried. "A woman with his hat and coat on. Where's Scarfe?"

Kerrigan jerked his head backward, and went on through the dim corridor to a door that pushed open on the blacker space of the yard. A man and Dora Scarfe were out there, almost at his feet; the man was standing up. Looking at Kerrigan as he stopped there, in the doorway, the blonde managed to whisper one word. The word was: "Johnny?"

"He got away," Kerrigan said, without hesitation, heavily. "He snatched my car."

After the ambulance came he walked back to the stairs, to where Susan Butler stood, holding his injured hand in the pocket of his coat, so that she wouldn't see it. With his good arm around her, he said it was all right, it was all over; he didn't even mind when she called him Cornelius. "Now, now," he said softly, patting her shoulder, and not caring what Lou Evans and the rest would say if they saw him.

Something was done with inside the woman expert; something that all the Maizies and Emmas and Ruths couldn't change. He felt that, although it remained dim—he could only picture it obscurely by thinking of the way that Dora Scarfe had whispered a word in the yard. Women! He was glad he had lied to her, and he was glad he was holding this Susan Butler, because he never wanted to let her go now. They could betray you; and they could give you something. What?

Cornelius Kerrigan couldn't name it, but in the dim hallway, holding her, it seemed that if you had that, if you were sure of it, even a woman expert wouldn't be sucker enough to let it go.

Turn on the Light

Continued from page 11

the ultraviolet rays, a component part of daylight, did the trick. Wells decided to experiment with an artificial-ray lamp.

Working in the dark, he pumped the glass room full of colon bacteria—5,200 of the organisms to every cubic foot of air. Then he switched on a big ultraviolet-ray lamp for a few seconds.

Next, Wells pulled a sample of the air out of the chamber. He expected to find a few of the germs still alive. But they were all dead! The lamp had killed all comers. He checked and rechecked his results. Tens of thousands of microbes perished in the process.

This rounded out a rather handsome piece of work. First he had proved that the killers could ride air currents. Then he had found a means of killing the killers. So far, so good.

Someone had to discover how the rays did their job of mass murder. Dr. John R. Loofbourow of the University of Cincinnati took on this job. He found that the rays literally shook the acid nuclei of the bacteria to pieces—like a terrier with a rat—and shriveled them into extinction.

Work of this sort isn't filed away on library shelves to collect dust. It is too vital; it touches too many of man's complex problems. So the baton was snatched from the hands of pure researchers.

At the $4,000,000 hospital which James B. Duke left Durham, North Carolina, a scientist tinkered with practical applications. He had watched post-operative fever curves enough to know that there was some degree of infection in nearly all operations. Fever curves don't jag like a 1929 stock-market chart unless the body is fighting off something. At other times fever charts didn't tell the whole story. Death certificates did.

The scientist knew his rooms were as clean as possible by usual means. They were painted and scrubbed regularly. Gauze, masks, gowns, and instruments were zealously sterilized. Still, occasional severe infections cropped up. Maybe, he reasoned, bacteria swam in the operative wounds from the air, fed on blood, multiplied, and caused the devastation. If this were the case the Harvard and Cincinnati work fitted in nicely.

Massacre of the Microbes

Over the table in his laboratory operating room the doctor strung a battery of eight ultraviolet-ray tubes. Then he smeared some bacterial cultures on microscope slides, laid them on the operating table and switched on the tubes. Before the current was turned on, the plates, jammed with bacteria, looked very much like the little white specks in the Milky Way on a bright night. After a few minutes' exposure they looked like the inside of a derby hat. Nothing was left living. Then he stuck plates around in the corners of the room. Even here, 80 to 90 per cent of the bacteria perished.

These results looked promising. But he still wasn't ready to try an operation on a man. So man's most faithful research animal—the dog—had his turn. Two animals were paired off. One was incised without the lights, the other with them in operation. The latter made a phenomenally rapid recovery. The doctor hesitated no longer.

A series of patients who needed deep chest incisions rode into the operating room. Past results showed that 34 per cent of the persons who had this type of operation always showed infective agents in the wound after the operation. Four per cent of these died. The experimental patients were split into two groups. Half had their operations under the working tubes, the other under usual conditions.

The surgeon's eyes bulged at the results. In no case were contaminating organisms found in incisions made under the tubes. No patient died. Fever curves looked like the gentle rolling Nebraska foothills. Hospitalization time for the two groups furnished the most astonishing figure. One group lay in bed an average of twenty-one days, the other only nine.

Saved by the lights, people are alive today who otherwise would be dead.

Industry Sees the Light

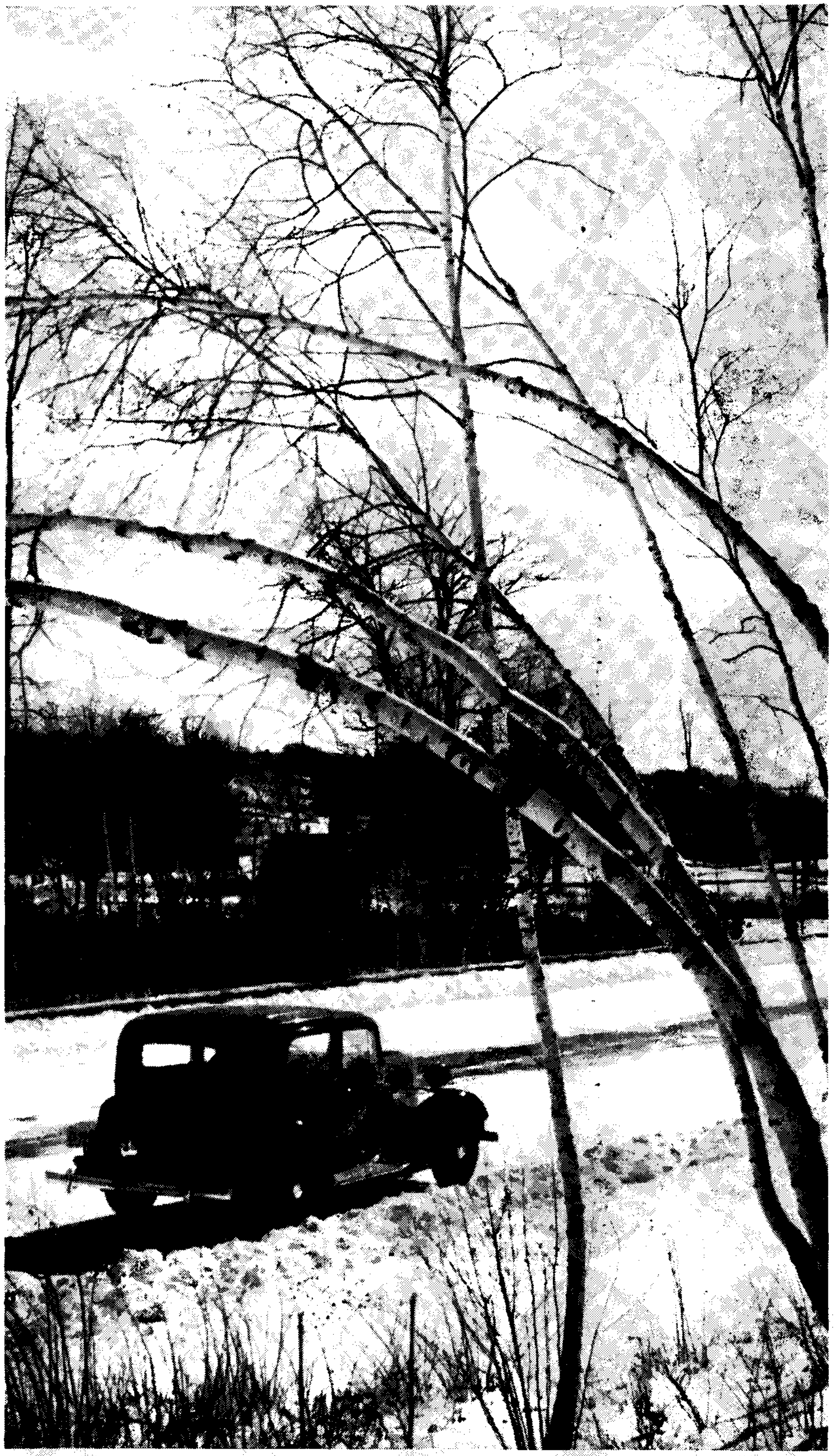
All this has the life-and-death drama of an ambulance clanging through a crowded street. There is also a less romantic side to the lights—a comfortably paced dray-horse side. For as well as killing men the floating organisms do all manner of nasty little things about the house: they cause the scum that grows on jelly, mold cakes, and are responsible for the putrid rot that destroys beef.

Industry, its ears ever cocked for ways to save money, has taken up the ultraviolet-ray tubes. To meat packers they are especially valuable. To cure a side of beef properly it must be hung for a period of four to six weeks. During this period it must be refrigerated—kept at a temperature of 35 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit. This keeps the activity of bacteria at a minimum. But they get in their licks just the same. Over the great chunks of beef they produce a thick covering of slime. This has to be trimmed away and discarded. Shrinkage due to dehydration during this "curing" period is also a considerable item. Together they cause a loss of about 30 per cent. Hang 100 pounds of beef up and take 70 down.

In a series of tests recently conducted in New York a battery of ultraviolet-ray tubes shot out their invisible light before a circulating fan in a "curing" room. Butchers were assured that since the tubes would completely free the air of spores and bacteria there was no reason for low refrigeration temperatures. Resigning themselves to losing a roomful of beef, they allowed temperatures to climb to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. At this temperature the beef "tenderized" rapidly. Five days later it was taken down, ready for consumption. The saving in refrigeration costs was large. Dehydration and slime losses were lopped in half.

Bakers next tried the lamps on their two great problems: fruit cakes and sponge cakes. Spores attack these confections to such an extent that most bakers count on losing at least 15 per cent of them. After the spore-shattering tubes were installed over a conveyor that fed a wrapping machine, this figure was cut to less than two per cent. And there was an added advantage: a baker who previously had to make costly daily deliveries found that the new process made alternate-day deliveries possible.

So the lights have accomplished near wonders with meat and cakes and men. One of the most curious points about the whole business is this: the final flower seldom looks like the original seedling. It's not likely that Wells and his followers ever dreamed that their work would allow valuable citizens to survive operations that the law of averages decreed must kill them; that it would make beefsteak cheaper and cakes more durable.



Bronx River Parkway near Peekskill, N. Y.

GO FARTHER

BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Winter driving puts an added burden on motor oil. Oil must flow freely to every bearing at the first turn of the motor. It must provide constant lubrication. It must have the stamina to stand up. Quaker State Winter Oil does stand up. You'll find you go farther before you have to add a quart. That's because Quaker State's refining process gives you *"an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon."*

Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa.

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL CERTIFIED — GUARANTEED

Retail price . . . 35¢ a quart

Rehearsal in Spain

Continued from page 13

first official intimation our nation will have that another country is warring on us is when a thousand bombs drop upon our homes. The bald truth is, Russians and French are fighting Italians and Germans, in a minor way. These small-scale operations will simply and inevitably drift into large-scale operations. Declarations, no. Battle lines will be extended, that's all! Maybe not tomorrow, or next door. Maybe several months, and the sparks will jump a thousand miles."

In the cramped Bidassoa Valley you could sit in the vine-embowered yard of the Inn at Biriatou, lunching out of the sun, and toss a crust into the hot cornfield where men were dying. For two weeks people lined the French side and watched Basque fishermen hold back Moors, Legionnaires. Hawkers peddled binoculars; enterprising women got hold of telescopes, set them on tripods, and charged 3 francs per minute look. Socialite vacationists in Biarritz got up "battle-front picnics" while local opportunists in places as far away as Bayonne organized charabanc tours. You could buy campstools, box lunches, and everything to make you comfortable while you watched your fellowmen spit on bayonets, run over by tanks, mangled by shrapnel and machine-gun slugs, shredded by air bombs, so close you could hear their moans.

There was a symbolism in this extraordinary scene which may have escaped morbid onlookers, but was plain to every professional observer, military or journalist, there. Spain loomed before you in its real meaning as the show window of the next war, in which common men could see the things in store for them; in which dictators and war makers could shop for and test the latest weapons and methods of destruction. Here was the bargain counter of murder: the dress rehearsal, the little theater show that would soon move to Broadway.

Behind the Lines

You saw the war at once fall terribly upon the civilians.

You saw purely military activities not pursued with energy or fortitude. The rebels, despite superior armaments, follow a policy of cautious attrition. Loyalists, behind their barricades, are content to defend. The counterattack is seldom practiced. A foreign military attaché, who bit his nails for weeks on the Toledo front, said of the Alcazar: "One squad of World War veterans with hand grenades could have ended that farce in ten minutes!" The truth of that became apparent when the "relief" of the Alcazar was theatrically staged. Despite rebel build-up, it became known that no more than a score of soldiers were killed in the Alcazar's defense. Meanwhile, thousands of men, women, children and military prisoners had been slain in Toledo and throughout Spain by wild and irresponsible firing, by forthright execution, by air raids, gas attacks, and Moors. Franco, whose amiable nickname among his own Legionnaires is "Butcher," gave his semi-barbaric troops from Africa a free hand in towns they captured—Talavera, Badajoz, Caceres.

You saw the new-fangled technique of war—terrorism; radio, to drive you mad with fear and despair; poison gas and plane raids, to kill you.

In Spain, the broadcasting transcends the din of artillery. Claims—boasts—threats—stories of victories and of atrocities which you know, from testimony of your own senses and from other first-hand sources, are fantastic. Twenty-four hours a day—ceaseless, until your head bursts: every word coldly designed to beat down, unseat, agonize the mental, emotional and spiritual resistance of the enemy.

In Italy, once a Fascist minister told me, "There could be no completely effective modern dictatorship without radio. Otherwise, you would achieve merely the old-fashioned despotism, maintained by fear of the knout and the sword. Radio enables modern governments to build up a far more complex and enduring dread.

"I don't care if it is a mirage—it's grand!" JAY IRVING

The Voice of Command

The Voice of the ruler penetrates your home; his disembodied presence lives with you. I mean, wherever you turn or hide, he can talk to you, until you vaguely fear that maybe he can *see* you, and *hear* you, too! If you own a radio, you can't turn it down when he is speaking, else you will become a suspect to your neighbors. Governments make it possible for even poor families to own radios; besides, loud-speakers are turned on always in public and semi-public places—stores, parks, lobbies. All day we inform our people toward right thinking; and we can, by interference, blot out the reception of subversive material from abroad!"

Every continental nation has far-reaching plans to unloose terrific radio propaganda barrages as an integral part of war strategy. It will be a devil's welkin. In one room, engineers study how to erect interceptor rays and barriers of static, while in the adjoining room colleagues experiment with methods to frustrate them.

"There will be less escape," said my Italian friend, thinking aloud, "from words than from shells. Minds will have to be tougher than bodies! It will be made a death offense for a citizen to listen to enemy broadcasts which might get through. If necessary, we can even confiscate all private radios—" he smiled, and fluttered his fat hands—"You may be shot if you are caught with a radio in your home, in the next war. That, of course, would be extreme, desperate; for it is useful to give you our good propaganda, if only we can prevent your hearing the bad other side, too!"

Thus, radio. Consider poison gas:

In Spain, it has been dealt out sparingly to Franco by his unofficial allies. Gas is expensive; but the foreign technicians with the rebels have made highly selective tests. In the winter air over Madrid and Oviedo hangs the peculiarly horrible stench of poison-gas victims—and governments near and far hasten their own gas-defense programs. When Ethiopia's warrior masses held up the Italians it was thorough use of poison gas that brought success. Villages, whole countrysides, were sprayed—as cotton is dusted from the air for pest control in our own South. Human beings in modern war are exposed to scientists of destruction, precisely as farm insects are attacked by scientists of peace.

Respirators will protect the lungs against inhalation of poison gas; there is no defense, which can be made available to large populations, against burns from contact with liquid gases. Upon the battle fronts, gas is no longer as useful as in World War days. Defenses against it are rather complete; and its chief element of attack value—surprise—has been nullified. Upon your homes it will be delivered in air bombs, and sprayed in vast clouds laid to windward by planes. Surprise can still be gained by smart fighters, in civil areas. Inability to arrange complete protection for sprawling home populations, and the confusion that sudden air raids—with their horrifying sounds and bursts—are bound to create in teeming cities, no matter how thoroughly warned and schooled those may have been, are relied upon by war-bird leaders.

It is the airplane—most discussed, touted, discounted, conjectured about and intensely developed weapon since the World War—that has got the severest working-out in Spain. How persuasive the air demonstrations have been may be known from the sudden decision of England to throw her resources into the creation of a sky force beyond matching, a new England as invincible in the air as old England was on the seas; likewise, of France to reform her air force and expend four billion francs upon its quick expansion.

The airplane, Spain proves, has revolutionized war; but not in the expected way. It comes forward not as an exact military weapon—like, for example, a cruiser, a rifle, a hand grenade—but as the principal arm of the new technique. It is the instrument of the dictator, rather than the general. It carries frightfulness to horizons which sternest militarists are becoming afraid to reflect upon.

Unhappy anticipations of prospective victims bubbled in Paris this winter. There was an aircraft show, featuring military types. Opening day more than 100,000 persons, each paying 5 francs, crushed into the hall, broke police lines, railings, fainted, quarreled.

Spain, itself, was the least of Europe's air powers: she had 150 planes. When the rebellion began she immediately arrested most of the regular army flight officers on the Madrid airdromes, for it was known they would fly the ships to the rebel camp. Many did get away; 80 planes were wrecked, stolen or sabotaged within a fortnight. Then, presently, every class and make of the latest and best continental military planes was engaged in the war. Paint and cardboard won't hide airplane identities from expert observers, with binoculars. Daily you saw, rising from the rebel lines, four- and three-motored Italian Breda and Caproni bombers, single-engined Fiat pursuits, tri-motored German Junkers, bi-motored Heinkels and sleek Arado pursuits. From the government side flew Russian tri-motored bombers, while Nieuport, Bleriot-Spad, DeWoitine, Breguet, Potez, Loire, Bloch and Hanriot planes carried the best work of France's designers into the great test.

Secrets in Wreckage

Few risks are taken by these foreign squadrons; but when a ship is knocked down, the wreckage is immediately gone over, with calipers and magnifying glasses, by the other fellows. There are some air soldiers of fortune; but the rule is for nationals to fight in their own craft. This is to prevent, for example, French intelligence agents, fighting in the rebel army, from getting too close to Italian ships. Most of the German planes were flown into Spain across France secretly, at great altitudes, in the night. The Italian and German squadrons have their own airdromes, mechanics, uniforms, messes, commanders. Correspondents, venturing close, or attempting to question the pilots, are instantly arrested. Part of the price the government had to pay for Russian aviation was agreement that none but Russians would touch the ships.

This is supposed to be Spain's war, but *Spaniards are not permitted to fly or even to service Italian, German, or Russian planes or tanks.*

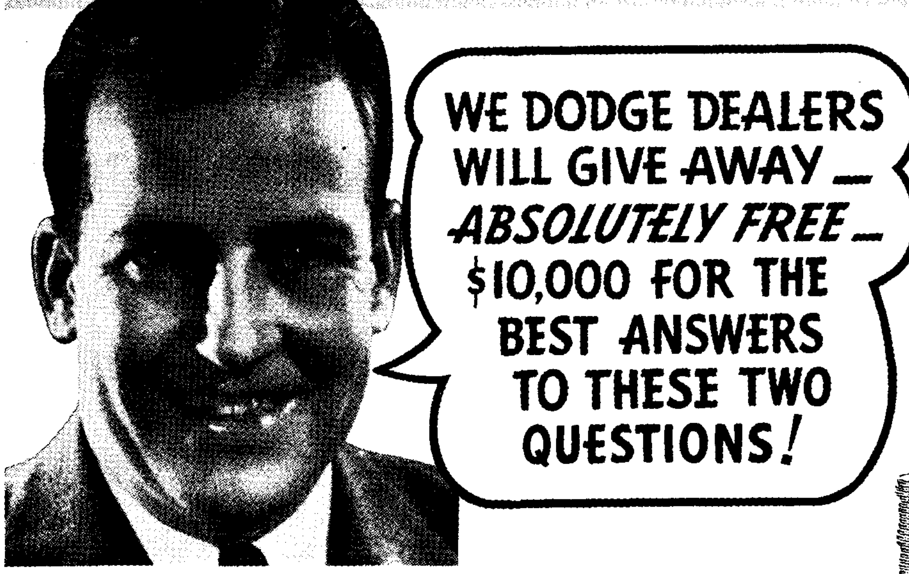
Modern fighting planes fly in the speed range between 200 and 350 miles per hour. They have shriveled the war map until there can no longer be a really definite battle front; every city as well as every farm in Europe now comes into the zone of action.

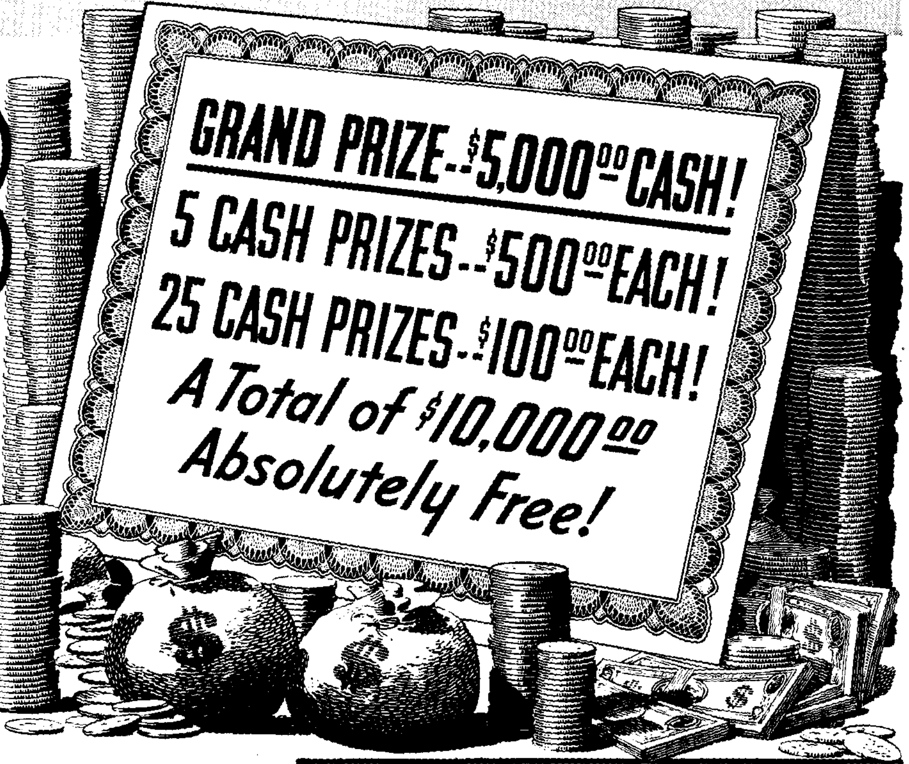
In Spain, there are few single air combats, or "dog" fights. This is not because the foreign pilots, having little personal stake, fly prudently. It is because combat aviation has small part in the modern technique. For one thing, planes are very expensive; for another, stalemate is reached with plane equality in numbers, just as one hundred men, with rifles and of given skill and courage, checkmate a hundred other similar men and the burden is laid upon wits.

The rebel plane squadrons do not bomb, except casually, loyalist barricades and trenches: they bomb parks,

(Continued on page 36)

$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST ON HOW TO BUY A DEPENDABLE USED CAR OF ANY MAKE!


WE DODGE DEALERS WILL GIVE AWAY — ABSOLUTELY FREE — $10,000 FOR THE BEST ANSWERS TO THESE TWO QUESTIONS!


GRAND PRIZE—$5,000.00 CASH!
5 CASH PRIZES—$500.00 EACH!
25 CASH PRIZES—$100.00 EACH!
A Total of $10,000.00 Absolutely Free!

① Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

② Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

HERE'S a contest that's bound to interest *everyone!* Big cash prizes! Nothing to buy! Easy to win! A simple letter of 150 words or less may do the trick for you!

You know, of course, that Dodge dealers everywhere have won a world-wide reputation for dependable dealing. That's why thousands of used car buyers insist that the best way to get a dependable used car or used truck of any make is to go to a Dodge dealer.

Record-breaking sales of Dodge and Plymouth cars and Dodge trucks have given Dodge dealers the choice of the "trade-ins." Therefore, Dodge dealers can offer the widest selection of makes and models. Many carry the famous Blue Seal and Triple-Checked Tag certifying that they have been "triple-checked" for *appearance, condition* and *price.*

To keep these stocks moving—and moving *fast*—Dodge dealers' price tags represent bargains unmatched anywhere—despite the current upward trend in commodity prices generally! That's why any buyer who wants a dependable used car or used truck of any make will get the most for his money by buying *right now* from a Dodge dealer!

With these facts to go on, why not get busy at once! Win your share of the big contest cash! Read the contest rules at the left. And, if you wish, drop around at your Dodge dealer's and look at the kind of used cars and used trucks he offers. Check his prices, too. Ask him about his liberal time payment plan. But remember, you don't have to buy to enter...there's absolutely no obligation! Address your letter to Contest Manager, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit.

$10,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST RULES

1. Write a short letter of 150 words or less in which you answer these two questions:

(1) Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

(2) Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

2. Anyone not connected in any way with the new car or new truck business, or the used car and truck business, may enter this contest. Those not permitted to enter under the above ruling include employees (and their families) of automobile and truck manufacturing companies, their dealers and advertising agents, as well as independent used car and truck dealers.

3. All entries will be judged on sincerity and soundness of reasoning in giving what judges determine to be the best answers to the two questions:

(*a*) Why is *NOW* the best time to get a bargain in a Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

(*b*) Why is it best to go to a Dodge Dealer for a dependable Used Car or Used Truck of any make?

4. Winners will be informed by mail as soon as possible after close of contest. Judges of the contest are B. C. Forbes, well-known financial writer and editor of Forbes Magazine; Alice Hughes, noted merchandise columnist of Hearst newspapers, and C. D. Wight, co-publisher, Automobile Topics magazine. The decision of the judges must be accepted as final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded tying contestants.

5. All entries are to become the property of the Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation, and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes.

6. Entries cannot be returned nor correspondence regarding them engaged in.

7. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 15, 1937.

8. Mail your entry to Contest Manager, Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

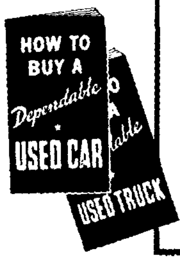
Here's the Sign of Dependable Used Cars and Used Trucks!

USED CARS DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

GET THESE FREE BOOKS!

They may help you win!

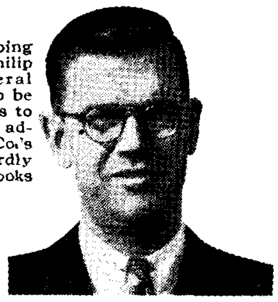
Used car and used truck buyers have found these books on how to buy a dependable used car or used truck invaluable in helping them get the most for their money. Ask your Dodge dealer for copies of them! The information they give you may help you win!


HOW TO BUY A Dependable USED CAR
USED TRUCK

READ WHAT THESE MOTORISTS SAY ABOUT DODGE DEALERS' DEPENDABLE USED CARS!

It may help you win a prize!

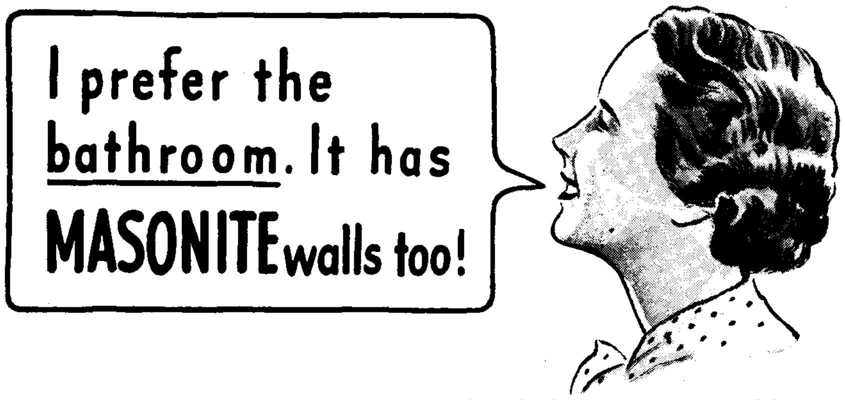
"When I mentioned I was going to purchase a used car," says Philip Morse, San Francisco, "several people told me the best way to be sure of getting a good buy was to see a Dodge dealer. I took their advice and got one of J.E. French Co.'s Blue Seal cars. You would hardly know it was a used car, it looks so fine."



"My used truck came from M. J. Lanahan, Inc., a Dodge dealer here," says Thos. Boudrie, Chicago. "It was one of his Blue Seal specials and it certainly lived up to the Dodge dealer's reputation for dependability. I've put plenty of miles on the car since I got it and haven't had a minute's trouble."

"I was accused of inviting trouble by buying a used car in winter," says Mrs. Mary L. Griffith, New York, "But I knew what I was doing. By going to a Dodge dealer I could count on real dependability. And by buying during a so-called 'off-season' I could get a lot more for my money I got a car that runs perfectly and saved a tidy amount by not waiting until warm weather"

I love the MASONITE walls in this powder room


I prefer the bathroom. It has MASONITE walls too!

Women, ever authorities on materials for clothes, curtains and bedspreads, now are discussing building materials for their new or remodeled homes. And **Masonite** Products are receiving popular acclaim—because they achieve beautiful, unusual results . . . because they provide durable surfaces that are easy to clean and easy to keep clean.

The uses of **Masonite** Products shown above are particularly interesting to the ladies. The ceiling of the powder-room is **Masonite Quartrboard**, painted. The walls are **Masonite De Luxe Quartrboard**, cut and beveled to produce an attractive "plank" design. In the bathroom, the ceiling is **Masonite Tempered Presdwood**, painted white, with chrome moldings over joints. The walls are **Masonite Temprtile**, painted white, with Chinese red stripes.

Find out more about the beauty, versatility and economy of Genuine **Masonite** Products. Mail the coupon for **free** samples and additional information.

MASONITE THE WONDER WOOD OF A THOUSAND USES
SOLD BY LUMBER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

MASONITE CORPORATION, Dept. C-2
111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE samples and further information about MASONITE Products.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________ State__________

(Continued from page 34)

squares, markets, wherever noncombatants are likely to be gathered. Whole districts of Madrid—Arguelles, Rosales, University City, the Puerto del Sol—have been pounded to smithereens. Incendiary bombs set Madrid afire; it took the fire brigade three days to control the flames, and this was possible only because the rebel aviation did not follow up its advantage. The only possible reason Madrid was not blown from the earth is the comparatively small numbers of aircraft engaged. Destruction has been measured solely by scale of attack.

Two hundred and eighty-two tons of bombs were dropped on England from German aircraft in the World War. Today, *any major nation on the continent could send over a single fleet to drop that much and more in one raid.*

England has, built and building, huge bombers that can each carry a ton of incendiary, gas, or detonation bombs to any capital in Europe, discharge them, and still have cruising radius enough to get back home. All nations are going the whole hog for these super-bombers, which are powered by four or five 1,000-horsepower motors and carry small cannon each in addition to machine guns.

Wings of Destruction

War flocks are partial to super-bombers for many reasons. Destroyers are faster than cruisers; and these in turn are swifter than dreadnoughts. In the air, however, you gain rather than lose speed with size. The modern bomber is, in other words, quite as fast and maneuverable as a pursuit ship. The value of the latter is harassment, flexibility of defense. In Ethiopia—at maneuvers in Russia, Germany and Italy—and in Spain I have seen huge bombers streaking unbelievably fast across the skies, and pursuits, observations and other smaller fellows legging it for all they were worth to keep up.

Russia, at her great base in Vladivostok, 600 miles from Tokyo, had many planes that could fly over to the Japanese capital. Until recently, she did not have many *that could also fly back*. In the extravagant nonsense talked by over-enthusiastic air proponents of late years you have been told of "death squadrons" that would carry enormous loads of destructive material to far enemy centers, and then plunge down gloriously to end in a great bang-up. Tommyrot, because a good bomber costs several hundred thousand dollars, takes months to build, and hard-pressed nations could not afford to expend aircraft—except under most unusual circumstances—as they might dish out torpedoes. Moreover, expert pilots and bomber-observers are difficult to find, train, and replace.

Another bit of nonsense is to claim that airplanes, of themselves as purely military weapons, could paralyze a country. Twice 1,000 tons dropped upon London in one night would not destroy the city or kill all its inhabitants—even though the havoc would exceed imagination. The point is, the amount of terrorism produced would be of greatest importance. Commercial air transport has gone into levels just below the substratosphere, because operation efficiency and economy—to say nothing of passenger comfort—are greater there. Their military equivalents—the super-bombers—have also "gone up" and gained immeasurable advantages. Defensive patrol is difficult in the substratosphere; the higher you get into the sky, the more there is of it. Deception, elusiveness, are more easily obtained. France today could send forth a mass flight of bombers that would be out of sight in the upper altitudes over Berlin. Accuracy cannot be had by planes flying at great heights. This is unimportant where terrorization, frightfulness, are the chief ends. From the ground you cannot with naked eyes see a plane, however large, in its sky-blending paint at 25,000 feet. Your fear would be all the more racking, day or night, with hundreds of tons of detonation, incendiary and gas bombs raining upon you from an *apparently* clear sky. Always, there would exist the chance that one incendiary bomb would start a fire which confusion, and disruption of facilities, would make ruinous.

Possibly extension of the big airplane's usefulness in war—not demonstrated in Spain, for want of men and ships—was forecast at this summer's maneuvers in Russia. Two thousand soldiers were dropped upon a military airdrome 100 miles behind the lines. First, the huge air fleet rolled up like a gathering storm cloud. Then, abruptly, the sky seemed to be snowing soldiers. Each man carried rifle, entrenching tools, and some part of the 150 machine guns and 18 light field cannon that were swiftly put together. Within ten minutes the force had assembled on the ground, dug in, engaged, and driven off the defensive units that poured out against them.

It had been known for some time that Russia was conducting such experiments: indeed, she is said to have landed successfully 5,000 soldiers, with appropriate armament, from one flight. This, however, was the first time foreigners had been permitted to see the maneuver. Every attaché ran to his office with bulging eyes. France, most flexible and progressive of military powers, immediately formed a similar force: "Air Infantry." The value of this business is conjectural; but 5,000 trained men set down and dug in with barbed wire and the other fixings behind your lines could be a headache. Moreover, the investment of a small defenseless city by this method, far away from the military forces, is feasible, and could be made a telling part of the terrorization campaign.

There is *no sure defense* against a campaign of terror from the skies—attack by super-bombers in vast murdering flights. The most likely one, experts agree, and events in Spain bear witness, is a slashing attack on the enemy's airdromes before his ferocity takes wing. There is a twofold counterdefense to this scheme.

Outwitting the Opposition

First, you must not concentrate your air fleet on the ground, but scatter it over many fields, and make your rendezvous aloft. A German air officer told me the second: "All the spies in Europe today are busy trying to spot underground hangars. Yes, underground. It's no secret any more; the locations are the only unknown factor. Every continental nation has these hidden nests in the earth for its war birds, where they can be serviced, repaired, stored. France's Maginot Line, wherein hundreds of thousands of soldiers can live in the earth, with all their arms, tanks, field guns, trucks, and the like, gave other nations useful ideas. Our subterranean hangars are thickly lined with concrete, and roofed far under the surface with steel armor and concrete. Landing and take-off strips can be camouflaged. In time of war the planes, like a plague of seventeen-year locusts, won't even come above the ground until they are ready to fly!"

If, therefore, your hopes of destroying the enemy air fleets before they can get under way are thwarted, these measures are left to you:

Once hostilities are known to exist, each country will become one vast exposed nerve—listening, feeling, watching, quivering with anxious expectation. Indeed, the widespread development of this sensory net is one reason why declarations of war are out of date. There are certain mechanical aids; "ears," to pick up and amplify the sound of approaching planes while they are still afar; searchlights, that will throw revealing spots miles into the night skies; anti-aircraft guns, which have been much improved since the World War and which, concentrated, may force raiders too high for accurate bombing on certain objectives. War-plane engines are shielded against radio "power waves," designed to cripple their ignition systems; and Diesel engines, used in German bombers, are immune. Lastly, when hostile flights are picked up by this ground-intelligence and combat system, powerful defensive aircraft take off to engage them.

Women and Children First

Thus, attacks on munitions and industrial centers, where defenses are thick and accuracy is desired, will be costly, and success problematical. One or two planes getting through, of course, to an altitude from which telling shots could be scored, might ruin whole arsenals. But attacks on purely civilian areas are safest and cheapest. That is why rebel bombers kept away from the fortifications and the anti-aircraft batteries in Madrid, and bombed the residential districts. That is why pursuit ships flew up the Gran Via and shabby Calle Jordan alike, machine-gunning the wretches huddled in the doorways.

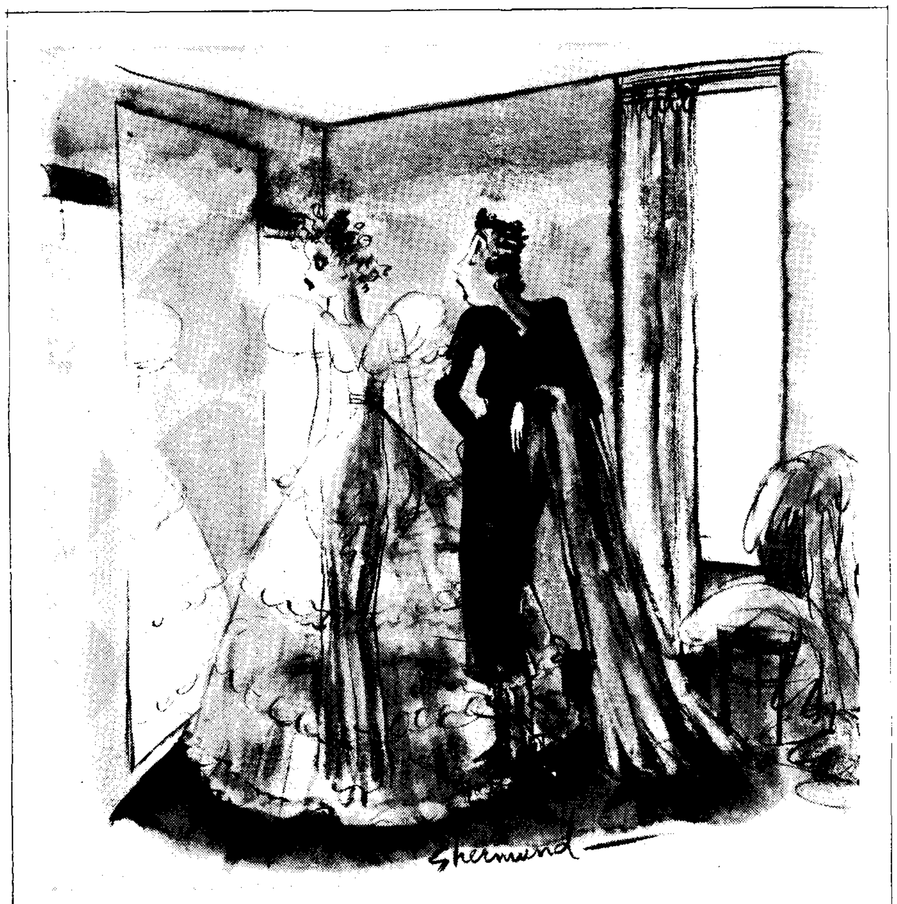
"The work of the planes in Spain within the modern conceptions of their usefulness," a War Ministry official in Europe told me, "has been very gratifying. The casualities and damage to morale as well as to life and property have, in actual risk and loss, cost less than the most ardent of us anticipated." The purely military effectiveness of aircraft, he went on to comment, is no greater now than it was in the last war. It is, rather, less; because modern ground troops are especially drilled against it, and because the military defensive technique has developed quite as rapidly as the airplane. The use of planes by troops against troops, therefore, will be scouting, observing, fire-control spotting, diving low to buttress their own side in local skirmishes or to break up small enemy activities; mapping, photographing, dropping spies behind lines. Exceptions will be when a command deliberately gambles with part of its air force, in order to try for a grand smash.

Before I turned my back on Spain, I had one final question for the refugee diplomatic corps in southern France: "Can the United States stay away from the extended show; can we keep out of the war if it becomes large scale?"

The ambassador of one of the world's foremost powers answered me.

"Yes," he said, "the United States can keep out of European wars if it develops a militant skepticism. I mean, scarcely believe what you see over here, much less what you hear or read. There are certain obvious precautions. Don't lend money. I, who shouldn't, need not advise you that recent gestures of Italy and others toward settlement of the old war debts merely indicate they are getting ready to borrow again. There are less obvious dangers. The United States has been a target for the propaganda of the world's two noisiest political camps. Even well-informed and intelligent men have been bludgeoned and dulled into believing they have to make a choice between Fascism or Communism, sooner or later. Well, democracy is still a major political faith and can prevail."

Rehearsal in Spain has made the war birds letter-perfect. Now the air-raid warning sirens make a bedlam in a town—yours, perhaps—and from the streets there come the bells of ambulances and the clatter of fire apparatus rushing to emergency stations; while overhead the skies grow dark with apprehensions of man's folly. His imagination, his spiritual and intellectual courage, have enabled him to fly: but the fearful use of his achievement drives him into the ground like a hunted animal. Beyond the military, beyond the armies—beyond and unlike any other weapon that has ever come into the science of war—the airplane has grown into a sphere of its own as the lance of passion, hatred, cowardice, bestiality. It has put definitive power into the hands of those who, as Stanley Baldwin has warned, seem destined, whether they know it or not in their madness, to wreck civilization.

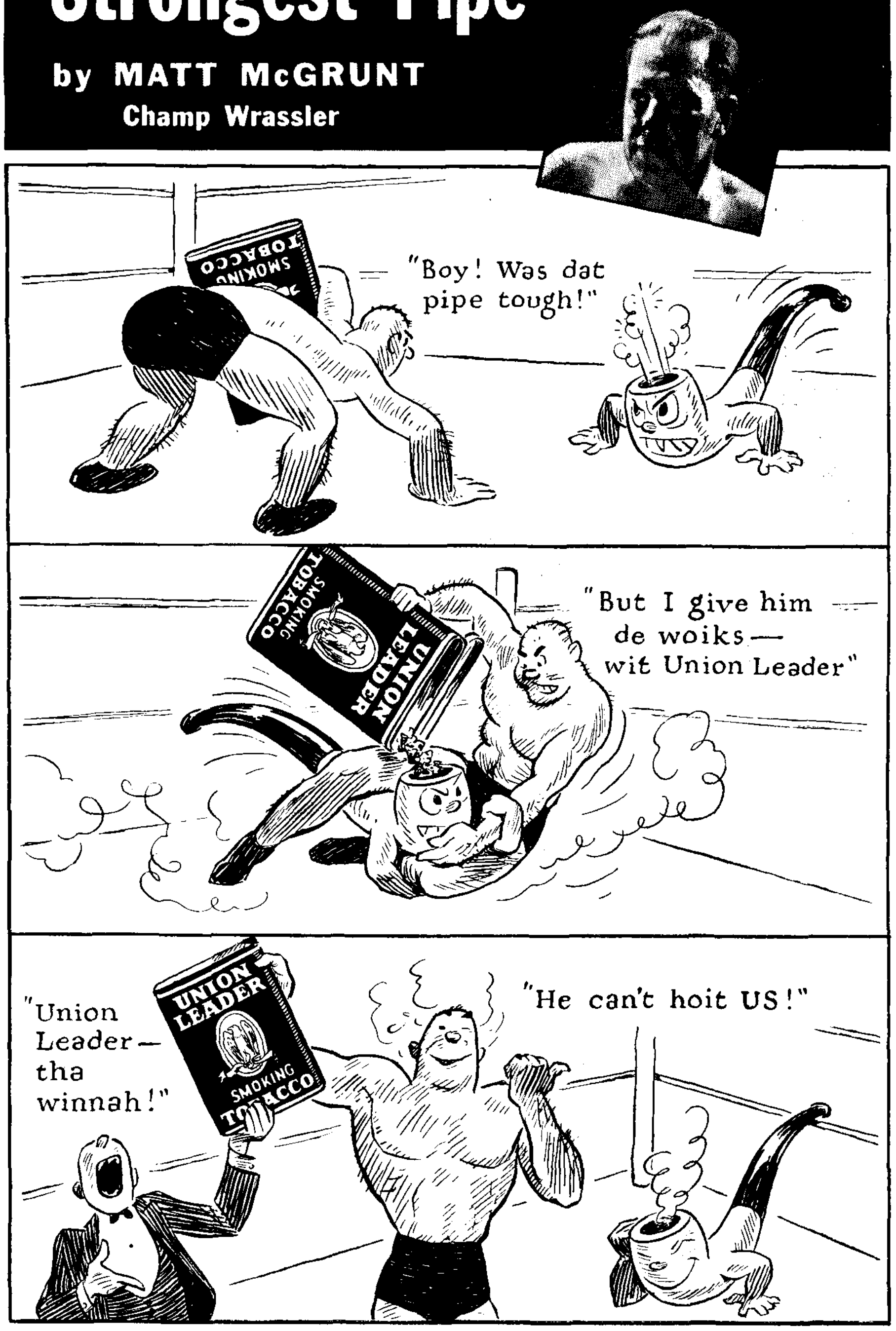


"Do you think, for an Ohio State house party, it's quite earthy enough?"

B. SHERMUND

"How I Threw the World's Strongest Pipe"

by MATT McGRUNT
Champ Wrassler


"Boy! Was dat pipe tough!"
SMOKING TOBACCO
"But I give him de woiks— wit Union Leader"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"Union Leader— tha winnah!"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
"He can't hoit US!"

You too, can subdue Strong Pipes

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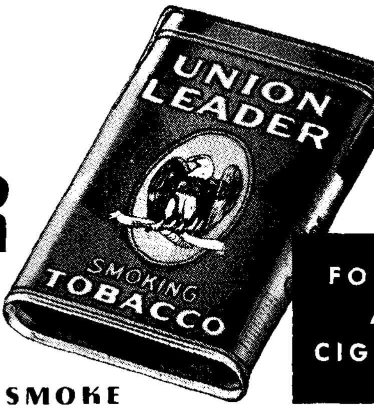

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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Deep West

Continued from page 21

Silence flattened through the room again. Nelson McGinnis looked at Gordon Howland and afterward pulled his thin lips together. George Gray slowly scrubbed a hand across his cheek and tipped his eyes with a certain obscure interest on the ceiling. Benbow, weighing Howland's startling warning and the quality of stillness that followed it, saw Clay Rand's cheeks turn smooth.

McGinnis said: "Who don't you trust now, Gordon?"

Price Peters grated out his own warning: "Let that pass!"

"There is no man in this room," stated Benbow coolly, "I wouldn't trust. If you've got a doubt, Gordon, speak up."

"Let it pass," repeated Price.

"I've said enough," grunted Howland.

"Better that way," decided Nelson McGinnis; and then there was no more talk.

Clay Rand went out of the room first, his boots scraping sound along the floor. Benbow, altogether puzzled, turned to watch Rand go; and so missed the swift negative gesture Price Peters made to the other men in the room. Afterward the meeting broke up. Out on the Cattle King porch, Benbow stopped to light his neglected cigarette. "What in thunder's eating Gordy Howland?" he grumbled.

Price Peters said carelessly, "I want a drink."

They drifted down the street, into the condensed crowd of Faro Charley's. After the bleak chilliness of the street, the warmth and the smoke of this place enveloped them like a blanket. Talk hummed through the room and all the tables were going; and in the corner a ring of heavy-coated men stood about a table watching Faro Charley and Clay Rand and two others start up a stud game. Benbow made a path through that ring with his elbows, not gentle in the way he used them, and had his look. Clay Rand sat stiffly at the table, the ruddy mantle deeper and deeper on his cheeks, an expression of strain and irritation flickering out of his eyes. Luck, Benbow understood, was running against his partner again. He pushed his way over to the bar, joining Price and Izee. The three of them stood comfortably there and had a drink. Price studied the saloon with an inscrutable indifference, his feelings seeming to be past rousing. Izee showed Benbow a harassed expression.

"Women," he groused, "never know when to quit."

PRICE'S answer flicked Izee with an irony so light that Izee never caught it. "That's only the first lesson in the book, Izee."

"What book?" demanded Izee.

"Never mind. Better philosophers than you have tried to read it through, without luck. But when you get lost in the dark, remember this: A woman is her own question and her own answer and neither you nor any man can do a thing about it. It will save you a lot of grief if you stick to that."

"Aw," grumbled Izee, "come down to earth."

"Where's earth and what's real?" murmured Price gently, and then let his attention fall on Cash Gore, who stood now near the far corner of the bar. The Running M foreman wore a blue army overcoat buttoned up to his neck. Two spots of wind-whipped color made round brands on his sharp cheekbones; and he stood taciturnly against the bar, his morose and gloomy attention lowered to the glass before him.

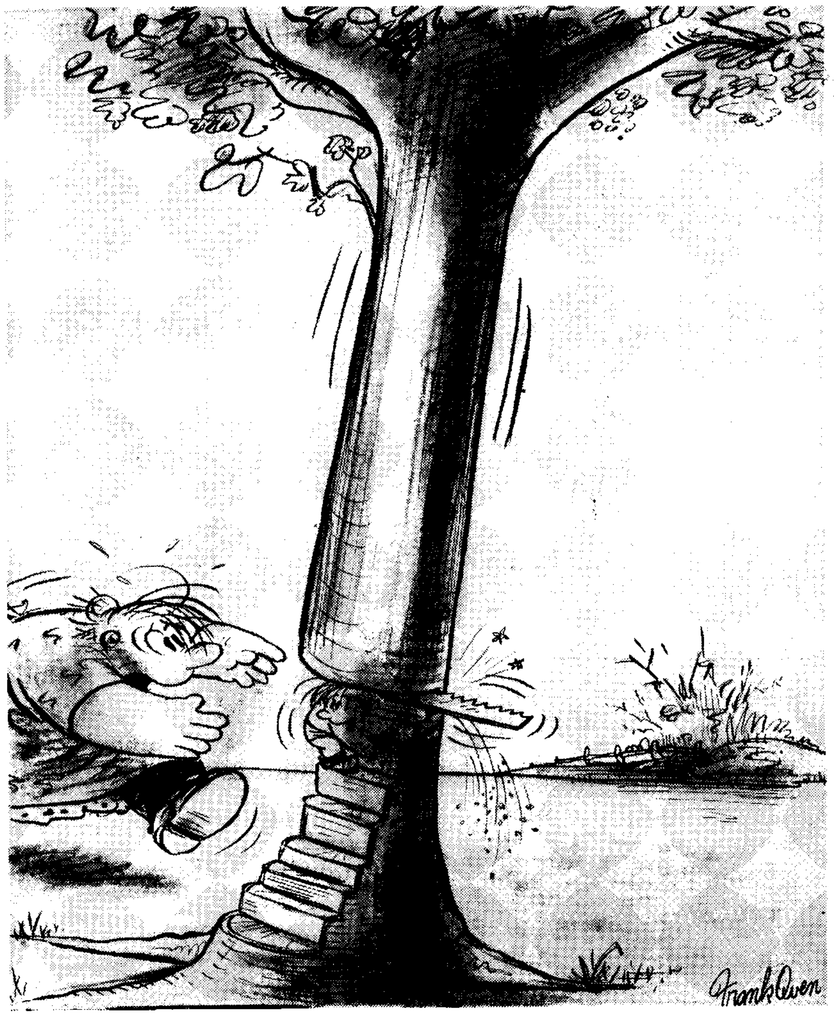
Chad Povy came in from the windy night, working his way persistently toward the bar. It brought him before the three partners and he stopped there and said: "Hello, Benbow," guardedly. All at once Benbow and Izee and Price Peters were considering him with a deep and personal and benevolent interest, and Chad Povy, feeling the effect of that thoughtful scrutiny threw up his hands and backed away. He said: "No, you don't. No, you don't," and disappeared from Faro Charley's. Benbow's grin was a sudden streak across darkness. Suddenly they were all laughing in a soft, soundless way. Clay Rand, coming nervously away from the poker table, found them thus.

"I'VE lost enough in fifteen minutes to pay for this place," he grunted. He wiggled his finger at the barkeep, got his drink and downed it. Benbow studied him without much expression. "As to poker, God sure made you a sucker."

"Oh, let a man alone!" snarled Rand. But he whirled around after he had said it, and laid his arm across Benbow's shoulder. "Never mind, Jim. I'm in a bad frame of mind."

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"So you're climbing that tree, but you're afraid you're going to run out of steps too soon!"

Price Peters lifted his glance to the back bar's mirror and saw things there with a sly absorption. Cash Gore pushed himself away from the counter and turned, and let his attention cross over to Rand. Rand was drinking; yet Price Peters, missing none of this secretive byplay, saw Rand look at Gore and receive something that seemed like a message. Gore left the saloon.

Rand set down his glass. "Let's get out of here. The place stinks."

"Maybe it needs air," suggested Benbow. It was the softness of that phrase which snapped them around to look at him. He was faintly smiling; and then all of them were alert, and all of them speculatively eying him.

They tramped out of the saloon together. . . .

Winter whirled down from the Two Dance heights, slicing through the crevices of this town and ripping up the street's dust. All the ponies along the walk racks had swung around, their rumps into the wind. The sky's blackness was pure and deep, the stars sparkling like frost particles. Benbow stood thoughtfully on the porch of the Cattle King, a premonition having its way with his deeper mind; feeling it as clearly as if it were a tangible bit of evidence, yet not knowing from what quarter it came. Nursing the last smoke out of his cigarette, he kept thinking about his cattle placed at the edge of Granite Canyon, of Cherokee and the trails running through the Yellows. Of Indian Riley. And, finally, of Cash Gore.

A man came from the alley between Dunmire's stable and Withrow's store, crossed the street's dust and paused at the porch. He looked around him cautiously and spoke then: "Square Madge says to tell you she's got something you'd better come and hear."

Benbow didn't know the man, but he said, "All right," and then watched this messenger stroll down toward Faro Charley's. Benbow ground out his cigarette, had another look at the street and crossed it, entering the alley.

PRICE PETERS left the Cattle King closely on the heels of Clay Rand. He saw Rand go up the street and turn out of it near the Masonic hall. Waiting a moment, Peters strode diagonally as far as the Masonic hall, entered its front door and slipped out of it by a side exit. He stood here in the favoring darkness, the wind nailing him to the building wall, with his instincts aroused but not clearly shaped. And then, on the point of circling behind the hall, he saw Cash Gore leave the street and come across the vacant lot adjoining the hall and vanish at the hall's back side.

Price followed immediately as far as the rear corner. There was no light here and no way of seeing what stood ahead of him. But, paused this way, feeling the savage force of his suspicions, he heard Gore's voice coolly lift from the black area: "Clay."

Price's eyes were focusing. He saw a figure slide slowly forward; and then those two shapes seemed to blend into one vague blot of darkness. Clay Rand's tone was too plain not to be identified. "All right, Cash," he said.

Gore said: "Listen to this—" and his voice became a thread of sound stretched meaningless by the rising wind. It was only for a moment. Placing himself flat against the wall, Price watched one of that pair come back into the vacant lot and reach the street and the street's light. It was Rand. Gore had retreated farther behind the town.

Price Peters slid along the building wall as far as the side door. He started to open it when he saw a figure hoist itself from the vacant lot and travel toward the street. It was, he saw a moment later, Izee, and the moment he recognized him he ran out from the building, calling Izee's name. Izee whipped around, his right arm dropping toward the skirt of his coat. There was a look in his eyes unfriendly even to Price.

"Where you been?" challenged Price.

"None of your damned business," rapped out Izee.

But he stared at Price and saw what was on Price's face. He came nearer, seizing Price by the arm, his fingers biting into Price's skin. "Listen, kid. Say nothing to Jim. He's been Clay's friend since the beginnin'. You know how Jim would feel about that? You keep your mouth shut. We got to figure another way."

"I know the other way," was Price Peters' even answer. "I—"

A shot burst over the Masonic hall and bucked the rush of wind; and then a general firing lifted across the town.

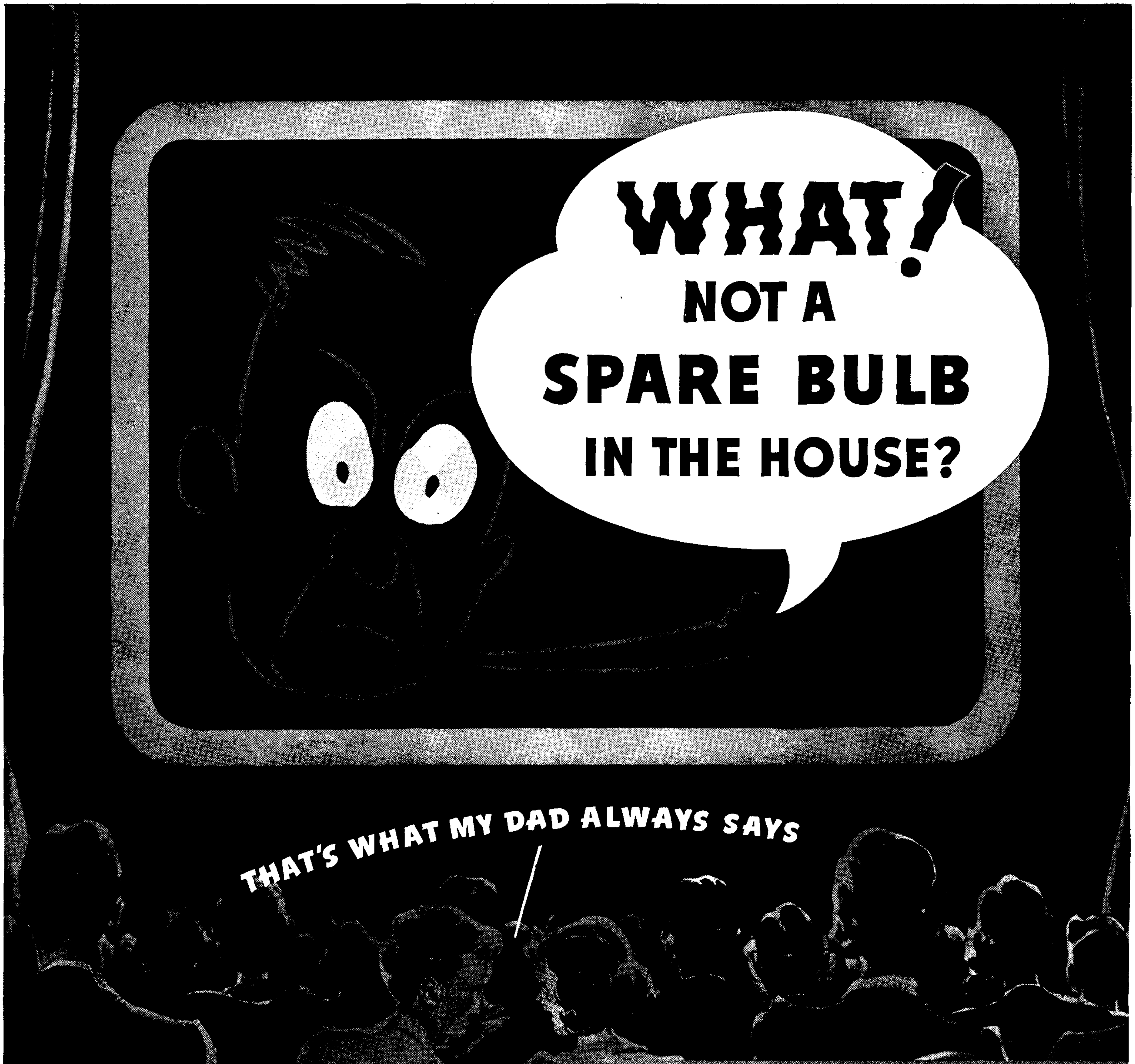
BENBOW walked into the alley between Withrow's store and Dunmire's stable, an utterly black little lane no wider than the spread of his two arms. The sound of music ran with the wind and voices sent their little echoes in dim pattern through the board walls of the store. Fifteen yards from the street the alley opened upon a compound bordered on three sides by the store wall, the back end of the stable and a long low wagon shed. The fourth side was Cheyenne Street, which ran obscurely away from the main artery of town toward Square Madge's house. He turned diagonally across the compound, bound for that street.

On his left he could see a light seep through the loose cracks of the stable's closed rear door. Above him the stars washed the sky with a frosty and lightless brilliance. The wind left this black area alone, and a kind of uneasy quiet pervaded it and somewhere along this quiet he made out the soft scraping of an object moving in the wagon shed. He was half across the compound, but at once the negligent fires of his attention licked a fresh heat through him and stopped him stone-still in his tracks.

A voice called from the wagon shed: "Benbow."

He didn't recognize it and didn't answer it. Situated thus he could make

(Continued on page 40)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THAT'S WHAT MY DAD ALWAYS SAYS

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NEXT MORNING
BOY, WHAT A SHAVE! WITH A GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR, TENDER SKIN IS NO TROUBLE AT ALL
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Gillette BLUE BLADES

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Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

(Continued from page 38)

out nothing—and was instantly and bitterly aroused to his own exposure. That surrounding blackness grew more absolute, and seemed immediately to swirl like smoke. Somebody struck a foot against one of the parked wagons in the shed. His name was called again—not from the shed this time, but from the wall of Withrow's store, directly behind: "Benbow."

He let his arm fall and lift the gun tucked inside his waistband. There was a moment of delay here while he swung the gun guardedly up. Hardened to the worst of what was to come, he realized he had been sucked into a trap; and was profoundly disgusted with himself. In that faint space of time he had turned stiff and motionless; he had turned nerveless. He failed to identify the voice that ran with an out-breathing care across the compound.

"It's Benbow." Afterward one shot exploded into this stealthy, creeping quiet, its echoes cracking against the walls of the compound and caroming upward into the windy whip of the night. The force of that bullet slapped narrowly by Benbow; he had been turned toward the wagon shed, and so saw the long leap of the gun's muzzle light. On that flash he threw his own answering shot.

THEY had been waiting for that and it was like the release of thunder—the sudden howl and blast of gunfire opening up all around him. They had him corralled here; they had posted themselves on all four sides. There was a moment in him then, targeted as he was by the bitter hail of lead, when he gave up hope and felt the wild touch of death. He had fired and plunged forward, driving straight at the spot in the shed where he had observed the first gun flash. Its muzzled light bloomed again, round and sultry before his eyes. He fired at it; and heard a man expel a low and whining grunt, as though struck in the belly by a fist. And then that one's shadow capsized from a wagon's seat and struck the ground directly at his feet as he rushed into the shed.

Dust made its fresh and strong smell in the compound, ripped up by the low-striking crossfire. Flattened against the side of a wagon, with a dying man's hand slapping futilely at his boots, Benbow saw guns all along the far edge of the compound flash and die and flash again. Slugs were searching the wagon shed, crushing through wood, snarling against iron parts, spitting and whining at him, searching for him with their little passing fingers of disturbed air. The compound was a-roar and men were yelling and this boiling, down-crashing furor shook the shed on its foundations. The fellow under his feet was dead. In the far part of the shed some other man, trapped by the fire of his own partners, had set up a wild crying:

"Not here—not here!"

Benbow heard the steady fusillade strike nearer his position; and understood they were seeking him with deliberate method. He opened up then, carefully pinning his shots on the flashes across the compound. A man yonder howled with a rising voice, like the howl of a lone wolf dying. And then Benbow's hammer struck a fired shell and he dropped his gun and crouched down and felt across the dead man's body. It was a telltale silence, and one that the quick ears of all those other men understood, for their feet were scudding the dust, rushing toward him. Hard-breathing and wickedly pushed, Benbow dragged the dead man around and sought and found that one's gun. These other fellows were gray shadows dead before him when he turned his borrowed gun on them and fired from his crouched shape. And then those shapes faded and the stable's rear door opened sidewise on its squealing runners and street light faintly pierced the compound and Izee Custer was calling: "Benbow."

Bodies were rushing away to the rear of the wagon shed, their sounds dying behind the deepening howl of the wind. He could see the stable's doorway fill with men piling through from the main street. Price Peter's voice was high and sharp: "Sing out, Jim!"

"All right."

A lantern flashed through the stable's runway and threw its fractured beams palely across the black. Benbow stepped from the wagon shed. The lantern swayed forward and the crowd came on. Somebody said: "Powder still stinks. Who was it?"

"Bring the lantern here," called Benbow. Izee and Price Peters and Clay Rand came forward together, Izee carrying the lantern. Benbow could see the wild flash of all their eyes by this yellow light; he could see the odd whiteness of Clay Rand's cheeks.

"You're all right?" called Izee.

Benbow took the lantern and swung it behind him. The dead man lay face up, his body curved oddly at the base of a wagon wheel. He heard the flat intonation of Rand's voice: "Who's that?"

Price Peters said: "Taggart. A new man who worked for Running M."

"So," said Izee, "Running M."

The compound was filling. Hat riders crowded around. Nelson McGinnis forced his way forward to have his look at the dead Taggart. There wasn't anything said for a minute, but Izee did a strange thing. He lifted the lantern until its shining light struck Clay Rand's face fully and directly. Izee and Price were staring at Rand with a way that was strange, that was wholly dark. Rand put out his arm and shoved the lantern away. He said quietly: "Don't throw that damned thing in my eyes."

Gordon Howland pushed his way through. George Gray was coming up to join them; the surrounding crowd of riders thickened. A gust of wind slammed through the stable alley and raked this compound and turned the lantern light to a thin, flittering wisp. Benbow saw all those faces dully shining in the semi-dark; he saw the restless turning of their eyes.

Nelson McGinnis said: "Running M, of course. You satisfied now, Jim?"

Howland said at once: "My crew's all here."

Nelson McGinnis caught briskly at the idea. "We'll get everybody together. Jim can—"

Benbow said: "Go ahead and do your riding. I'm out of it."

"What's the matter with you?" exploded McGinnis.

"WHEN I'm ready I'll tell you," said Benbow. "If you don't want to wait, it's your fight, not mine." He had one more look at the dead Taggart and shook his head a little, and pushed his way across the compound. He went through the stable as far as the street and stopped there, with Izee and Price and Clay closely following. Izee still held the lantern. Clay said irritably, "Put that confounded thing away," and stepped back a pace, until his face was beyond its yellow reach.

Price said, coldly, "What are you afraid of showin', Mr. Rand?"

"Hurts my eyes."

"Maybe," suggested Izee in the softest voice possible to him, "you been usin' your eyes too much."

Rand's tall body swayed. He didn't answer either man. He lifted one hand and rubbed it slowly across his face, and jerked his hat brim well down. "Jim," he said, "take Connie home for me, will you? I'm stayin' in town tonight."

He took Benbow's assent for granted, swinging on his heels and going down the street at a fast clip.

Benbow said: "What's prodding you fellows?"

Price turned the subject at once: "I'm cold."

"Time to pull out," Benbow said. But he added: "Kell—I recognized Kell's voice in that racket."

Izee dropped the lantern, going back into the compound. Price said: "See you in a minute," and headed for the Masonic hall.

Benbow went slack against the stable's wall, building up a cigarette. He had to cup the match in his hands against the wind; and the light of it sparkled brilliantly against the narrowed and thoroughly inexpressive surfaces of his eyes. Afterward he stood in the howling darkness while men of the various outfits filed past him; hearing their talk but not paying attention to it. The fight had screwed his nerves tight; and now they were loosening up, and weariness got into his blood. His mind kept feeding him flashes of the fight in grotesque pattern; he could still taste the pungent powder smoke rolling along the wagon shed and he could still hear Taggart's last breath bubble through his throat. It was a forerunner of worse things to come and as he remained there he viewed that uncertain future with a more and more closed mind. No mercy and no trust for anybody.

He left the stable, going to the Masonic hall with the full wind shouldering against him, stinging his cheeks with its needling strike. There was a gap at the Cattle King hitch racks, which was where Running M's horses had stood. Only one pony there now, which would be the dead Taggart's. They had ridden out in a hurry.

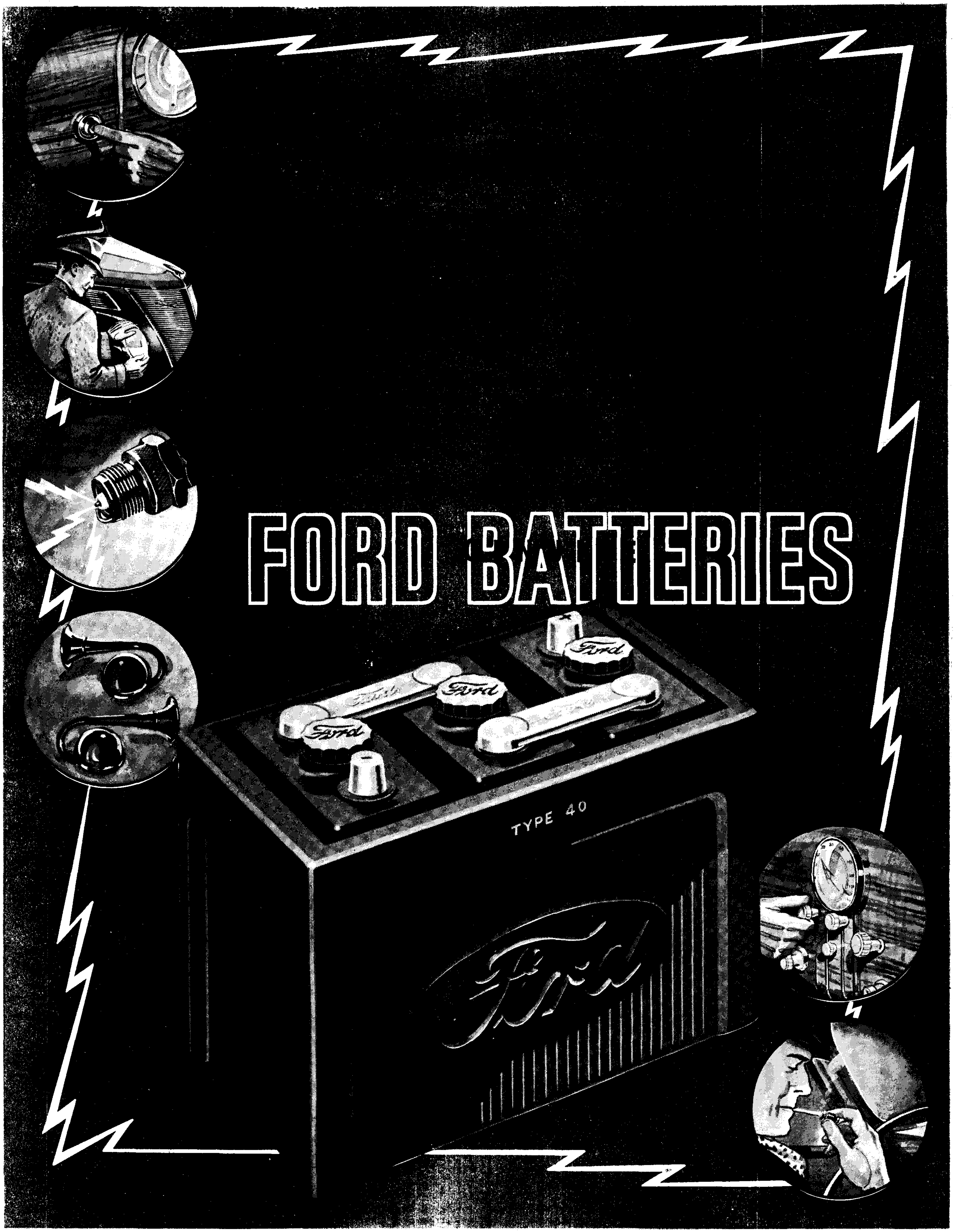
HE STEPPED into the Masonic hall and found all the women waiting there. The music had quit and all the gaiety was out of the place. This, he considered, was what gunfire meant in cattle land—a reminder of the old, old hatreds that followed cattle and cattle people wherever they went. Connie came quickly across to him, bundled in her heavy coat, and looked up to him with her eyes very black. A silence ran between them until she spoke with her father's utter simplicity: "I'm glad you're not hurt, Jim."

He said: "Clay's staying in town, so I'm taking you back." Men were returning to the hall to claim their women; and couples were filing out into the bitter night to make the long trip homeward in the teeth of a half-unexpected blizzard. Izee and Mary Boring walked by, with Mary talking at Izee in a way that was too sharp to sound pleasant. Nelson McGinnis came up with Karen Sanderson. Nelson said: "That's all right, Jim. I'll wait your word." There was this little moment of pause in which the tall, blond girl's eyes looked straight at Benbow in a way that was unsmiling and without reservation, with a far thought mirrored in those hazel depths and meant for him alone.

Connie touched his shoulder, drawing his glance down. Her chin had lifted, reminding Benbow of their old days of give-and-take quarreling. Faint color stained her cheeks and she held him with a glance half possessive and half sultry with quick hurt. He took her arm, leading her through the crowd. The Hat outfit was waiting there, with the buggy. He tucked the heavy blankets around Connie, got in and took the reins; and trailed Hat's riders out of Two Dance. Other outfits were coming along behind. No calling and no laughter lifted over the heavy run of wind.

At one o'clock in the morning Hat's cold and weary people reached home. Benbow found Jack Dale and Pete Cruze in the office with a bottle of whisky between them.

(Continued on page 42)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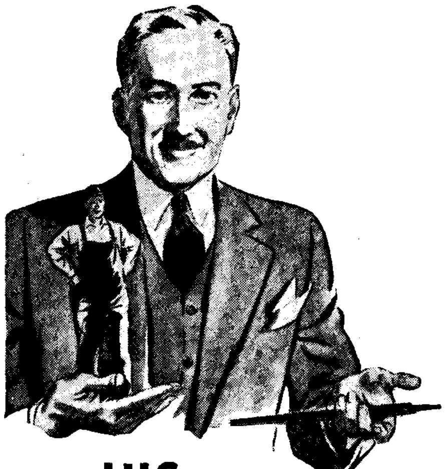

WEIGH HIS COST
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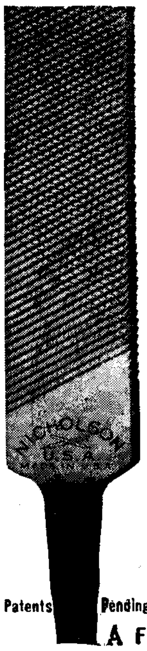


(Continued from page 40)

Cruze said directly: "I came in from the canyon about three hours ago. The beef up there is gone."

"Drifted with the wind?"

"No," said Cruze. "Gone. Yesterday when I rode a circle, it was there. Late this afternoon I went back. Wasn't there."

The big sheet-iron office stove was red hot, and a teakettle, from which Old Jack concocted his toddies, spouted out steam. Benbow pulled off his overcoat and reached for one of the glasses. Connie came in quietly and stood across from Benbow, one hand dropped affectionately on her father's shoulder. Benbow measured a little whisky into the glass, filled it with hot water and passed it to Connie. He took his own drink straight.

"You're sure they didn't drift?" pressed Benbow.

"They didn't drift. The trail leadin' into the canyon above Riley's place was scuffed pretty deep. It's where they were driven down, all in a bunch. You told me not to follow if they were taken, so I didn't. They didn't stray down there without help."

"I wasn't sure Riley would bite," reflected Benbow. "Or that Gore would let him. They're smart enough to see it might be a trap."

"Smart, sure," agreed Jack Dale. "But maybe they ain't afraid of your trap."

"It's what I hoped," murmured Benbow.

Benbow ducked his head at Cruze. "Ask Izee to saddle the black mare for me. I want the rifle boot put on, and a blanket roll with two-three day's grub in it."

CRUZE left the room. Benbow said, "You always buy good whisky, Jack," and watched Connie's chin rise at him again. The toddy and the room's heat colored her cheeks a little; it softened her lips a little. She had been a leggy, half-wild kid with a terrible frankness and a never-ending curiosity, with a way of badgering him incessantly. She was a woman now, with a woman's mystery covering the frankness, with a woman's softness and fullness shaping her overnight. He had seen all this happen to her in the past year. It struck him now that the change was complete. Here she stood, poised and still, her dark eyes carefully reading him, yet veiled so that he might not read back.

"And," he murmured gently, "your little girl has grown up."

Jack Dale got out of his chair with an infirmness that was painful to Benbow's eyes. Dale said: "There was times after her mamma died I felt a little afraid of the job. You went through some bad stages, Connie, and I couldn't help you none." He was always brusque, because he could be no other way. "But I guess you're a pretty good crop. Hat's best harvest, I think. You goin' on the trail, Jim?"

"In a minute."

"Come back," said Dale briefly.

Benbow laid his revolver on the office desk, took down his gun belt from a peg and cinched it on. He began to thumb fresh shells into the piece.

Connie came over to him then, concern written plainly on her face. She gripped his shoulder.

"Be careful, Jim," she said, and went to her father.

Dale let Connie slip her hand under his arm. He had never done this before; it was a tragic recognition of something that had at last caught up with a man who never had needed or tolerated help. Benbow felt that; and Connie felt it, for her glance came around to Benbow and showed him a silent sadness. Benbow watched them leave the office; and later heard their footsteps tread the stairs very slowly.

Connie returned soon. She stood in the doorway, watching him.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Depends on the trail."

He picked up a rifle and walked toward the door. But she didn't withdraw to let him by. She stood in her place, bringing him to a stop. All the quick curves of this girl's healthy, supple body were plain to him; a faint lift of her head set pearl earrings into faint motion. And something then in the long depths of her eyes was fully shining.

She said, evenly: "You're fond of Karen, aren't you?"

"Yes."

It disturbed her. He saw a faint flash of the old and familiar storminess rise. "Jim—what's there to make you seem so straight and so strange when she looks at you?"

He said: "School's out, Connie."

"No," she said. "I don't want any woman making a fool of you!"

He said, irritably: "You've got a man to worry about. Let me alone."

Her tone dropped all the way down from anger to gentleness. "I know you so well. There's too much loneliness in you. Any woman can see it, and play on that. And then you've made a mistake."

"What?"

She met his glance coolly. "You know what I mean. You're a homely brute, but you have something in you that attracts women. I've watched them, and I know."

He said: "What of it, Connie?"

She whispered, "I don't want you to make that mistake, Jim. Any other man in the world, but not you."

"The time's past for this sisterly interest, Connie."

A little silence came on. She stood before him with a disturbed and uncertain expression in her black eyes and a pink stain turning her dark features lovely. When she spoke it was as though the words were wrung painfully from her: "It isn't all sisterly, Jim." Looking down at the strange excitement she showed him, he felt the quick violence run between them again, and he did a thing he said he would never do. Reaching out with his one free arm, he brought her small, willowy body forward and kissed her. Ungently. With a tempest howling like the winter wind through him.

HE STEPPED back, thoroughly outraged with himself. "Somebody ought to kick me. And you ought to be slapped until your ears ring."

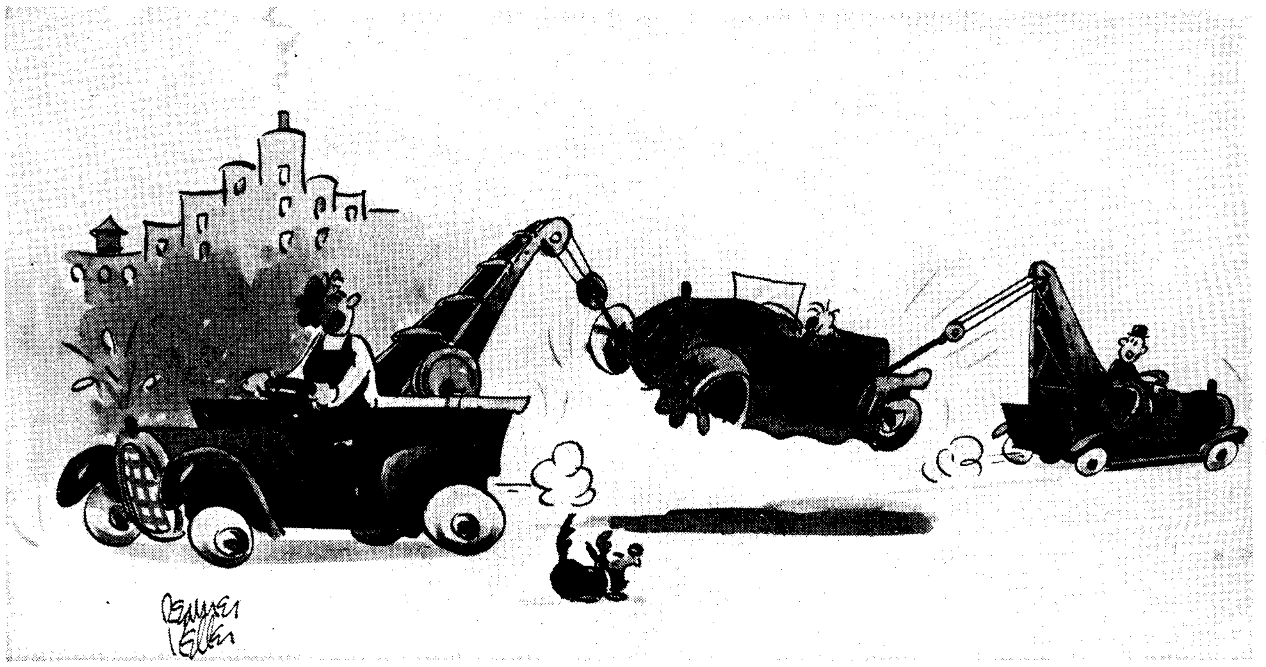
But she was smiling, her lips half parted and faintly crooked. "I'm not sorry. Listen to me, you big, dumb rider! I'm Clay's girl and I can't help that. But there's one corner of me he never owned and never will. I've got to tell you. That corner belongs to you. It's a silly thing to say, but it's true. Some day you'll get married—and I'll hate the woman as long as I live!"

He said, very softly: "Growing up's a hard job, kid," and went by her, through the dark living room to the porch. She followed him and her answer followed him, dismally, "I know that better than you do." Then they were out on the porch, the backlash of the wind stinging through their clothes. Izee stood patiently at the steps with Benbow's big mare. Izee had to lift his voice against the rip and run of the growing storm: "Ain't I going along?"

"No."

Connie's hand gripped Benbow's arm with a sudden strength, turning him around. He saw her shivering in this cold, he saw the oval of her face whiten in the dark. She said, "Come back," and was still there on the porch when he settled in the saddle leather and trotted from the yard.

(Continued on page 44)



"Let go, I saw it first!"

REAMER KELLER

This year REACH FARTHER FOR ALE

Stay at your desk if you need to, yet go where you will. Widen your field. Multiply your contacts. . . . Long Distance will take you to a dozen states in a day—a dozen cities in an hour. You can follow up inquiries, sift out live leads, make appointments for personal visits, avoid long lobby-waits, keep in touch between trips—quickly and inexpensively. . . . Reach for your telephone and reach for more business in 1937. The local telephone company will show you definite dollars-and-cents ways of doing it.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE NOW LOWER THAN EVER

SNOWBOUND WITH A FULL CELLAR! WHAT A CHANCE FOR A PARTY!
NEXT MORNING...
OH, THAT DARK BROWN TASTE!
MY NERVES!
MY HEAD'S EXPLODING!
S·O·S· TOM! WE'RE ALL SNOWED IN WITH MORNING-AFTER HEADS!
AT TOM'S CABIN..
TO THE RESCUE, ROVER! TAKE THIS BROMO-SELTZER TO JERRY!
HERE'S ROVER WITH BROMO-SELTZER!
THAT'LL STOP OUR HEADACHES FAST!
SOON.
DARE YOU TO TAKE THAT JUMP, BOB!
SURE-THAT'S EASY NOW! BROMO-SELTZER HAS SETTLED MY STOMACH, CALMED MY NERVES!
DOCTORS PROVED THIS GENTLE REMEDY ACTS FASTER
BROMO-SELTZER HELPS IN 4 WAYS, TOO
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

1. DOCTORS' TESTS have proved that Bromo-Seltzer stops next-morning headaches *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

2. SETTLES STOMACH— relieves upset stomach, nausea and that awful "dark brown taste."

3. SOOTHES NERVES—stops "jitters" and calms overtaxed nervous system. Relieves sense of strain and fatigue.

4. REDUCES EXCESS LACTIC ACID in the blood caused by overindulgence. Helps restore your normal alkaline reserve.

Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

(Continued from page 42)

Across the river bridge and away from the lee shelter of Hat's houses, the wind pressed against him like a giant's hand, sweeping all across the valley. He could feel the black mare settle against it, push her muscles against it. There were no lights showing along the land; above him the wash of stars glittered faintly in an overwhelming blackness. Reversing his neckpiece he lifted it across his nose against the scorch of that frigid blast.

Three hours later, having crossed the Two Dance under the shelter of this wild dark, he circled the faint outline of Gannon's ranch and crawled up the Ramparts. A first bitter streak of light had begun to crack the eastern sky when he passed above Indian Riley's settlement, via the rim of Granite Canyon. It was a sleazy, indistinct dawn when he traveled over the canyon bridge above Riley's and entered the higher timber of the Yellows. Traveling the upper pass trail, he at last reached the edge of that ravine from which he had noticed Riley's campfire two nights before; dipping into the ravine, he went a good mile along a distinct road, turned out of it finally and tied his horse in the heavy thicket, himself rolling up in his blankets for a chilly rest.

He had reached rustler's country without observation.

AT NINE o'clock, the faint strike of hoofs on the hard trail roused him from a sleepless resting; and crouched back in the brush he saw a man travel by with his head carefully bowed over, intently studying the trail tracks. It was one of Riley's men, bound eastward from Riley's settlement and ranging this stretch of country like a regular patrol. Benbow waited until the sound of the rider had died entirely out before crawling to the edge of the brush. From this covert he had his look at the trail. The marks of cattle were plentiful here, their hoofprints frozen into distinct ripples; his own pony tracks were likewise already frozen, spoiling the freshness of imprint that might otherwise have warned Riley's man. Two hundred yards southward the trail marched up another slope of the Yellows and curved from sight. Benbow drew back, saddled his horse and rode through the covering brush, paralleling the trail.

Going on this way, he reviewed his own solitary thoughts. No man crossed the Two Dance and entered these Yellow Hills without being spotted. It was a fact he had long understood. Cash Gore kept his men moving around to watch for travelers, as had been the case with Arizona. Once Gore had information of somebody riding these hills, that news went out to Riley. And Riley had his own hands scouting, one of whom had just passed.

It made the Yellows a closed country; and in this closed country, with its hundred ravines and its tangled bypaths, Riley ran the stolen Two Dance beef, pretty much insured against pursuit. So far, Benbow knew he hadn't been traced, but it was only a question of time before Gore would find out he had left Hat; and then they would be roving the hills for him.

Of one thing he was certain. The trail he now laboriously paralleled was the main run, the chief highway through the Yellows. The Hat beef had been driven along this route to some destination ahead. The question was one of following these churning tracks as they threaded the hills. So thinking, he pushed his way up to a small knob overgrown with pine, left his horse and walked on until he had sight of the trail below. It made its brown ribbon deviously along the footslopes of all the close-crowded ridges, crossing a creek that sent up a dull flash through the windy winter's day, and vanishing again in the continuing green forest ahead. All around him the broken land reared shoulder upon shoulder.

Somewhere in this gusty day a gunshot made a thin and wavering echo, whipped out quickly by the wind. Standing there in close speculation, Benbow presently saw a rider wheel into sight from the south and gallop full tilt back toward the Two Dance country. Benbow returned to his horse, slid down through the timber and crossed the trail quickly, taking his look at it in passing. The beef had been this way.

Deep in the timber, he let his horse have a drink at the creek and pressed on, swinging as the trail swung, cutting across it quickly from time to time to see what was there to be read, and continuing generally southward. At noon he retreated from the trail a good distance, boiled himself coffee, and fell to riding again. Around three o'clock he had entered a section of the hills strange to him; and shortly thereafter the trail made a quick bend to the west. This way it traveled on a more level course; and now and then Benbow entered and followed it at a fast canter for a quarter mile or more at a time. Once, drawing quickly into the brush, he heard another rider clipping out of the Two Dance country and saw him pass by; some strange hand he didn't know.

Meanwhile the terrain was changing. The trail fell down from the spine of the Yellows to the flatter and less timbered lands bordering the reservation. Now and then he had a view of an Indian shack out on the plain; and when quick dusk began to drive in with the hard wind, he passed a side road leading in Cherokee's direction and reached the last margin of timber and saw the trail cross this open strip boldly toward the yellow and brown upthrust of the badlands.

There was a shack sitting off the trail, a quarter mile out on the plain, with a light shining in its window. He had, he guessed, traveled a hard forty miles since daylight, swinging a giant circle around Cherokee far back and high up. This was near to the state line and a part of the range he didn't know; and those yonder badlands were a continuation of the broken country that stretched northward in a straight line to the lower end of the Two Dance valley—and southward to some faraway point.

THE beef, he thought, crossed this plain and dropped into the deep breaks of the badlands—and ran southerly on. It was early dark then, with the wind lifting its pitch shrilly in the trees. Leaving the timber, he rode for the shack ahead of him, came straightforwardly into the yard and let his horse drink at a well trough beside the house. There was an old, old Ute standing in the doorway; he looked carefully at Benbow, having nothing to say, and then withdrew and slammed the door behind him.

Benbow let his horse have a moment's pull at the water and wheeled away on the run. There had been a little light left in the sky. A mile from the Indian house, darkness swept across the world as violently as the wind. Clay dunes struck up from the ground, roughening the earth; and then the trail dipped downward between walls a-drip with shadow and the wind ceased to press against him and presently he rode fifty feet below the level of the prairie, the trail striking directly into the tangled passageways of this broken country. The chalky walls shed a faint glow and the sky remained dimly shining above. He pushed on, giving his horse its head.

He had taken one last look behind him before descending into the badlands' deep gulleys, and had seen nothing behind. But after he had dropped from sight, a rider came from the trees, pounded across the plain, and slowly followed Benbow down.

(To be continued next week)

Hollywood Horse

Continued from page 15

But Z. M. is seeing visions.

"I'm starting with a *stable*," he says, "and I'm winning the Santa Anita Handicap. Not two years from now—not a year from now—this year!" Then he jumps up and holds out ten sample designs of jockey's silks, submitted by as many high-priced artists. He tells me he don't like any of them and has hired Renee DelShazzar from M-G-M to combine the high notes of all ten into a nifty. He's got a marvelous name for the stable—Horn-Pont Stables—Irene Delpont thought of it.

"All departments are clicking except the horses," he yells, "and I'm going to lick that problem, too. I don't stand for defeatism in this studio. Get that, mug? I want horses—"

"How many have you bought while I was away?" I ask him, smoothing him down.

The chief looks at his cost sheet and frowns.

"Seventeen," he says, "but no *names*. No reps. They've blocked me on current names. But look, mug, I've got an idea—" he pokes me on the collarbone with his pencil—"I spring some revivals on 'em! Get it? Comebacks. Horses that were names once and could be again with the proper handling. What about Man o' War? What about Gallant Fox? What about—oh, yes—a horse named Phar Lap?"

Well, fella, I'm still on the spot.

"Phar Lap's dead, chief," I said, "and the others are retired to stud. Besides, you don't come back after the old speed is gone—if you're a horse."

"All right," says Z. M., "the revival thing is no good. But, look, mug—how about a couple of foreign horses? We shoot 'em into the races and they go to town! See what I mean by that?"

THAT'S what has made Z. M. in the picture business, fella. And Z. M. got his stable, too. It was full of dogs and selling-platers, but Z. M. collected three top-flight name horses. One was Bayard, the Kentucky Derby second-runner, and Ladybird, a nifty filly, and Erin Go Bragh, first money in the Irish Sweepstakes.

Hunh? Where did Z. M. find Gunga Din? Well, fella, there's a very funny angle on that.

I'm sitting in my office one day when in comes little Sis Truden, one of the script girls.

"I've got a horse for sale," says Sis, just like that.

"When script girls start selling horses," says I, the old meanie, "picture business is bankrupt. How come?"

Sis Truden started out to be a picture star. Then she started out to be a writer-producer. Then, just a writer. But things went wrong and now Sis is just a script girl.

Well, anyway, the story of Gunga Din is short and sad and funny. According to Sis, Gunga Din was bought by Geoffrey Carson, a tosspot British writer, who got him in a claiming race at Santa Anita. Geoffrey Carson gave him to Al Craggett, a tosspot American writer, in payment for a debt. This Craggett guy tried to start him in a race, but the track barred Gunga Din until his oats bill was paid. So Craggett got discouraged and put Gunga Din up in a craps game at Lakeside. And here's the laugh.

A THIRD writer won Gunga Din! Guy by the name of Pothcutten. Hunh? No, he wasn't a tosspot. Never drank, according to Sis. But the poor guy took a shift at writing dialogue for Tarzan pictures and had a nervous breakdown.

"We want to send Willie to the hospital for a long rest," Sis Truden told me, "and we've got to sell Gunga Din to do it."

I ain't a stooge for Sis Truden.

"Not a chance, Sis," I say, "get some rich actor to buy Gunga Din. I'll give you a note to Robert McRoberts—"

It seems like Sis Truden sees visions, too.

"I'm going right in and sell him to Z. M.," she says, chin in the air.

That's a laugh? Yeah? Well, several days later I see a voucher come over my desk: "Gunga Din—3-yr.-old—by Black Satan out of Kashmiri Song—$3,500. Okay. Z. M."

In two jumps I've cornered the chief on his way to the projection room.

"What's the idea of padding the pay roll with another relative, chief?" I ask, kidding. "Don't you know that this little Hindu cousin eats oats and hay and can't even say 'yes?"

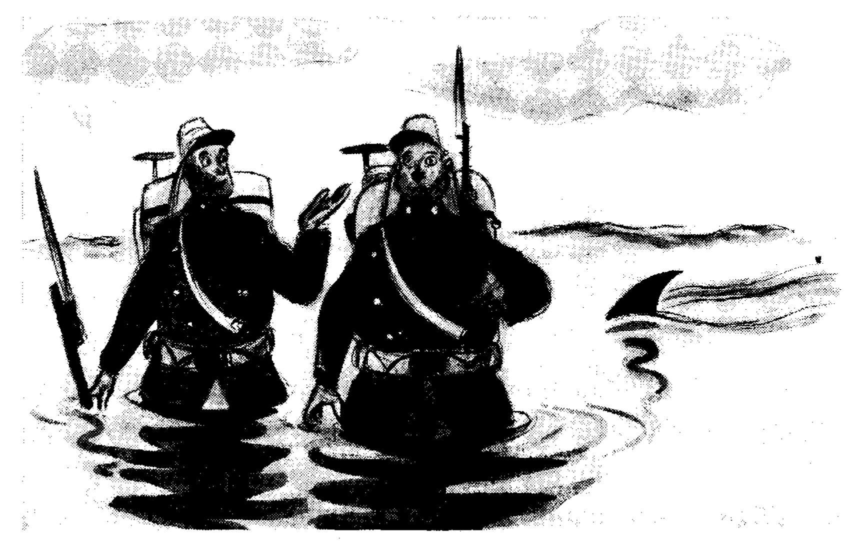
Z. M. looks ashamed of himself.

"The horse has possibilities," he lies. "And stop gagging, mug. I thought I told you to meet Jacques France at the Santa Fe station." Then he walks off snarling, "On your way!"

Hunh? Naw—Jacques France is a horse. Winner of the Grand Prix at Longchamps or something.

Well, fella, that's the true story of how Z. M. got hold of Gunga Din. I don't even remember seeing the horse around

(Continued on page 48)

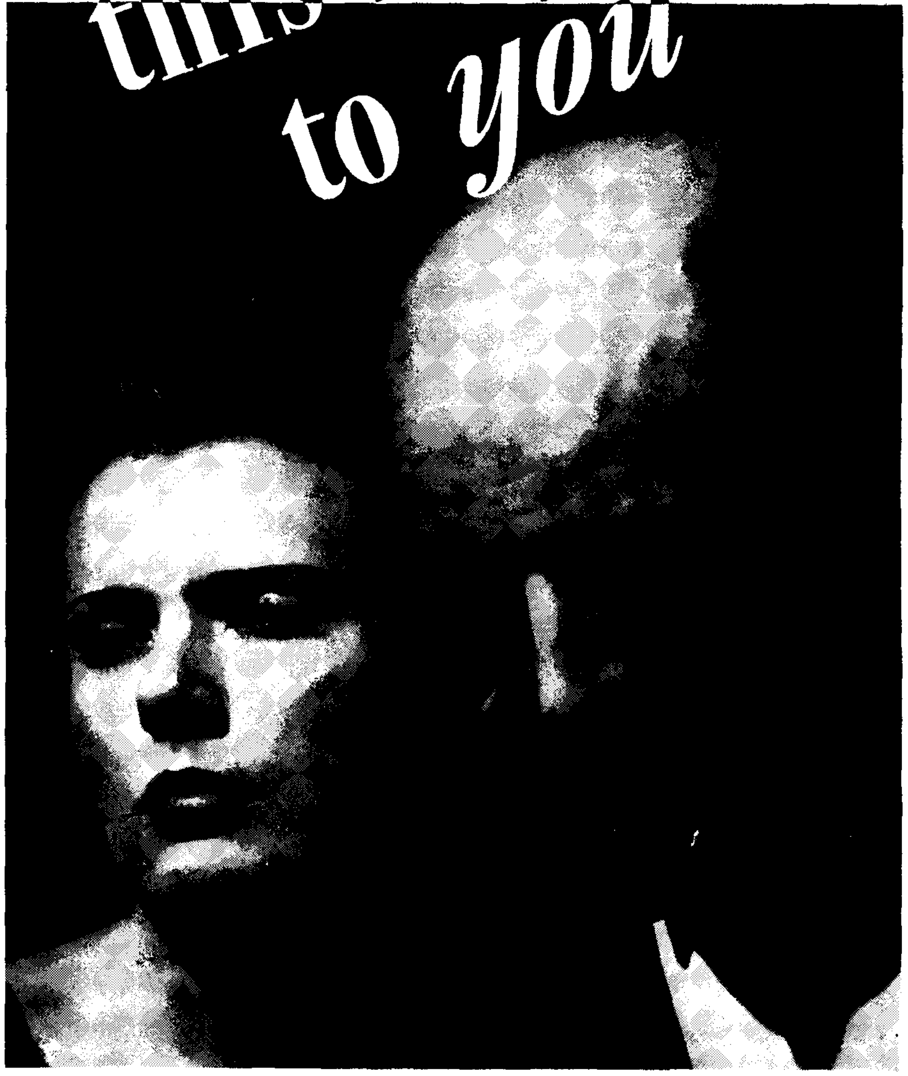


"I'm glad you're sure, because here comes a mirage of a shark!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

He was young just a moment ago—

Don't let this happen to you



HE walked through the door a youngster. But he left his youth in the check-room along with his hat just a moment ago. When she saw his bald head she saw an old man. Don't let this happen to you.

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NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

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horsepower . . . in one generation

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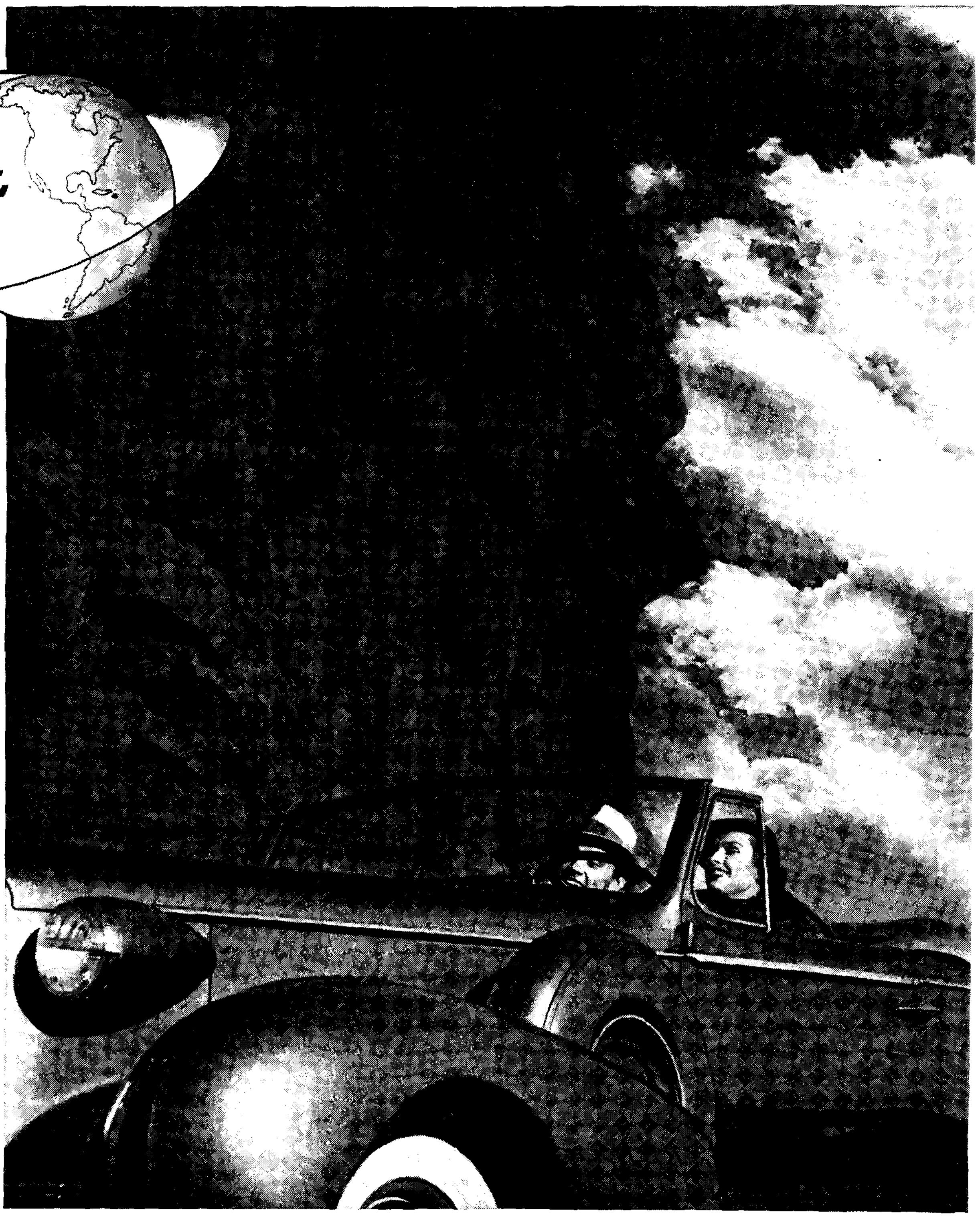

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UNITED STATES STEEL

(Continued from page 45)

Horn-Pont Stables. There were too many name horses out there. And I was too busy trying to help the chief win his first race at Santa Anita.

McTeague, a first-rate trainer Z. M. had hired away from some oil millionaire, advised us to start Bayard in the big race on opening day. The newspapers gave the chief a terrific build-up and all the picture mob were sold on Bayard's chances. It looked like we'd be off to a smash *première.*

Z. M. and I went over to the paddock with Irene, a mob of Irene's picture fans tagging her for autographs. Z. M. was so excited he could hardly walk steady. When we finally got through the jam around the paddock we found McTeague and Rianti, the jock, all set to take Bayard to the wars. I thought all Z. M. wanted to do was to pat Bayard's nose and pose for the cameras. But no—

"Riding orders!" snaps Z. M., turning to the Rianti kid. "I want you to lay back with Bayard seventh or eighth until you reach the three-quarter post. Then put on a driving finish to win. Get what I mean?"

Rianti stares at him and looks at McTeague. I see that McTeague is on the spot.

"That's one way to do it, sir," says the trainer, "but it wouldn't work with Bayard. He's a front-runner. If he ain't in front he sulks."

Z. M. couldn't see it. He'd made too many race-track pictures.

"Those are my orders," he snarls.

The jockey gives a little shrug and says: "Oke."

WELL, fella, this was a horse race for keeps. We couldn't stop the cameras and shoot it over the right way. Bayard laid back on the field and sulked. He finished out of the money.

The picture mob took a nice little trip to the cleaner's.

Give Z. M. credit though, fella.

"You hit and you miss," says Z. M., riding home through Pasadena. "I'll shoot that foreign horse from Ireland at 'em—what's his name?"

"Erin Go Bragh," I say, looking at my casting sheet.

But there's hell to pay next morning. It turns out that Erin Go Bragh is a steeplechaser—a jumper. He *can* run on the flat, but only on turf. If he runs on a hard track his feet hurt him.

I sneak into the chief's office and I hear him yelling over the transatlantic phone: "You're fired! A picture man who buys me a horse with sore feet would buy me a tap dancer with bunions!" He bangs down the receiver and glares at me.

"Look, mug," he says, "there's too much one-man control out there at the stables. Hire me three more trainers to work with McTeague. We're not going to lose any more races. How's that horse, Jacques France?"

"In the pink and ready to go, chief," I say.

Z. M. looks grim.

"I'll bet when we get him on the track we'll find he's a harness horse," he says. "Anyway, he's our next best bet."

But Jacques France didn't win, either. It seemed like the new trainers Z. M. hired got into an argument with McTeague and whilst they were arguing Jacques France trained short. He couldn't go a mile and a sixteenth.

Well, fella, by this time the whole set-up was getting critical. The race writers and the picture mob started sneering at Z. M.'s stable. Lose a few races and

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

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Within living memory fashionable French women "made up" their veins with a blue paint to enhance the whiteness and transparency of their skin; Japanese women perfumed their hair by sleeping on a wooden head-rest in which incense was burned; and American women wore such long trains that they could not dance unless they brought their maids to carry the unwieldy extension around the ballroom floor.

The boundless credulity that can exist in highly intelligent individuals was exemplified by Michel Chasles, the famous French mathematician and Sorbonne professor who died 56 years ago. Once he purchased some letters—scrawled in modern French on contemporary note paper—in the belief that they had been written by Lazarus after his resurrection.

Gold is not always gold in color. A thin sheet before a light is green, and fine particles, depending on their size, are pink, blue, purple, brown, dark red and even black.—*By John Bruns, Richmond Hill, New York.*

An incredible and unique airplane stunt was staged by Lincoln Beachy at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. He took up, flew about and landed a fairly large "ship"—within the four walls of the Palace of Machinery.—*By Clarence Boykin, Charlottesville, Virginia.*

Forty-five states in this country still are without laws that allow an innocent person, when acquitted of a felony charge or when pardoned after being convicted of a felony, to claim compensation for the loss of his job, time and money and the disgrace inflicted upon himself and his family through no fault of his own.—*By Thomas Pearson, Oswego, New York.*

The dream of the clockmakers through the ages—a perpetual-motion clock—is now on the market. It is operated by an atmospheric mechanism which receives as much as 120 hours of driving energy when the temperature changes as little as one degree.—*By J. H. Alexander, Los Angeles, California.*

A curious superstition of uncertain origin surrounds the song—"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls"—from the Balfe opera, The Bohemian Girl. To sing, whistle or even hear it played is believed to be a forerunner of bad luck, especially by theatrical people and soldiers. Military bands seldom play it, a fact that was particularly noticeable during the World War.

An old and widespread burial custom that prevailed in Scotland up to recent times and which still persists among primitive peoples is the removal of the deceased through an especially made opening in the side of his house, which is walled up after the funeral. Thus the ghost is prevented from entering the house because the only door it knows is gone.

In several places in the world, notably a ravine in Yellowstone Park, a grotto near Naples and Poison Valley in Java, carbon dioxide constantly escapes from the earth and, forming a three- to four-foot layer on the ground, usually asphyxiates any animal that wanders into it.

Sells 19 Features In Six Months

'I have sold, up to date, nineteen features to the Detroit Free Press and have been made their correspondent here," writes Mrs. Leonard Sanders of 218 Union St., Milford, Mich., on completing the N. I. A. course. Her skilful handling of feature stories was the reason given by the editor for her appointment. Mrs. Sanders' first feature was sold less than four months after she enrolled with N. I. A.

"How do I get my Start as a Writer?"

------*Here's the Answer*------

First, don't stop believing you can write; there is no reason to think you can't write until you have tried. Don't be discouraged if your first attempts are rejected. That happens to the best authors, even to those who have "arrived." Remember, too, there is no age limit in the writing profession. Conspicuous success has come to both young and old writers.

Where to begin, then? There is no surer way than to get busy and write. Gain experience, the "know how." Understand how to use words. Then you can construct the word-buildings that now are vague, misty shapes in your mind.

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you're a ham. Hollywood, y'know? The worst part of it was the reaction on Z. M.

My first tip-off came from Irene Delpont. She gets me over to her dressing room and starts throwing temperament around.

"Look, Jerry," she says, "I can't stand much more of this. Horses, horses—alla time horses! I get 'em on my breakfast plate, I get 'em in both ears on the set. Bruzcwine ain't a director any more, he's a tout. And if Z. M.'s a producer I'm a horse—there it goes again!"

"Why unload on me?" I say. "I got a bellyful of oats myself."

It isn't only temperament with Irene. She's been planning to be Mrs. Z. M. Hornzer III. But now she ain't so sure.

"Listen, mug," says Irene, cold turkey. "You know how much jack Z. M.'s tossed away on horses so far? Just about seven hundred and fifty grand, counting silly sentimental bets. He owned up himself, last night. And how long can even Z. M. stand that?"

"It's still chicken feed to Z. M."

"Oh, it is, is it? Well, take a look at the last three pictures Z. M. has let slip past him while he's watching his horses also-run at Santa Anita. They're stinkers! And if you want any further proof, take a look at some of my rushes!"

"It was a good script," says I.

"Yeah? It ain't any more. Those stooge writers put in a race-track sequence to please Z. M. And what's a race-track sequence got to do with a sincere, dramatic story like Behold This Woman?"

"Comic relief, maybe—"

Irene puts her hands in her hair and goes all out.

"He's driven me to the ragged edge!" she shrieks. "He'd better take thought of the consequences for it. No race-track horses can run over me! I'm an actress—an actress—an actress—"

Z. M. is out to the Horn-Pont Stables. I travel out there and the first person I run into is little Sis Truden.

"You on location?" says I.

"Nope," says Sis. "I'm one of Z. M.'s secretaries, now. I handle the stable end of the studio. I wouldn't have taken the job, only I want Gunga Din to have his chance!"

"Gunga Din? Where have I heard that name before?"

I WAS sorry I kidded her. The gal gets tears in her eyes. She grabs my arm and tells me I've got to look at Gunga Din and watch him work and help her persuade the chief to give the nag a break. Before I know it, I'm being dragged along the main corridor of the stables.

It was kind of pathetic. I mean all the big-name horses had oversized box stalls on the main corridor with their names in mother-of-pearl insets on the doors. But Gunga Din had been shoved off in a side corridor with his name in plain black paint.

"Isn't he a honey lamb?" coos Sis.

"Take it away!" I said.

Sis starts to give me another good look at her tearful brown eyes; but I see the chief out by the private running track and I go out to him.

"What's wrong this time, mug?" he says.

I tell him about Irene and the studio and the whole setup.

Z. M. slaps me on the shoulder and his homely pan gets gentle underneath. "You're a good mug," he says, "and we'll have a smash hit, yet. Go trade in your old car and send the bill to me, mug!"

Well, fella, Z. M. and I went into the doghouse together. We started eight horses in eight races and not a nag took a first!

But the worst was yet to come.

Irene Delpont walked out on Z. M. in person and professionally. She broke their engagement in the morning papers and signed up with Sam Goldwyn in the afternoon papers. To top all this, Z. M.'s board of directors in New York held an indignation meeting. They sent back the prints of two finished pictures to have the horses taken out of them. Variety spreadheads a rumor that Z. M. is through at Mastodon. Wilkerson advises Z. M. in The Reporter to sell his horses.

It was terrific. I mean I hated to go in and face the poor guy. Y'know.

Well, fella, imagine my surprise to see Z. M. sitting on top of the world! Yes, sir, he has his glasses off and he's seeing visions. His long, lean body is arched over his desk like he's in a trance.

"G-golly, chief—" I stammer.

"Shut up, mug!" says Z. M. "I've won the Handicap!"

"Sure, sure—yeah—sure—"

Z. M. gets to his feet and shoves me a contract.

I look at the contract. Z. M. has bought Sir Gawaine, two-to-one favorite for the big race, from Gifford Locke. The price is only seventy-five grand.

"Chief," I says, "you're a genius. How did you get Locke to sell out?"

Z. M. laughs again.

"His daughter wants a break in pictures, mug. Sir Gawaine is a cinch to win.

AM I relieved! The chief is himself again. He's got the old brain clicking. Sir Gawaine is the year's sensation. Four big races and four firsts.

"It's in the bag, chief!" I say.

All of L. A. and its girl friends turned out for the Handicap. I go out and look at the entry board and get the shock of *my* bright young life.

HORNZER STABLES—Sir Gawaine and Gunga Din.

Yeah. Just like that. So I reach over and drag on the chief's coat sleeve.

"What's the idea? Look, chief, what's the idea?"

Z. M. puts his race glasses on the entry board. He looks like a man seeing things during the d. t.'s.

"I never heard of Gunga Din," he howls. "Who dared to put him in with Sir Gawaine? Where's Miss Truden?"

Somebody yanks Sis Truden from the paddock. The chief is like a crazy man. He shakes a finger under Sis' nose and yells: "Did *you* enter Gunga Din?"

"Yes, Mr. Hornzer," she says, like Joan de Arc or something. "I entered Gunga Din. He's a great horse and I think he'll beat Sir Gawaine!"

I shove between them and say: "Want Gunga Din scratched?"

"Hell, yes!" croaks Z. M.

I start for the paddock, but it's too late. The bugle has sounded and there is Gunga Din prancing out on the track along with sixteen other horses.

Then—all of a sudden there's a big sighing groan. The loud-speaker guy says: "A horse has stumbled—he's down—he's thrown his jockey—just a moment, folks, and we'll identify him—it's Sir Gawaine. Yep—Sir Gawaine."

Over this I hear the sound of Sis Truden's voice: "Come on, Gunga Din!"

Z. M. gives out one croaky, gaspy yelp and sits down.

"Here he comes—here comes Gunga Din!" howls Sis Truden, pounding my face with both hands.

I look, not believing in fairies.

Yep, fella, it was Gunga Din. And he wins by two lengths!

"Oh, God, mug," says Z. M., "am I dumb! This is the girl to take Irene's place for Mastodon. Look, mug, she sees visions! Get what I mean by that? Visions. Y'know?"

Now, fella, I've told you the works—hunh? Gunga Din? You mean, has he won any more races? Naw. Gunga Din is a screw-ball horse. The next time we raced him he saw the newsreel cameras on the rail and started a slow-motion pose. That's Hollywood. Y'know?

Right now are the months of greatest hazard *when you specially need* good general resistance!

Make a note of these few facts, and you may spare yourself much inconvenience and discomfort later this winter.

From studies on large groups of people, it has been found that common winter conditions, prevalent since fall, get into full swing right now—in January and February! These are the months when they affect the greatest number of people, are most severe, and last longest.

What can *you* do to help avoid discomfort? It's sensible of course, to get more exercise, rest, and sunshine, to try and be careful when you're out in bad weather.

But these are not the *only* precautions you should take. In addition, start on a daily routine to help *build up your general resistance!*

Adex offers you a means. Taken regularly every day, it provides you with Vitamin A, known to be a definite help in building good general resistance. You'll also obtain extra "sunshine" Vitamin D. Both these vitamins come from natural sources, such as cod and halibut liver oil.

When you start with Adex, remember to take it *every day*. Have it on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

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The Ghosts of Spring

Continued from page 19

perfume; one of the girl reporters, of course. The worst sort. They wrote about divorces and all varieties of nastiness. He identified the perfume; it was curious how alert his senses were. Wood fern. Not the sort a lady louse should use. He knew also that the next voice he heard was the girl's; she said, "Isn't it possible that the murderer was running away, and saw you, and didn't know you couldn't see him . . . he fired, and hit the dog . . . and then saw that you are blind?"

Her voice was lovely. Low, husky, with an eager note in it.

But Ballard Scott thought, She's doing what's known as working on me. Trying to sympathize. Just so she can learn something I wouldn't tell the others. For the first time, consciously, he wished that he could see. If he could look at her, he'd know how she felt. It sounded as if she meant what she said. He said, aloud, "Who are you?" and then, "Well, Miss Winship, what'll your paper call me? The 'blind slayer' or—"

She broke in, "Oh, probably the 'millionaire murderer,' Mr. Scott. That has a better circulation appeal." Defiantly, she added, "*I'd* stop talking if I were you, until your attorney arrives."

The thought of Henry Robertson being called out of bed was faintly amusing. Before he could reply, a man —a policeman—placed something across Ballard Scott's hands. "Can you identify this?" Something soft, silky, with thicker places where there was embroidery. A dress? No. Pajamas. Probably women's pajamas.

There was a perfume coming from the garment. Ballard Scott's head went up with a snap.

"Why . . . why . . . that's . . ."

"That's all," broke in the lazy-voiced reporter. "*Now* can we say you're holding Scott, Inspector?"

There was complete silence in the room. Ballard Scott recognized that the time for him to talk had come. He said, very soberly, "Very well. You don't deserve it, because of your stupidity, but I'll tell you what happened. At five o'clock—"

"Anything you say," a heavy voice stated, "may be used against you."

Sara Winship breathed in Scott's car, "Please shut up."

HE LIKED that. But, clearly, he said, "Your murderer's a Chinese. He walked like this . . . shuff-shuff . . . and when he ran, he did it with the entire foot striking the pavement. He must've worn thick-soled Chinese street shoes. He'd been in this apartment, because I smelled the same perfume as is on the pajamas. He'd been smoking opium. That odor can't be mistaken. If—"

"Scott's murderer," drawled the reporter, "also had a wart on his nose and a ribbon around his hair. I got an edition comin' up, Inspector. How about standing Scott up and giving my cameraman a chance at him?"

Ballard Scott's fists clenched. Voice shaking, he said, "Inspector, before you allow anything like that, I suggest you get in touch with the commissioner."

The inspector went to the telephone; while he was gone, questions were put to Ballard Scott, which he refused to answer. The inspector returned to say that he was to be held as a witness, and no charges as yet were being preferred against him. He was to be held in his own apartment, under police guard.

"If you boys say anything more than that," the inspector said, "*you're* saying it, and not the department."

"Just one little picture, Mr. Scott," a girl feature writer pleaded. "We make better friends than enemies at trials, you know."

"Go to hell," Ballard Scott said.

He put out his hand toward the wood fern odor, and found an arm in a rough tweed jacket, a hand at the end. Nice blunt fingers. No rings. The perfume was the only clean, honest odor in the room.

Scott felt desperately alone. The people he knew would, naturally, rally around, although they, like himself, would consider the whole business absolutely *nonsensical*. Was it? Could a train of circumstances be built up, manufactured, so that he, innocent but on hand, would appear the murderer?

This girl knew things. Was she to be trusted? He wished that he might see her. He could, of course, be careful. So he said, "I'm going to have some coffee, Miss Winship. In my apartment. Care to join me?"

The drawling reporter jeered, "Get exclusive stories with sex appeal, Sara."

BALLARD SCOTT, smoking a third cigarette, had an idea. The girl, having already called her office with a preliminary story, sat opposite him. There was an officer in the next room, between Scott and the front door.

"I'm glad that you believe me," Scott told her. "When two and two are added up properly, it's obvious that no blind man could've done what I'm supposed to have done. There was no motive, no time and, physically, it was impossible. If it hadn't been for that idiot trying to make a story, the police wouldn't have thought about me."

Sara Winship looked about the room, the walnut panels, the brick-red Chinese hangings, the dull blue Imari bowl . . . none of which the man could see. Behind him there was a mirror, the frame a red lacquer, and in it she saw her own face, a little pale, oval, and, although she didn't think so, very charming. She wondered how many really beautiful women had glanced at the mirror. . . .

"Now," Scott said, "I've told you that the man who shot Ching, the potential murderer, was Chinese. Oliphant and his servant were knifed. In bed. Why? A fellow learns quite a bit after a couple of years in the Orient. I know I did. So let's add up what we have. The Chinese had been smoking opium; just enough to screw up his courage. He's probably completely drugged by now. I smelled the opium. I also smelled the perfume which was on the woman's pajamas in the Oliphant apartment. So far, it makes sense. The Chinese, as a vengeance killer, should have something on him belonging to the person he was avenging. Always.

"Next, why did he kill Ching? I'm not positive. He may've aimed at me, and the dog frightened him. When he saw I was blind . . . well, there's nothing worse in China than injuring a blind person in any way. It's unlucky. The gods protect the blind, and all that sort of thing.

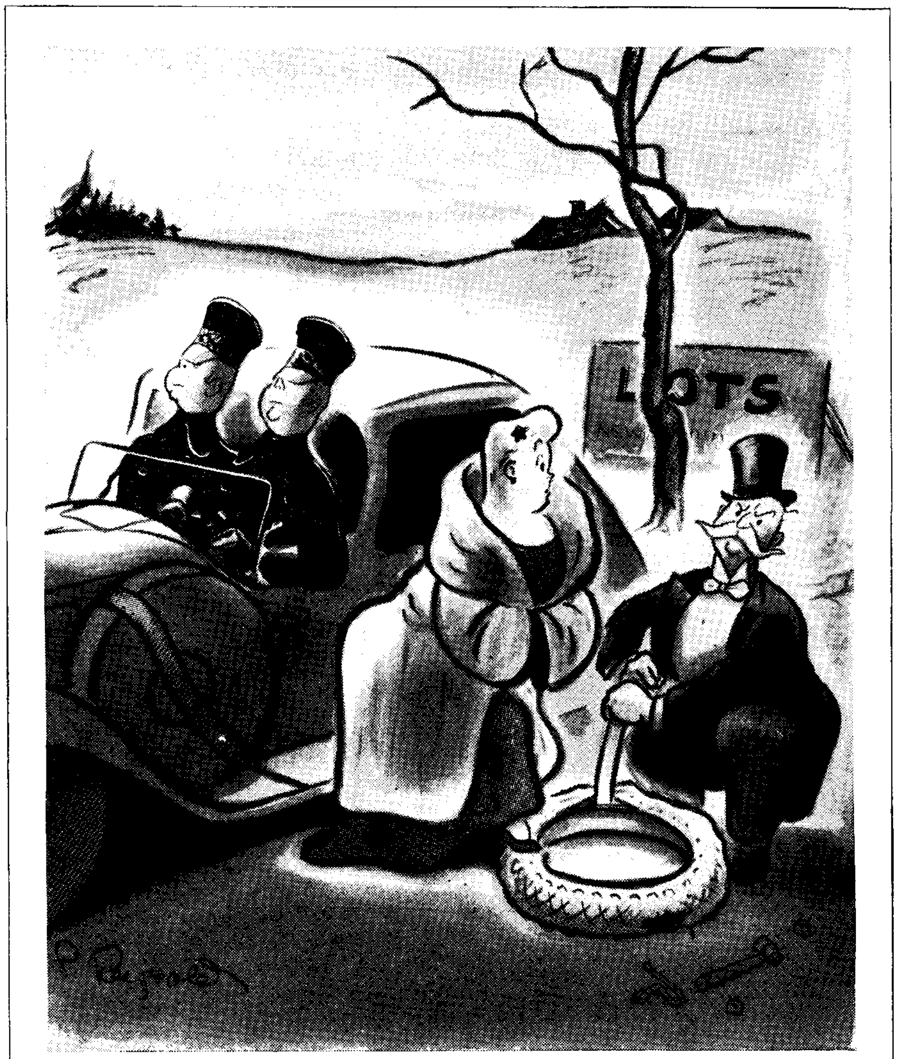
"So all we've got to do now is get our Chinese!"

Sara Winship said, "Yes. That's all."

"That," said Scott, "is where *you* come in. You are to print just what I've told you. More, you must say that I *know* who the man is, although I haven't told anyone, including the police. Work it up somehow so it's logical. Can you?"

"I can," the girl said.

(Continued on page 52)



"I know, dear, but you wouldn't want Roger and Jessop to get spots on their nice new uniforms!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Life is Real . . . Life is Earnest

MONARCH of his little world, he issues his commands with dimpled smile and furious frown.

What a responsibility it is, to be sure that he has the benefits of modern knowledge—to guard him against the hazards of life.

And one of life's hazards is the almost universal prevalence of tooth decay.

A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Almost every man or woman of thirty has begun to realize what it can mean.

Impairment of appearance—even the actual loss of teeth—is as nothing compared to the ill effects of dental infection on the human system. Unchecked, it can become one of the worst enemies of health—retarding physical and mental development—contributing to serious illness of vital organs—standing in the way of success—even shortening life.

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And the House of Squibb offers you a simple plan that should be followed by every member of your family. A part of this plan is the use of a scientific dentifrice.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder are effective in their cleansing action and refreshing to the mouth. Both contain an antacid—an element that penetrates into many tiny crevices where the toothbrush cannot reach—and neutralizes the acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them.

So may we suggest, may we urge that one member of your family accept the responsibility of placing these facts before the others—recognizing the existence of dental infection even before it results in toothache or acute pain—and realizing the benefit of prevention.

Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe: one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

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SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, tasteless internal regulator.*

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SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

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★MIX YOUR LONG AND SHORT DRINKS
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AS USED IN HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS

90 PROOF — DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

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WILL YOU look into this money-making Club where thousands of women and girls of all ages are earning extra dollars every day? A California member earned $500 last year. An Iowa member earned $110 in a few months. Don t you see how much happier in spirit these women are? They have changed their lives from nagging worry to contentment.

Write for our booklet. It will help you to get started earning extra dollars, too! Send a card or letter to Miss Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Collier's Weekly, Dept. 12, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York.

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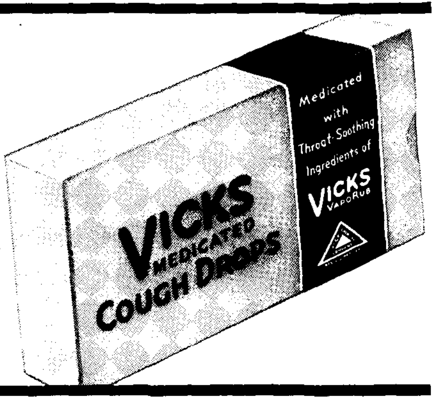


(*Continued from page* 50)

Ballard Scott said, "Fine." He clapped his hands, and the Chinese boy who served him—during the day only, since Scott didn't want anyone about at night—sidled into the room. "More coffee," Scott said. Then, before the servant turned, "You know boy topside? Boy belong number 9-C?"

Gee F'eng said, "I know. He b'long different family. Lotsa . . . how you say? . . . lotsa woman he catch."

"He catch woman somebody else, F'eng?"

The boy said placidly, "I go get claw-fee."

To the girl, Ballard Scott said, "That's how much help they are. Matter of fact, a smart Chinatown detective'd clear this up in fifteen minutes. If I fail, it may be necessary. But I won't. See the picture now?"

Sara said, "Partially. Your Chinese—the one who shot your dog—lost his girl to the Chinese in 9-C. He went there to do something about it. Mr. Oliphant must've heard him; that's how *he* was killed. When he got out of bed to see what was the matter."

"Mr. Oliphant," said Scott, "mayn't have been blameless. He may have been the one who was interested in the Chinese girl, as witness the fancy embroidered pajamas. His cook may have been the go-between. That's good Chinese custom. Oh, well, we'll soon find out!"

"You haven't told me how."

He said, abruptly, "You've got that story to write. I shouldn't be keeping you. Perhaps I'll have more story later. Or earlier. I'll call you. If you don't hear by five or so, there won't be any. About five o'clock. You'd better give me your home number if you aren't always at the newspaper that early."

She gave it; then she said, "Why five?"

"That's the time the street's deserted. *I* know it, and the murderer knows it. The Chinese plan things. Don't forget; be sure to say I'm going to tell the police everything tomorrow!"

THE day passed swiftly for Scott. Every newspaper, save the one on which the girl worked, made much of Scott's connection with the crime. But Sara had done a good job.

All afternoon, Scott's friends poured in, rallying around. He was permitted to do anything he liked. They considered it rather a joke, although, considering that Ballard had already taken a rotten beating in China, a poor one. Even the commissioner, when he came during the evening to talk with Scott, was apologetic; he was glad, he said, that Scott had called him, and he had made it plain to the department that he considered they were going off half-cocked, although all of the newspapers save one were driving for a definite arrest. . . .

Couldn't Scott, perhaps, account for his time between, say, four and five in the morning?

Scott had learned that Ching was alive; that the bullet had cut across the top of his skull but the dog would live. He was feeling rather good now.

"I've a feeling I'll clear this up," he said ambiguously. "If I don't—you know *my* story—the Chinatown squad will."

"They will," said the commissioner, "provided your Chinese hasn't skipped. He's had plenty of time. And if we can't find him, the newspapers will say—"

"To them," Scott said, "nuts." He added, "D'you know a girl named Sara Winship? She's on one of the papers."

The commissioner said, "Oh."

"Better than that," Ballard Scott grinned.

The day passed; Ballard Scott, at eleven, undressed. The officer in another room had been relieved. Another one was sitting in the big chair, smoking one of Ballard Scott's aromatic Manilas. Scott thought of going out and talking to the policeman, but, instead, stretched out on the bed. Sounds came to him, intelligible; the officer's indrawn breath, exhalation; a low-turned radio. The bell of the cathedral struck twelve, and one.

It came to Ballard Scott, without his thinking consciously about it, that the cable cars—which he could hear in the street—had started late that morning. At five-six or five-seven or even ten minutes after five. That didn't often happen.

At three o'clock he drank black coffee, but didn't smoke. At four he was on his back; at four-thirty, as the cathedral bell struck the half-hour, he lay immobile, not moving.

It was just after the bell sang the three quarters that he heard a slight sound outside his bedroom.

THE palms of his hands moistened; a little uncontrollable shiver ran through him as he heard the man cross the window sill and enter the room. One word now would bring the officer, but that one word might allow the man to escape, or, in going down the steel ladder, be fatally shot. That wasn't enough. Moreover, he, Ballard Scott, wanted to catch the man himself.

The refrigerator hummed, clicked off; the gas pilot hissed slightly. Scott, now, heard neither. Only the faint cat-steps approaching the bed. The breathing of the intruder. Then, the odor of opium.

The Chinese, about to kill a blind man, must indeed be desperate, and positive that the man on the bed could identify him.

The breaths came quicker. Scott didn't move. The breaths stopped.

Scott, that moment, heard the soft swish of cloth against cloth as the murderous man's knife was raised. . . .

Both arms out, Ballard Scott lurched up from his back, clutching, dragging the Chinese against him. The knife slashed down and into the pillow; Scott's right hand, fast as thought, slid down from the Chinese's shoulder, along the arm, to pinion the knife wrist.

The two men lay there, one panting, the other silent, the Chinese uppermost; then, with a twist, Scott sent the knife to the floor.

The officer called, "Want anything, Mr. Scott?"

Voice steady, breath quick, Scott said, "Everything's fine." In a whisper he said, "*Sai kam fai* . . . I want to talk to you. Don't move. There is a policeman in the next room."

Scott waited. He said, directly into the Chinese's ear, "You went for vengeance. It is not important who took your woman, the white man or the Chinese. You were discovered, so you killed them both."

"You are a devil, a blind devil!"

"Yesterday morning, when everything was quiet, you did it. Just before five o'clock. At five, exactly, you shot my dog—"

In a muted whisper, with an undercurrent of surprised elation, the Chinese said, "You have sworn I shot at five?"

"I have." This, Scott felt, concluded the matter. Everything dovetailed. The Chinatown detectives could do the fitting. It was time to call his guard.

"At six minutes before five," the Chinese breathed, "I was in the Great Room of my tong, praying for . . . for my departed family. At six minutes before five! The priest will swear it. More, the policeman outside the outer door will swear it, since he looked at his watch as I entered!"

Two men, two watches, couldn't be wrong. Was the cathedral clock? The bell had beat when the shot was fired . . . and Scott's whole story, unless the police were willing to check, hinged on the element of time.

How could that be proved?

The Chinese, in whispers, was pleading with him. Let him go, since he was innocent. He had merely come to rob, that was all. In return, he would send a writing to the police, admitting (falsely, of course) that he was the murderer, and then he would hide well . . . and the police, believing his writing, would free the white man . . .

How could the time be proved? Was everything to fail because of it? Suddenly, a trifle fearfully, Scott knew what could be done. He tightened his hold, calling for the officer in the next room . . . and, as the policeman pulled the Chinese off the bed, the cathedral bell sounded. Into the echo, after the fifth stroke, came the click-click-clack of the cables.

BALLARD SCOTT sat on the edge of his bed. The girl's voice came to him at last; blurred into it he heard typewriters clacking, akin to the noise of the cable outside. His heart was beating quickly, but this, he told himself, was because of the excitement. Or reaction. No voice, no matter how clear and sweet and honest, could set a chap's heart going as his was.

He said, "Good morning. We've got him. Yes. At five, or a little before. My guess was right. He had a good story . . . that someone saw him before five. It could have been a grand alibi, but I've called up the cable-car company, and they started their cables at four-fifty-something, and the bell must've been wrong. Yes, the cable-car people say their clock is electrically controlled. Yes, it was exactly right yesterday morning. No, I haven't called the cathedral. I wanted to leave something for you to do. How are you this morning?"

Sara Winship said, "Do you realize that my paper has the story of the year?" She added swiftly, "You should not have done what you did. It was too dangerous. I . . . you're very brave, Mr. Scott. And, as a newspaperwoman, you've made me!"

"What I've done," said Ballard Scott, "I can undo." He paused; then he said, "Well, write your story, and then come along over for a second cup of coffee and a cigarette . . ."

"It will be an hour before I can come."

Ballard Scott said, "Don't make it any longer. I . . . I've got to see you."

He caught the sadness in her voice as she agreed. To *see* her. Why, that was absolutely necessary. He must know everything about her.

"Perhaps not today," Ballard Scott said. "I mean, perhaps I can't see you today. With my eyes, that is. I've . . . I've about decided to take a chance at an operation. It mayn't work. The odds are slightly lousy."

"I hope—"

Ballard Scott cut in: "Things have changed. I don't understand it myself. I've got to *see* you. So, tomorrow, or the next day, you'll hold my hand when I come out of the anesthetic. It won't mean a thing. Nurses usually do it for their patients. It . . . of course it'll mean a lot . . . darling."

There was something startlingly, delightfully final, in that last word. Sara thought of the apartment with the red silk hangings and the blue bowl and the lacquer mirror, of what Ballard Scott represented . . . and then remembered only a tall blind man and her heart beating so that she was sure he could hear it.

"I'll come as soon as I can," she said.

Ballard Scott settled back in his chair. He wished Ching were back from the vet's so he might talk with him. There was nobody around except the policeman, but he had to talk to somebody.

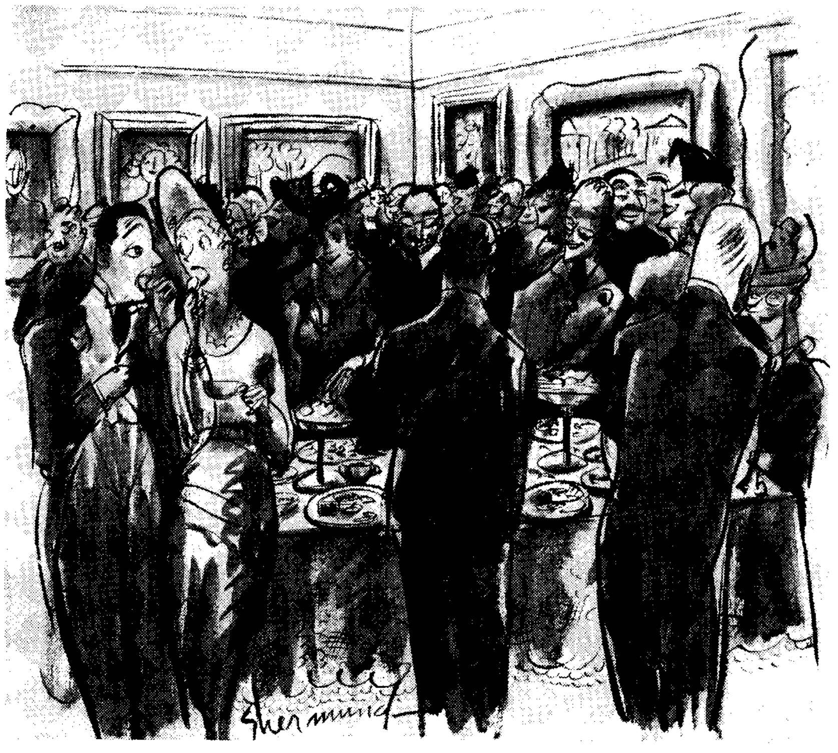
"Officer," Ballard Scott called, "you've had a tough night. So have I. Suppose you go out in the kitchen, and open cupboards until you find one with bottles in it. Suit yourself, but I'll go for rye. I can stand a big one. And . . . tell me, do you prefer just little simple home weddings, or would you rather have one with flower girls and bridesmaids and old shoes?"

"It's married you're to be?" The officer went into the kitchen, intending to pour a drink only for Scott, but the array of bottles changed his mind. Lucky man, to have such a collection! Lucky man, out of such a mess, and doing it all himself. The Chinatown boys were already chasing down the details to clinch the case against the Chinaman. "And who's the lucky lady, sir?"

"You'll see her, soon. So will I . . . soon." He would. He was as certain of it as that this was the girl.

Ballard Scott had his glass; he said, "Here's looking at you," and, with that, began to laugh.

The officer believed all the excitement had been too much for poor blind Mr. Scott, but Mr. Scott knew better. He knew much better. It was a swell world!



"We must remember to look at the paintings before we leave"

B. SHERMUND

How to Ease a Cold Quickly

1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness almost instantly.

Get Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin

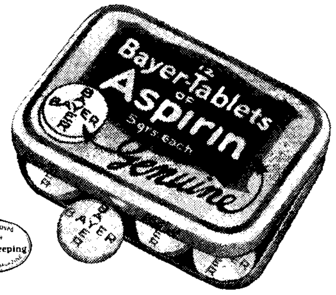
TAKE 2 TABLETS

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever and relieve the pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain. It is really marvelous; for it acts like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's — not for "aspirin" alone.



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"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD *relieved* Cough QUICKLY!

● "My cough was so bad," writes Marjorie Sheerin, Brooklyn, "I called a doctor. He said to take Pertussin. *Next morning my cough was gone!*"

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To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

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Please send—at once—generous trial bottle of Pertussin—*free!*

Name____________________

Address____________________

What You Pay For

Continued from page 17

A laborious reading of scores of reports, together with mountainous heaps of congressional hearings, shows that no feature of the law was given larger thought than the contributory provisions. The proposal to obtain funds for security payments by general taxation was rejected for two reasons: One, that it was just as unfair for the whole body of citizenship to pay industry's social-insurance bills as it would be to pay its life-insurance, accident-insurance and workmen's-compensation premiums. Two, the crushing cost. Society's bill for old-age pensions, even at thirty dollars a month, would require an annual expenditure of four billions in 1937, jumping to eight billions in 1960.

The specialists deemed it wisest to pattern after the workmen's compensation laws that collect premiums based on pay rolls and fix benefits in proportion to the beneficiary's past earning history. A very moving consideration also was that the Railroad Retirement Act accumulates its reserves by a levy of 3½ per cent each on both employers and employees, and that the Brotherhoods not only approved compulsory contributions, but were the motive force behind the enactment of the law.

The decision to put the full cost of unemployment compensation on the employers was based on a conviction that the tax must be considered as a "legitimate part of the cost of production." Here again workmen's compensation laws furnish a precedent, for the practice of looking on work accidents as an expense of production, and charging the cost against the consumer, has gained universal acceptance. It was to give industry time to adjust itself to the new cost that the law starts off with only a 1 per cent tax on pay rolls, and steps up so gradually.

The demand for old-age assistance, rather than old-age pensions, was made by Governor Landon during the recent campaign. What he urged explicitly was a "state-administered plan" that would "provide every citizen over 65 the supplemental payment necessary to give a minimum income sufficient to protect him or her from want," the cost to be borne by a "direct, visible, widely distributed tax." Quite a number of people support him in this view, and undoubtedly Congress will be asked to consider the suggestion.

Mr. Altmeyer on the Stand

At this point it seems intelligent to call Arthur J. Altmeyer to the witness stand, not necessarily for the defense, but as an expert. When President Roosevelt named John G. Winant and Vincent Miles as members of the Social Security Board, he added Mr. Altmeyer as an outstanding economist and administrator who probably knew more about the subject than anyone else in the country. Additional distinctions are his open mind and the gift of judicial detachment. He has stated repeatedly that the present law must be regarded only as a "cornerstone," and welcomes suggestion for its improvement.

"State old-age assistance laws," testifies Mr. Altmeyer, "are in reality a form of public charity, while the federal old-age-benefits plan is in the nature of insurance. It is this fundamental difference that makes state administration impossible. How could you find a satisfactory actuarial basis for forty-eight varying state systems? And what about the constant migration of individuals who would retain rights under several state systems? As for a direct and specific tax widely distributed, under our Constitution it can mean only a property tax, a poll tax or an income tax reaching so far down into the lowest incomes that it partakes of the nature of a poll tax. Under the Social Security Act as now written, the federal grants-in-aid to help finance these state old-age assistance laws are taken out of general revenues, which are, of course, derived from a variety of taxes."

The Worker's Right

John G. Winant replies even more sharply. "The law," he says, "provides old-age assistance for the needy but, going farther, it seeks to enable a worker who has given his best years to industry to demand as a right that industry should add enough to his own savings to provide for his old age without requiring the means test, the pauper's oath, or suffering disenfranchisement."

Since 1931 relief in most states has been provided by emergency legislation separate from the old poor laws, many of which are still legally in effect, practically unchanged since Colonial days. Receipt of "poor relief" explicitly entails disfranchisement in Delaware, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia.

With respect to sick insurance, Norman Thomas and many others condemn the law for failure to include it. The seriousness of the omission cannot be questioned, for out of America's 48,000,000 workers, more than 2 per cent are at all times incapacitated by illness. In urban families of low income, one fifth have doctor and drug bills every year that take from one fourth to one half their annual income. Speaking softly, sick insurance was left out of the bill due to the antagonism of the organized doctors, fearful of "socialized medicine." And the reason why some nine or ten million farm laborers, domestics, teachers, governmental and institutional workers were excluded was due to a congressional fear that farmers and housewives would not take kindly to a tax, to say nothing of the administrative difficulties that would be involved.

(Chairman Winant recently expressed his personal opinion that the act would be amended to include groups not now eligible, such as farm and domestic workers.)

Dr. Altmeyer, called to the stand again, was asked about the compulsory features of the law. "They say you *force* the worker to save your way instead of letting him save his own way. Answer that one."

Making Saving Mandatory

"Easily. The fact is that a large proportion of the workers do not save. Fully one half of those over 65 today are dependent, and less than ten per cent of old people leave an estate worth probating. This is due not only to the pressure of present wants but also because the facilities that would enable a workman to purchase old-age insurance do not exist. It is true that private insurance companies write industrial life insurance sometimes referred to as burial insurance, but they do not write industrial old-age insurance."

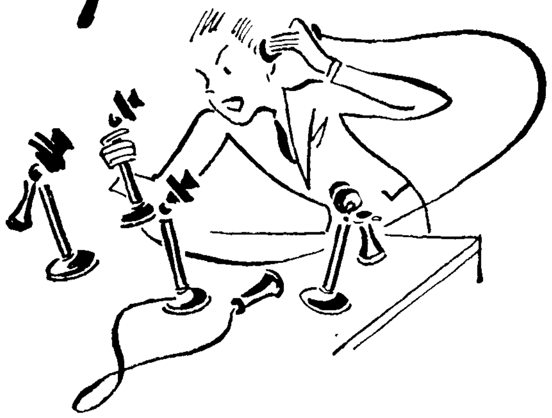
"All right, Doctor. Here's another: Take the case of Mr. A., who has contributed from 1 to 3 per cent of his pay check for a number of years. How long will he sit content with his benefits of $15 or $20 a month when Mr. B., a next-door neighbor who has never contributed anything, draws $30 or $40 a month

(Continued on page 56)

"I was afraid he was going to be a sissy, but he bit a man yesterday"

ELWIN HENRI

Cutting a figure Eight or working in the Office



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Now at last you can improve your appearance—and feel better, too. Your clothes will look better. For The Bracer is scientifically tailored for positive protection and perfect fit with complete and absolute comfort. Woven from two-way stretch lastex, with four stays (the stays can be removed if desired) at the top to prevent rolling and with a soft yarn, fly-front supporter at the bottom, The Bracer is the last word in comfort, convenience and fit. There are no annoying buttons or buckles to bother with.

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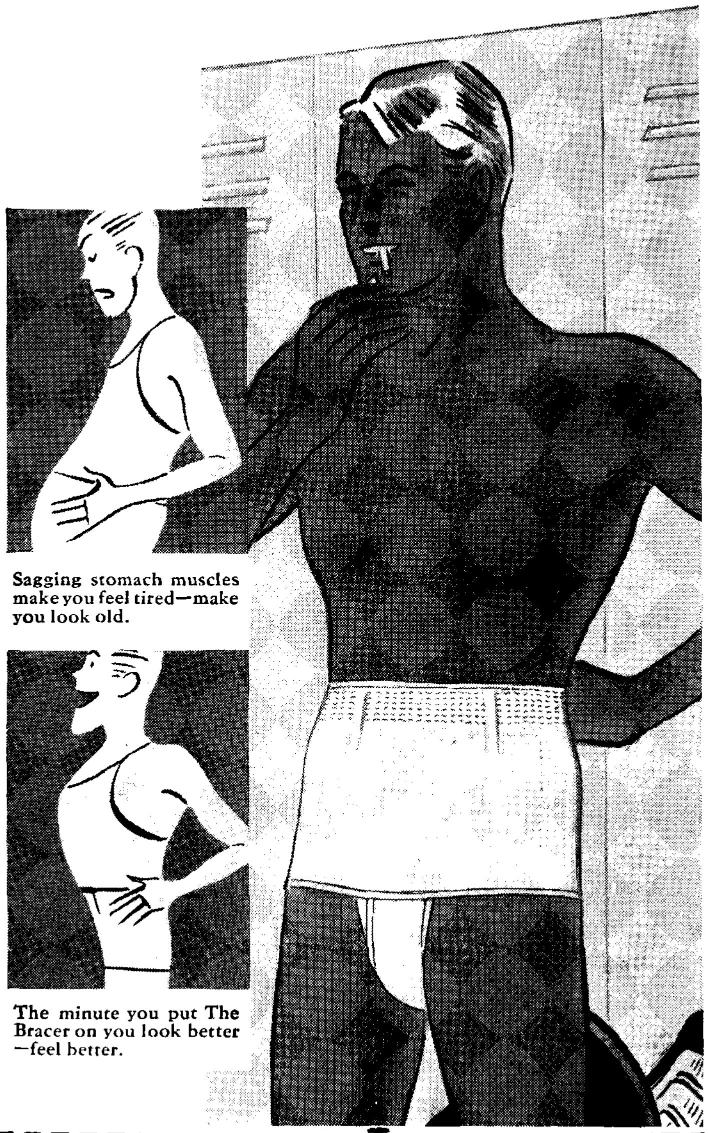
Try The Bracer without delay. Get several—have a clean one always. Feel younger—look younger—be younger—with The Bracer! The Bracer can be purchased at department stores, drug stores and men's apparel shops.



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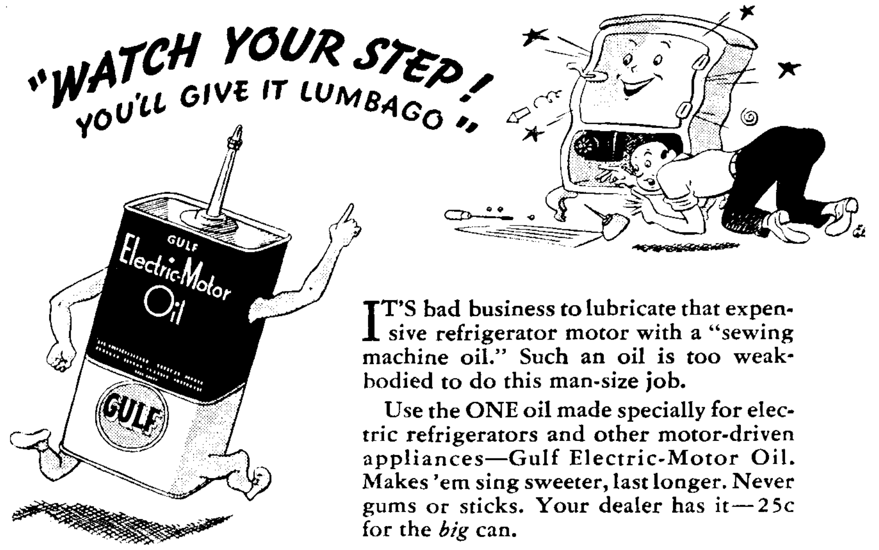
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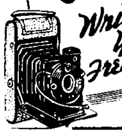

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WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums . . . like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting . . . only 10c . . . yet they give relief that is scientific, *thorough*. Contain no harsh alkalies . . . *cannot over-alkalize* your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released . . . remainder passing *un*-released from your system. For quick relief . . . Carry Tums. 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID . .
NOT A LAXATIVE

HANDY TO CARRY

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **Tums and NR.** Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. 2A-72 St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from page 54)

from a state old-age-assistance fund?"

"We have always supported our needy old in some form or other," commented Mr. Altmeyer. "The Mr. B's of the world have always been on the backs of the Mr. A's. Today, for the first time in America, Mr. A. is also going to get a check. The great difference is that Mr. B. is a recipient of public charity, and all that he has or can have is the dole granted him by the state. On the other hand, Mr. A. has his self-respect and independence, and his government check comes to him as a right, regardless of what other property or income he may have."

"A fine answer, Mr. Altmeyer, assuming that independence and self-respect are still prized. Let's go on now to the time element. Why wait until 1942 to start paying benefits? Five years seems a long while to be paying in without getting anything back, doesn't it?"

Yes, that was true. He admitted it freely. "But," he argued, "the only way to get a reserve fund is to build it up. And you can't build one up if you pay out as fast as it comes in. That's why the law established a five-year waiting period."

"If the law stands, how much will be accumulated by 1942?"

"About three and a half billions."

"And just how well is that money protected? During the campaign, as you may remember, it was charged that workers would have their pay docked for the purpose of building up a *phantom* reserve fund that any future Congress could spend when and how it pleased."

"Unemployment compensation funds," said Mr. Altmeyer, "if I may explain, belong to the states, and are deposited in the Treasury purely for the purposes of investment control. Congress cannot touch them, and nothing was more false than the charge that the funds of three states had gone already 'into the pot to pay current bills.' As of October 15th, Wisconsin, Oregon, New York, Mississippi, Indiana and the District of Columbia had remitted $37,652,444 to the Treasury, and every dollar is earmarked and held to their credit.

"It is true, however, that the law contains no mandatory trust fund provisions for old-age-benefits funds. The experts wanted one, but legislators pointed to Section 9 of the Constitution which states explicitly that 'no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law.'

"What has been done, and all that could be done, was to set up an Old-Age Reserve Account in the Treasury, and have Congress pledge its faith to maintain this account by periodic appropriations based on accepted actuarial principles. To argue that there will be a future default is to assume Congress' bad faith.

Legitimate Costs of Industry

"Our law," and he tapped a copy of the act with his pencil, "proceeds on the theory that unemployment and economic old-age compensation are legitimate costs of industry, and should, therefore, be borne by industry. However, since old-age security is really insurance which covers normal old age as well, it is only fair for the beneficiaries to meet part of the cost. Reserve funds were decided upon as the one means of making the law self-supporting."

"Quite so. If we are to have a self-sustaining reserve fund, benefit payments must wait until 1942. If we start benefit payments before that time, such a reserve fund is out."

"Let's put it this way," suggested Mr. Altmeyer. "If we begin benefit payments in 1937, certainly the federal government will eventually have to bear a portion of the cost out of general revenues. Future years are bound to see deficits, and these deficits will have to be made good out of the federal treasury. This means, when you get right down to it, that the whole body of taxpayers would join with employers and workers in meeting the costs of social insurance."

"Well, how about this point? In stating explicitly that the funds must be invested in interest-bearing obligations of the United States, the law provides that these obligations may be acquired (1) on original issues at par, or (2) by purchase of outstanding obligations at the market price. This means, if it means anything, that as the investment grew larger and larger, it would absorb all outstanding obligations."

"It might."

"Then what would happen to the banks, the insurance companies and other institutions who now have their reserves in government bonds?"

It Won't Be a Private Fight

"Wait a minute." At this juncture, Mr. Altmeyer lifted a warning hand. "Let's not forget that before the World War we had less than a billion dollars of government debt, and these institutions found places to invest their funds. The whole question of a reserve fund resolves itself very simply into two points of view. You can defer payment of benefits in order to build up a self-sustaining reserve. Or you can start benefits immediately, or lower the contribution rates, and meet deficits out of the general revenues. No reserve fund at all, or else a very partial one.

"When all is said and done," and Mr. Altmeyer rose gratefully to his feet, "the Social Security Act is only a new method of meeting an old cost. Taxpayers have always supported the aged, the unemployed and the orphaned by some method or other, and what the law attempts is simply a more equitable distribution of these costs by a better system of social accounting. Changes in the system are up to the people and to Congress."

And, it may be added, both the people and Congress are fully aware of it. The roads to Washington are thick with groups lugging amendments. The employers want to get out of bearing the whole burden of unemployment compensation; workers, encouraged by the campaign chatter about "wage docking," will ask to have employers bear the full cost of old-age insurance; a battle will be made for sick insurance, and the inclusion of agricultural labor, casual labor, domestics and teachers, and, greatest drive of all, there will be the effort to do away with the reserve-fund provisions, lowering worker and employer contributions, raising the rate of benefits, and having them start at once. Not being a private fight, anybody can get in and doubtless will.

No greater task has ever been attempted, for individual wage-record accounts for some 26,000,000 workers are being set up, and will be carried until death brings them to an end. Even so it is confidently expected that the average administrative cost will not be above 5 per cent, for at every point the board has striven for co-ordination and the highest possible utilization of existing agencies. Just as the post offices of the country handle the initial task of assigning account numbers, so will collectors of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department and the machinery of other government departments be used. As a consequence, the working force of the board itself will not exceed 10,000 people, an almost insignificant number when it is considered that one of the great insurance companies has 15,000 employees in New York City alone.

The Lucky Man

Continued from page 25

in charge of the loading and unloading, to see that no time was wasted, but Mr. Tremaine gathered he had a lady friend in Auckland, and each voyage they went together to the famous Rotorua hot springs up-country, or to one of the mountain resorts. This revelation caused the mate to consider that the captain had some human traits after all, but that idea was more or less dispelled when the captain left.

"I'll be back in three days," he stated loudly. "Be ready to sail at noon Thursday. That's our deadline."

"We've a lot of stuff to discharge and pick up, sir," said Mr. Tremaine.

"At noon Thursday," repeated the captain inexorably. "That's my schedule. If you can't keep it I'll get a mate who can."

He jumped into the waiting cab and disappeared, and the mate went back, cursing, to face a muttering crew and several independent gangs of stevedores who resented being driven. Different men, these New Zealanders, from the South American Latins. Yet even then Mr. Tremaine might have kept the schedule had not a water-front strike been suddenly declared. And after that he laughed and relaxed. Captain Bull returned to find the docks wrapped in ominous silence, and his crew having an impromptu concert on the foredeck. And he exploded.

At first he blamed his mates, then stormed ashore to consult with boss stevedores and his consul. And when he found that even he could obtain no results he cabled the head office suggesting he leave the rest of the unloaded cargo and go ahead. It took him a day to get an answer back from Mr. Strang, (it happened to be a holiday in the States), and then he pushed the Texas Star under forced draft for Sydney, Australia, trying to make up the time he had already lost. He had an uneasy, queer feeling that something had happened to his luck, for such a thing had never occurred before on any of his voyages. Other shipmasters got caught in strikes, or ran into other trouble, but not Captain Bull. It was incredible. But, incredible or not, the sea suddenly rained disasters upon him, as if presenting him in one brief trip with all the things he should have normally encountered through his sea life. And it very nearly drove him mad, his mania being what it was.

TWO days out of Auckland the Texas Star was forced to stop for engine repairs, and that took fifteen hours. Captain Bull's language and presence became so insulting that the long-suffering and usually meek chief engineer finally had to lock him out of the engine room. That trouble straightened, the Texas Star was forced to stand by a whole day beside a distressed British freighter on fire, until she signaled she had everything under control, and thanks.

"Thanks!" choked Captain Bull. "Damn him!" But he had not dared to refuse to stand by on request.

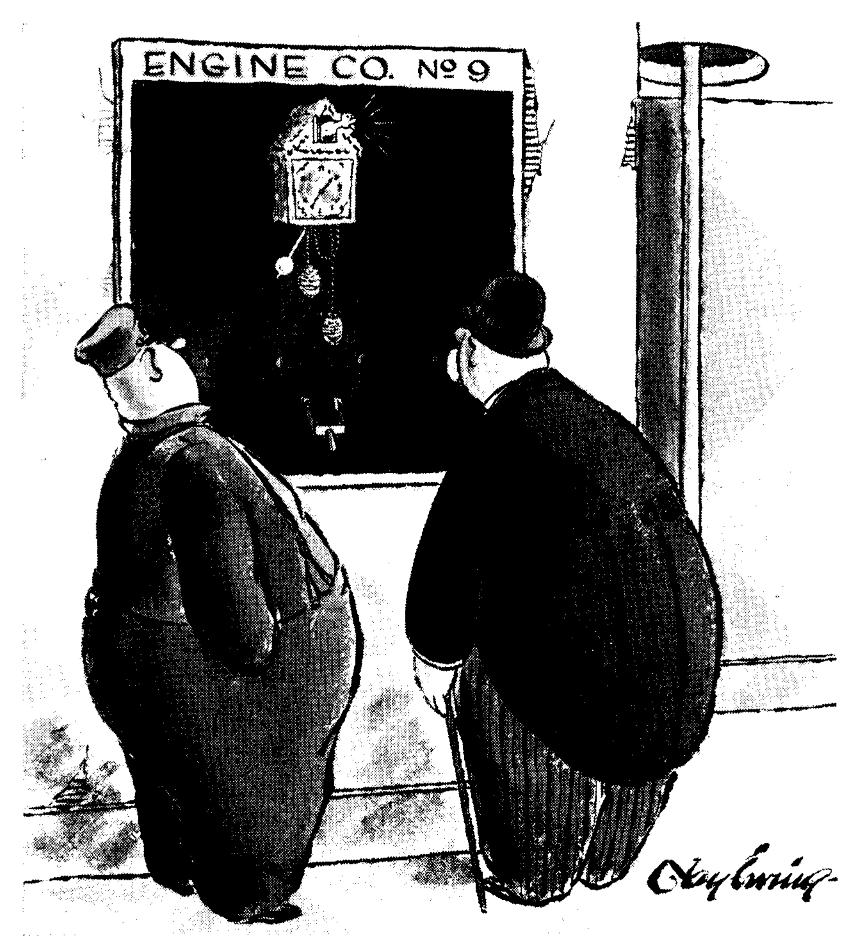
"I don't see the necessity for getting so angry about the matter," said Mr. Tremaine crisply. "After all, sir, what time we've lost is unavoidable. The line can't complain about that."

"What do you know about it!" exploded Captain Bull. "You blown-up windjammer man! This spoils my record. And what's more it's likely to lose me a job I've been working for for years."

"Job?" inquired the mate, puzzled. Captain Bull was so enraged he jerked a letter from his pocket and slammed it in the mate's hand.

"You think you're smart, mister! Read that. That's my reward for whipping the line into shape and making

(Continued on page 58)



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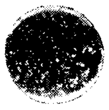
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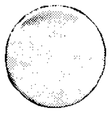
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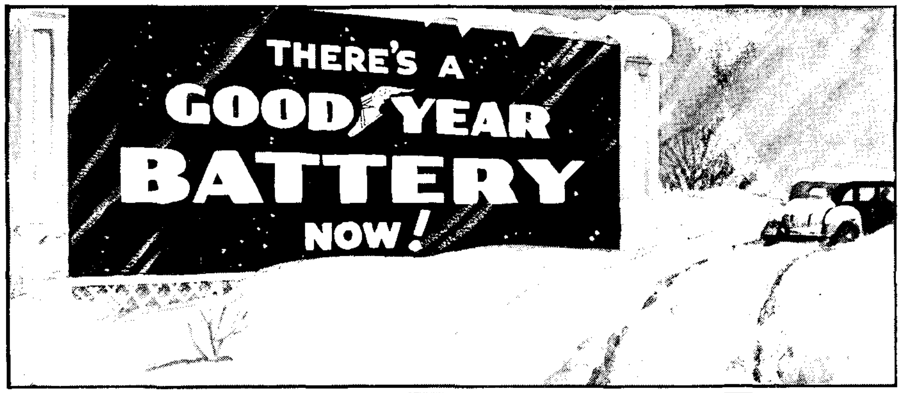

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(Continued from page 57)

time. Saving them hard cash. Looking after the company and to hell with the men. Opportunity. The biggest one I've ever had and everything goes wrong. By. . . ." And he swore at length.

Mr. Tremaine opened the letter and read curiously. It was from Mr. Strang, the general manager, and addressed to Auckland, where it had arrived by fast mail boat. It said in part: . . . "the results of our excellent work, I give you full credit, are bearing fruit, as I promised they would, which is gratifying for both of us. There will be a meeting of the directors in Portland, Oregon, the 14th of March, and it is imperative I present you then, not only as a minor stockholder but as the man who has worked so long to put the line in such an excellent financial condition. The way things stack up I expect to be elected executive vice-president and confidently expect you to be made general manager in my place. There is considerable sentiment in favor of young Ellers, the president's son, for this position, but I am sure that you can impress the board with a straightforward account of the further time cuts you have assured me you could put into effect if you had the full authority. Your record will bear *you out, but I repeat it is imperative* you attend the meeting, as I am having some opposition and wish you here as Exhibit A. I believe we understand each other. Once you and Marian are married we will get to work on the main issue, and probably control the entire line in a few years. . . ."

Captain Bull suddenly came to his senses and snatched the letter away.

"That's confidential," he blazed, "and you'll keep it so. But you can see what I stand to lose if I'm not there by the 14th."

"You've had a pretty fair run of luck," the mate suggested. "A good many years now. You can't expect it to last forever. But it probably will."

"Luck nothing!" roared Captain Bull. "It took brains to get this far." He waved the letter. "Opportunity. A man has to know when to grasp at it. Do you think I'm a fool?"

Mr. Tremaine did not answer that. And Captain Bull stamped into his cabin for a drink. Self-assurance was cracking badly now that bad luck had come to him.

HE TOOK a good many drinks in the next few weeks. Unavoidable delays, minor accidents and maddening interruptions to her voyage dogged the Texas Star.

She reached Sydney on a Friday night and lay idle and unworked all through Saturday, Sunday and a Monday that happened to be a national holiday. Captain Bull remained in his cabin and drank to deaden his fury. Coming out of Melbourne a week or so later the pilot misjudged the speed and distance of a government dredge crossing his bow, with resultant damage that cost Captain Bull another two days for repairs and, in addition, a brief inquiry. Leaving Hobart a short time after, the Texas Star ran into a furious gale through which Captain Bull hammered at full speed until the chief engineer, after consulting Mr. Tremaine and on his own initiative, and in spite of the captain's orders, dropped to half-speed before the propellers raced themselves clean off in the mad soarings of the stern out of the water.

Yet with all this, and despite the consequent delay of some eleven days, when they finally sighted the Oregon coast the Texas Star was still due to dock at Portland on the 12th of March, two days before the meeting where Captain Bull expected to register his crowning triumph. Mr. Tremaine shook his head in sheer wonder.

"It's luck all right," he told himself. "He'll be able to explain all the delays . . . and they were sound enough at that. And he'll still be on hand to land his fat shore berth. He must carry a dozen rabbits' feet."

If Captain Bull did they certainly let him down at the very last. When the Texas Star came up to the Columbia River a thick mist was over all things, and warnings were out to all deep-water traffic.

"You're not going to try it?" said Mr. Tremaine.

"We go in," said Captain Bull, and the reek of whisky made the statement partly reasonable. Mr. Tremaine caught his arm. They were on the bridge together and alone in the wind, surrounded and hidden by the white mist.

"Maybe you've forgotten, sir," said the first mate grimly. "We had a wireless only two hours ago that the Idaho tried it and went ashore on Peacock Spit. All hands lost. The bar's tricky in this swell, even in clear weather."

"WHAT do you know about the bar?" sneered Captain Bull. "You're green on this coast. I've got my license."

"The Idaho, sir," said the mate patiently. "I suppose her master held a pilot's license, too."

"Banning was always a fool," snarled Captain Bull. "Do as I say."

"According to the radio there were thirty-four men lost in that wreck, only twelve hours ago," Mr. Tremaine persisted. "We've more than that and passengers as well."

"Are you arguing with me? We go in. Get down where you belong."

Mr. Tremaine was a little gray. He had come to the end of his patience and he knew that Captain Bull was drunk. In an hour or so it would be dark, the worst time of all to navigate the Columbia bar, and there had been many fine ships and men lost upon it.

"We can't chance it, sir," he insisted.

"Are you refusing duty?" choked the captain.

"No, sir!"

"Then we go in. I know the channel. Keep the bridge till I get my oilskins. And put those men in the chains." He turned and dropped down the companionway to his room on the lower bridge. The second mate came close, looked at Mr. Tremaine through the mist.

"Is he going to chance it, sir?"

Mr. Tremaine thought of many things. The traditions of the sea and the discipline of the sea. Both had been ingrained in him through many bitter years. And he thought of the future, and what a master could do to wreck a mate's career. And he thought of the passengers, men, women and children, who were below decks. More than all, he thought of those sailors who had just died trying to take the Idaho in, and he remembered that whatever else he was, he was a sailor, too. He rubbed his jaw and decided.

"No," he told the second mate calmly. "He isn't going to chance it." And he went down to the lower bridge.

He surprised Captain Bull in the act of tilting a half-filled whisky bottle.

"Why don't you knock? What the devil do you want?" he boomed wrathfully.

Mr. Tremaine closed the cabin door behind him.

"My opinion is, sir, we should lie off until the weather clears. You're lucky . . . but to try the channel now. . . ."

"You'll mind your own damned business!" Captain Bull blazed. "I've told you that before. And you can pack up and get ashore as soon as we're docked. I'm master of this ship."

"You were," said Mr. Tremaine gently, and swung from the hip. Captain Bull dropped like a poleaxed steer, and his first mate bent over him.

"Well, it's mutiny, and I might as well go the whole hog," he muttered. And he bound Captain Bull hand and foot, and gagged him. That done, he went back on the bridge.

"Captain Bull has been taken very sick," he told the second mate. "I'm attending to him. Tell the steward not to bother with his room. Understand? I want no one on the lower bridge."

The second mate's weak jaw dropped and his watery eyes blinked. Yet understanding came to him at last.

"But you," he whispered nervously. "You, sir. . . ."

"I've finally discovered I'm a sailor, that's all," said Mr. Tremaine. "I was beginning to think I was a machine. And anyway I don't want to join the Idaho's men on Peacock Spit. . . . Take the port wing, mister, and watch. There must be half a dozen ships wandering around in this. We'll just stick around and wait."

FOUR days later, as the Texas Star tied up alongside the dock at Portland, Captain Bull, released before the ship entered the river, and grimly sober and silent ever since, called his first mate on the bridge.

"You can pack," he said. "And get out of here. And if I have anything to do with it you're blacklisted on all lines. You're lucky I don't have you jailed."

"It's a relief," said Mr. Tremaine through tight lips, "not to have to sail under a swine like you."

That was all and he turned to go, but a slim, good-looking young man came up the bridge companion and smilingly introduced himself.

"I don't think you've met me, Captain Bull. I'm Arthur Ellers. My father is the line's president, as you know. I'm the new executive vice-president."

"Eh?" said Captain Bull weakly. "The new . . . where's Mr. Strang?"

"Out," said Mr. Ellers crisply. "His methods did not meet with entire approval. In fact he made us more enemies than friends. We've abolished the post of general manager. I handle his duties from now on. And by the way, Captain, it's lucky you didn't try to run the bar during that thick weather."

"Not try to run the bar?" choked Captain Bull, somewhat dazed. "But I thought my schedule. . . ."

"I know," the executive vice-president hastened to add. "I know how you feel, Captain. But we've had a lot of trouble about you lately. Your leaving Gray's Harbor, for instance, before the pilot said it was safe. They complained. The underwriters looked up your record and we've had a serious warning. If you'd tried to make the river in spite of the fog . . . and after the Idaho was lost . . . we'd have been just out of luck for any more insurance, and you for any sort of a job. As it is we're all glad to know that you do have sound judgment of when and when not to take a risk. You've been selected as our new port captain, for we'd like the benefit of your ideas, though I'm afraid we can't ride things as hard as we've been doing. New times, you know."

"I . . . I . . . why indeed, sir," said Captain Bull with quick heartiness. "You certainly must understand I would take no unnecessary chances."

Mr. Tremaine swallowed hard and rubbed his jaw, and then he had an idea. Opportunity, he remembered. A man must grasp at opportunity. And Captain Bull had been saved by being confined to his cabin during all the period of danger.

"I think, Mr. Ellers," he said politely, "that Captain Bull will recommend me for command of the Texas Star, since he is taking over as port captain."

The young executive vice-president turned and looked surprised.

"But you've only been with us one voyage," he started. And then Captain Bull looked at Mr. Tremaine's eyes and understood.

"No, no, sir," he protested warmly. "That isn't entirely the point. If I'm to be the port captain I will recommend Mr. Tremaine wholeheartedly for the command. In fact, sir, I insist upon it."

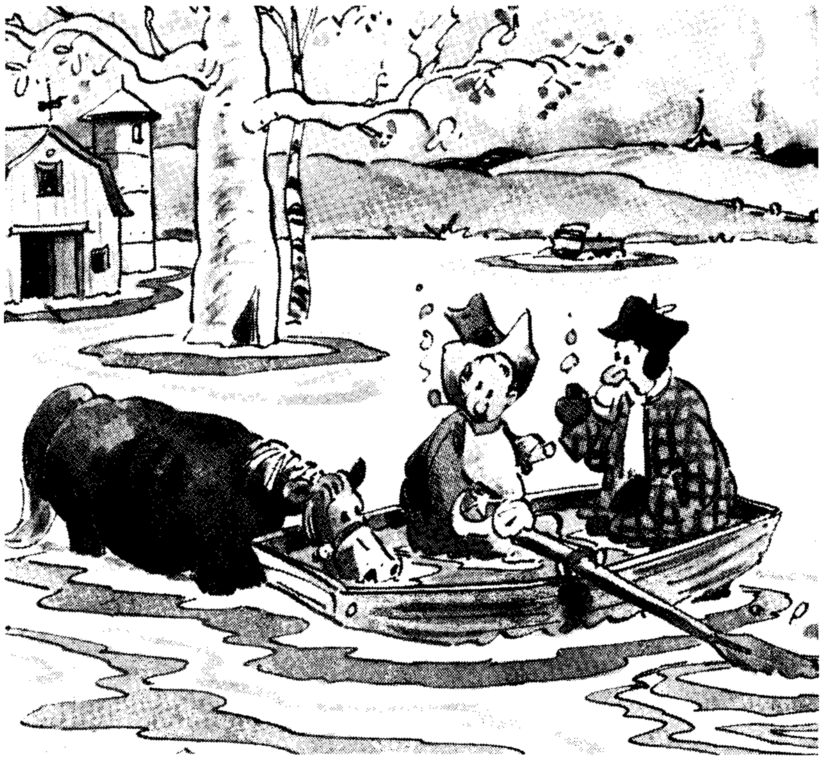
"It's your job," agreed Mr. Ellers, and shrugged. "But I trust Mr. Tremaine understands we are not taking any more chances and . . . er . . . getting into more trouble with the unions."

Mr. Tremaine smiled.

"I think, sir," he said, "I understand perfectly. Opportunity. A man must grasp at opportunity. And it's a good idea to be lucky, too."

"Meaning what?" the young executive demanded.

"I think," murmured Mr. Tremaine, "Captain Bull can tell you. . . . And when do I take over?"



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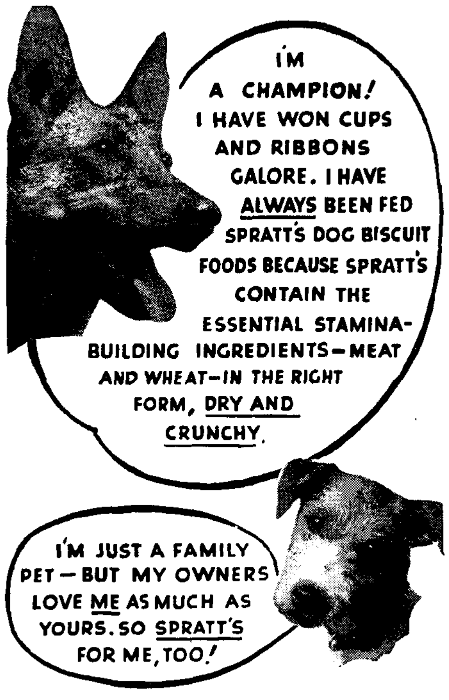
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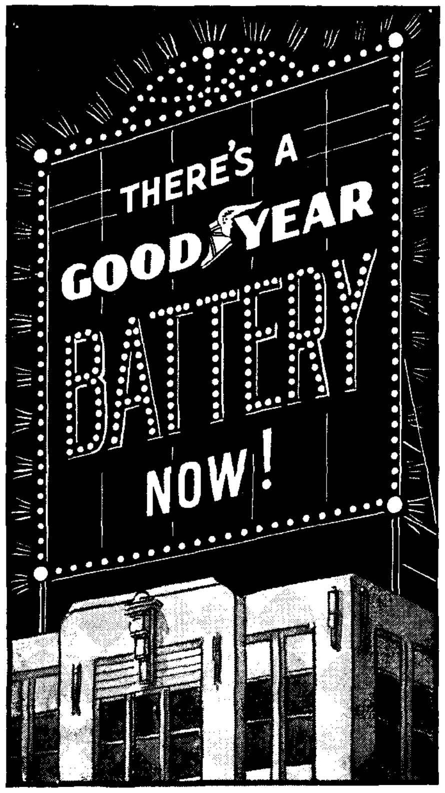

THERE'S A GOODYEAR BATTERY NOW!

Down to Earth

Continued from page 16

Then, before the watchers could move, he was on his feet, staggering a little. To their astonishment he got himself back to the edge of the trail, pointed his skis downhill and was off. He disappeared, picking up speed with every yard.

The Austrian let out his breath in a long sigh:

"*Aber—aber*," he stammered, "it is magnificent—but it is not skiing."

There are many Americans who agree with him. We still have something to learn from the way they go about it in the Alps and in Scandinavia.

To begin with, they've been at it longer than we. You see plenty of children on skis over there who could walk under a subway turnstile. They've learned it from their parents, who probably learned it from their parents. Almost nobody has to teach himself or learn it from a book or from someone who knows no more about it than himself.

Also they have plenty of competent professional instruction. There are ski schools from one end of the Alps to the other.

Everywhere these same fundamentals are taught: Don't run steep slopes until you have really learned how to ski. Never go so fast that you can't turn or stop where you want. The ability to make the turns right is more important than speed. And, above all, *never ski out of control.*

So much for Europe.

Skiing took hold of America suddenly and overwhelmingly. There were only a handful of skiers—then, in no time at all, there were thousands and scores of thousands. And, the American temperament being what it is, most of them wanted to go fast, as fast as possible, right away. Prosperity came to the bonesetters.

Too Many Avoidable Accidents

Then came the deluge. Last winter 24,000 were on the Sunday snow trains out of Boston alone. New York went ski crazy. Before a flake of snow had fallen department stores had set up indoor slides where debutantes and stenographers, bankers and drug clerks coasted solemnly down from misses' dresses to dolls and tea sets, to the edification of the shopping public.

In January and February the Grand Central terminal in New York, any morning around sunrise, was full of people with skis over their shoulders, on their way to wherever there was snow or rumors of snow. The week-end crowds came from as far as Baltimore and Washington and from the Middle West. On New England slopes skiers were almost as thick as sugar maples.

The Pacific Coast had its share of the boom. On clear Sundays there would be two thousand skiers on the slopes of Mt. Rainier. And in the Yosemite, a thousand miles to the south, the movie stars were paying five dollars an hour to learn their stem turns from an enterprising Austrian.

So skiing has definitely arrived.

What has happened to these new skiers, the ones who have learned in the last year or two? Well, here's the case of one beginner that I happen to know about.

He lives in New York and began to ski the winter before last when the metropolis first woke up to the sport. Some friends took him to Connecticut on the first of the snow trains. He watched only a little while, then decided that skiing was what he had been waiting for all his life. After that he didn't miss a week end as long as snow was on the ground.

He had to teach himself, with some help from a ski manual and through watching others. At that time there simply weren't enough competent instructors to go around. He spent his time on easy, open slopes, practicing the turns. He fell down aplenty, got jarred, but didn't hurt himself a bit. After a while he'd learned something, although not as much as he thought he had.

After a half-day of practice he got himself one morning to the top of the trail and turned his skis downhill. At that point he had a qualm. Was it possible that the angle of that slope could be only twenty degrees? It looked like the side of a skyscraper.

Then he got hold of himself. Mustn't be yellow. Even the experts feel this way before a race—Durrance and Livermore and the rest. You'll never learn to ski without doing things you're scared of.

He heaved on his poles. He was off.

Well—he got down safe. That is, he only fell two or three times and then in soft snow. He didn't quite remember afterward how he had gotten around the turns, but he couldn't have hit anything.

So he did run the trail again and made better time than before. The practice slopes saw him no more. Why should he grind away at stem Christies and Telemarks when he could have all the sensations of the god Mercury soaring down from Olympus?

Then, one day when he was trudging up the trail, he failed to notice a slight change that had taken place on part of the surface. Why should he? Nobody had taught him the study of snow conditions; how, for example, the wind can change the surface overnight. Here, just above a sharp curve, the soft powder of yesterday had given place to a patch of wind crust, hard and unbreakable. He went on by.

Half an hour later he's coming downhill, reaching for all the speed the slope will give him. He realizes that he's running a little too fast, perhaps he's just a shade off balance. But he made this turn safely enough yesterday.

His ski hits the patch of crust. He shoots forward. With swinging arms he makes a desperate effort to regain balance, to go into the turn. No good. He's down. He goes catapulting into the trees as if he'd been thrown out of a racing car.

Luck was with him, I'm glad to say. A broken arm was all that it cost him.

The record of skiing last year had too many such accidents—most of them avoidable. The Amateur Ski Club of New York, one of the leading organizations in the East, has decided to do something about it. A committee has spent months in studying the causes of accidents, analyzing 150 crack-ups. Three out of four happen because the runner is out of control, skiing fast before he has learned enough. The committee hopes to persuade people that it's more fun to ski right than to ski fast.

You don't have to be an expert to get fun out of skiing. It's worth learning even if you never go beyond the dub class. There are thousands who don't aspire to the Nose Dives, the Thunderbolts and the rest of the breakneck runs.

Skiing Across the Atlantic

The top flight of American skiers is coming closer to the best that Europe can show. In the downhill race of last year's Olympics Durrance was eleventh in a field of more than a hundred that included the best in the world, and the rest of the team was well up. It will be interesting to see what they do this year at Chamonix in the F. I. S., the world's championship of skiing.

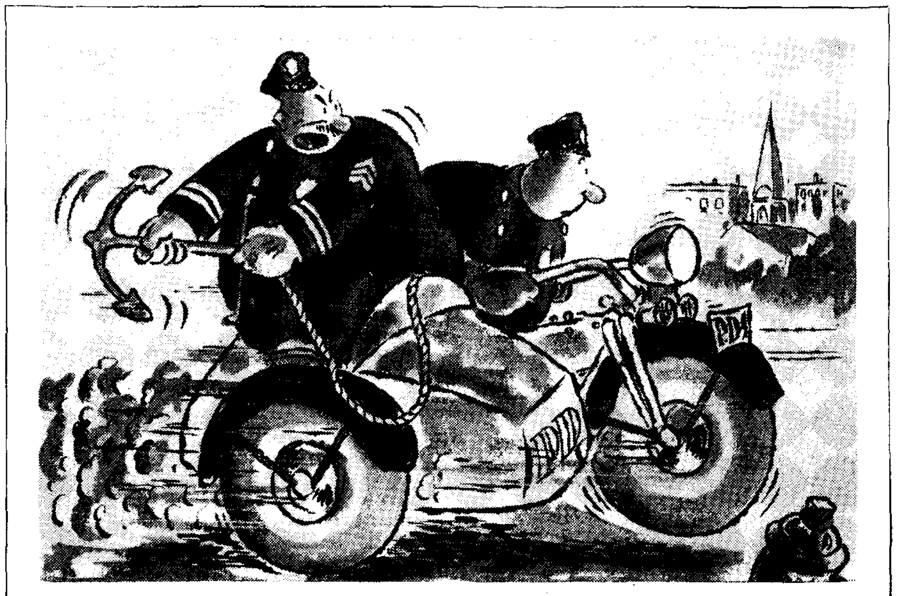
It's worth noting that our best downhill racers are the ones who believe most in skiing under control. First-class competition here has now gone beyond pointing the skis downhill and taking a chance.

There is skiing this year in every section where there's any snow. In New England there are many new trails, for novices as well as experts. Snow trains to the Adirondacks run from as far west as Detroit. Chicago skiers who want downhill running are hauled up into northern Michigan.

There isn't space to tell of the new developments in skiing west of the Rockies. They say that this year the skiers out there will be numbered in the hundred thousands, going in a few hours from blooming roses to ski slopes where the snow lies ten feet deep and the runs rival those of the Alps.

And for those who won't be satisfied with snow trains there is a snow boat—a cruise for skiers, headed for St. Moritz. There are instructors on board and a slide built on the deck on which the enthusiast can ski all the way across the Atlantic.

So it looks like lots of fun this winter—but remember that it's worth the grind and trouble of really learning how.



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Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

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Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They take preparations of all kinds which are good for all sorts of ailments besides colds and only incidentally good for colds. They use externals of all kinds which are really little more than surface treatments. They take "grandmother remedies" of various kinds which have no scientific basis in fact.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for *a cold treatment.* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets!* They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

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Advertisement

Hunting of the Snack

Continued from page 28

vinegar and virgin olive oil into the other half and mix his own French dressing with salt and freshly ground black pepper in the natural bowl of the thick-skinned pear. The third way is to squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and sift on plenty of sugar, spoon out the pear pulp, mix everything together and —yum-yum!

If you dote on Gorgonzola cheese, as we do, because it tastes like bananas, you can double that fine flavor by consuming it in this wise: just peel a freckled banana (the freckles are sugar spots brought out in ripening), split it lengthwise and balance a mellow bit of Gorgonzola on each bite of the fruit.

If you crave just a sandwich, here's a honey! Cut a crisp roll in half, scoop out the soft bready part and you have two crusty shells to butter and fill. Crumple up a thin slice of boiled ham in one palm and a wisp or two of dried beef in the other; cram the beef into one shell, the ham in the other, and slap them together.

Brillat-Savarin made his robust reputation on this single cheese snack. So why not you? For each and every snacker take a brace of eggs, a cube of genuine Swiss Gruyère about the size of an alphabet block and a gouge of butter no bigger than a golf ball. Whip the eggs in a flattish pan and then pop in the butter and cheese, which must first be grated or anyway hacked to pieces. Next, in the faultless words of the master: "Place the pan on a clear fire, and stir with a wooden spoon till the mixture is tolerably thick and soft; put in a little or no salt, according to the age of the cheese, and a good deal of pepper, which is one of the special attributes of this ancient dish. Let it be placed on the table in a hot dish, and if some of the best wines be produced, and the bottle passed pretty freely, a marvelous effect will be beheld."

Take an Egg

Something else that no refrigerator is happy without is plenty of plain hard-boiled eggs. They combine idyllically with anchovies, pickles, caviar, almost anything, and give just that needed substance. In the case of caviar, slit the egg lengthwise, spoon out most of the center of the yolk, but leave a rim of yellow around the hole in which you heap the fish eggs. And these don't have to be the pedigreed Romanoff kind, for many people prefer the big red eggs of salmon, and they're much cheaper. In Russia, where they know their caviar, this red variety is merely rolled out on plain slices of brown bread and butter.

In the matter of snacks our family is as divided as the Jack Sprats. The wife half insists that dunking hearth bread in a hearty tumbler of red wine, in the European tradition, is best, while the Jack half maintains that it isn't really sissy to sup on bread and milk. Though not the plain garden variety. Better call it Creamed Cruller *Mélange*, for it's half milk and half cream with not only milk and oyster crackers crumbled in, but soft white bread for sopping contrast, with half a cruller, in pinches; one lemon snap, crushed; a vanilla wafer, crunched; the dust of two graham crackers, sprinkled in, and just a trace of ginger snap.

But we both go for any cold oatmeal left over in the refrigerator, and when there's cold corn-meal mush to fry in bacon dripping we lick the platter clean. This takes only a jiffy and somehow suggests the corn pone that perfumes a Southern chicken dinner.

In Brazil we came face to face with the snack of snacks, invented by a tropical trader who knew his kegs of kippers and of rum. He called it Kippered Herring Thrown to the Flames, and it was such a manly stayer that when he used to barbecue it right in his hotel room at the Copacabana Palace all the girls within sniffing distance would drop their manicuring and stroll in for a bite. Making this virile specialty is as easy as priming a blowtorch. All you have to do is drop a pair of freshly imported kippers into a metal dish and grind plenty of pepper on. Then pour rum over all, until the fish are actually swimming again. Light the rum, blow out the match and baste like the devil until the kippers are done to a turn, just as the last blue flame licks out.

Another virile member of the clan is Bacon Sautéed in Butter with Whatsoever Giblets You Have at Hand. If you haven't tasted thick slices of bacon fried in some other animal's butter instead of being cremated to a cinder in its own, you're not such a hardy hunter of snacks. The butter gives the true hickory- or beechnut-smoke flavor a break by sealing it in instead of dissipating it all over the pan. The combination makes a perfect sizzling medium, too, for browning kidneys, lamb fries, brains, but best of all—chicken, turkey, duck, goose, "or whatever livers you have by you," as the olden cookbooks say. Serve them to yourself piping hot, with the zest of cayenne and some of the pan-drippings to butter the toast.

From Rocky Shell to You

Once we bought a whole terrine of Strassburg *pâté de foie gras* at the Vienna Food Fair and for two days lived happily on that and nothing else, except loaves of *schwartzbrod* and quarts and quarts of *Gewurtztraminer '29*. It's as celestial a diet as champagne and ladyfingers.

Some night when you trundle home later than usual remember to lug along a dozen oversized oysters right in their rocky shells. This will prepare you against the shock of finding naught but a cold potato in the refrigerator; and the cold potato is Snack Enemy No. 1, unless it's spiced up with onion and dressing in a salad. You don't even have to open the bivalves. Just wash 'em well behind the ears, lay 'em lovingly in a big pan to catch the drip, and pop 'em into a blistering oven. If you want to make sure they'll keep piping hot until the last one is eaten, do the way Antoine does in New Orleans with his famous "Oysters Rockefeller" that got their name when a guest exclaimed, "They're as rich as Rockefeller." The trick is to cover the bottom of the roasting pan with rock salt which holds its heat forever, and doesn't make the bivalves themselves taste salty. As soon as the oyster shells yap open a crack to announce that everything's over and done to a turn, you put the pan a-sizzle on anything handy that's heatproof, inhale three or four invigorating whiffs of the salt-steamy clouds the cooked meats send up, then sit you down and open them one by one, butter and pepper each luscious gob lavishly and, with knife and fork, follow the lusty example of the walrus and the carpenter.

When you've set your heart on mushrooms, gather an apronful, cut off the stems, skin them and grill them upside down, with melted butter poured into each greedy little umbrella. Salt and pepper them at the last second and eat them with fingers, in spite of etiquette books, to the stirring tune of a poppy-seed roll.

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

AT FORTY, Peter Harris falls in love with Gail Williams, noted girl flyer, who is little more than half his age. But Peter has a wife, Hildreth. Peter tells the whole story to Hildreth, who, terribly shocked, promises to secure a Reno divorce, *after* their daughter (married and living in Chicago) has given birth to a baby she is expecting.

Meanwhile, another man—young Bill Jones, a radio expert who is working on a mechanism which, perfected, may revolutionize aviation—has fallen in love with Gail. He implores Gail to marry him. Gail makes it quite clear that she intends to marry Peter Harris. And Bill disappears.

With the birth of Dolly's baby, Peter Harris becomes irritable, lacking in self-control. And gradually it dawns on Gail that she has never really loved the middle-aged Peter Harris—that she had merely been in the grip of a temporary infatuation.

Gail finds Bill Jones in a hospital and tells him she no longer loves Peter.

Peter goes to South America, where he learns that his plans for establishing a great air line there have failed and, drinking heavily, he refuses to return to New York.

Gail, certain now that Peter *is in love with his wife* and that he needs her, calls on Hildreth, begs her to go to Rio. And a few moments later Hildreth has booked passage, by airplane, for South America!

He asked, "Things come out all right?" "Everything," she replied

Conclusion

GAIL lunched alone. There were a dozen people she might have seen. But she went instead to the quiet restaurant to which Peter had sometimes taken her.

Her luncheon came, the waiter lingered.

"We haven't seen you lately, Miss."

She roused herself from the light melancholy which was all her surroundings brought her, smiled and said, "No—I've been out of town."

"Mr. Harris," said the elderly man, "hasn't been here either."

"He's in South America," Gail said.

When he had gone she ate, without appetite. Her head felt constricted under the hat; the cool printed silk suit seemed as heavy as wool. She thought, looking at her watch, I can catch the train to Chicago.

There were planes; but she would not fly. She thought, A train's better, I can read, perhaps I'll sleep.

She had failed with Hildreth. The entire trip had been a fantasy of error. What a fool Hildreth must think her, how young, how incredibly crass, how self-confident!

After luncheon she went to a telephone booth in the lounge, called her hotel and asked the head porter to book a single stateroom on the train. Then she telephoned Mrs. Wayne's apartment and did not know whether she was pleased or sorry to find her godmother at home.

She taxied the few blocks to the Park Avenue address. The apartment was cool and remote in its summer shrouding, pale linen covers over the furniture, Venetian blinds drawn, the light coming through them green and filtered, like the light of the sea depths seen in a bathysphere. Even the lamp shades were subdued and neat in casings of argentine cloth, and the many paintings and etchings were dim and strange behind netting.

HER godmother said, irascibly, "This heat . . . I'm leaving for Bar Harbor tomorrow."

"Not Newport?"

"Later. You look very well. I had your letter. It wasn't nice of you, Gail, to run off West without saying goodby."

"I'm sorry, Marda," Gail said, using her old pet name for the older woman, "but I decided so suddenly."

"Humph!" Mrs. Wayne regarded her godchild with sharp black eyes. She asked, "How are things?"

"All right. I'm up at the lake camp with Ellen. Father comes week ends. It's been very pleasant."

"How's — what's his name? — that young spriggins of a radio announcer?"

"Marda, he isn't an announcer," said Gail, laughing.

"Well, whatever he is."

"He had an accident," reported Gail, leaning against cool linen and lighting a cigarette, "walked into a truck, broke his leg. The leg's not all it should be yet . . . but he's better."

Mrs. Wayne said crossly, "Why don't people learn to wait for the lights? What can you do with the minute you save . . . if you do save it?" she demanded. But it was purely rhetorical, no reply was required. She asked, "Where is he now?"

"He's staying with us," Gail told her, "at camp."

Mrs. Wayne beamed. She said, "That's sensible of you, Gail." She added, carelessly, "I saw an item in the paper . . . the Harrises are divorced."

"Yes," said Gail.

"Well?"

Gail looked at her godmother a moment. Then she shook her head slightly. She said, "Perfectly."

"Don't," ordered Mrs. Wayne, "be smart with me." She sighed. She was tightly corseted and her high round breast rose and fell. She said sharply, "I take it you've found out that you were a fool. Oh, don't answer! You've never admitted anything; I don't expect you ever will. Where is Peter Harris?"

"In South America." Gail wondered if for the rest of her life she would have to go on telling people that Peter was in South America. "And Dolly," she added, "is in China. Or on her way there. Her mother's going out to join her there."

"Why," asked Mrs. Wayne, "did you come to town?"

"Oh," Gail answered, opening her eyes wide, "to see you."

"Liar!" said Mrs. Wayne.

When Gail reached her hotel there was a message in her box. Mr. Downing had telephoned. It was urgent. Would she try to reach him?

In her room she called the plant. They told her in Gerry's office that he had just left for the city. No, they did not expect him back that day. Would she care for his house telephone number? Gail wrote it down and then shrugged her shoulders. By the time Gerry reached town and his apartment—providing he was going to his apartment—she would be on the train.

Presently she repacked her bag, sent it downstairs, paid her bill, bought magazines and newspapers at the newsstand. She'd drug herself by reading. She thought, I've made a monumental fool of myself. I should be put in a glass case and exhibited as A Warning.

When she reached Grand Central and the track, it lacked half an hour to train time. But the train was made up. She could go aboard.

Someone touched her arm as she spoke to her porter. She turned. It was Gerry Downing.

He said, "They told me at your hotel when I called that you were leaving on this train. I came right to town . . . I didn't want to risk missing your phone call—if you did phone. So I thought I'd see you instead."

She suggested, "Suppose we go on board."

The porter took them to the stateroom, Gerry tipped him, he departed . . . Gail tossed her hat on the seat, sat down, motioned Gerry to sit opposite her. Before he could speak she said:

"I suppose you want to hear . . . I saw her, Gerry. I said everything I had to say, and more. She wouldn't listen. She's going to China."

"No, she isn't," Gerry contradicted. "That's what I came to town for. She's going to join Peter. She's flying. She called me . . . before luncheon . . . and asked me to get her reservations."

GAIL'S lips quivered so she could not speak. Her eyes shone with excitement. She asked, "Is that really true, Gerry?"

He nodded. He said, "I—wanted to thank you. She'll want to, some day."

He rose and looked down at Gail. He said, "I'll be going."

A few moments later, shut in a telephone booth, he called Evelyn Jennings. When he reached her, "This is Gerry," he said. "I drove to town . . . and it's too hot to stay here."

She said, "Drive down again, Gerry. We'll have a late dinner on the terrace. Stay over. No one's here but Aunt Emily. Tomorrow's Friday. Make it a long week end."

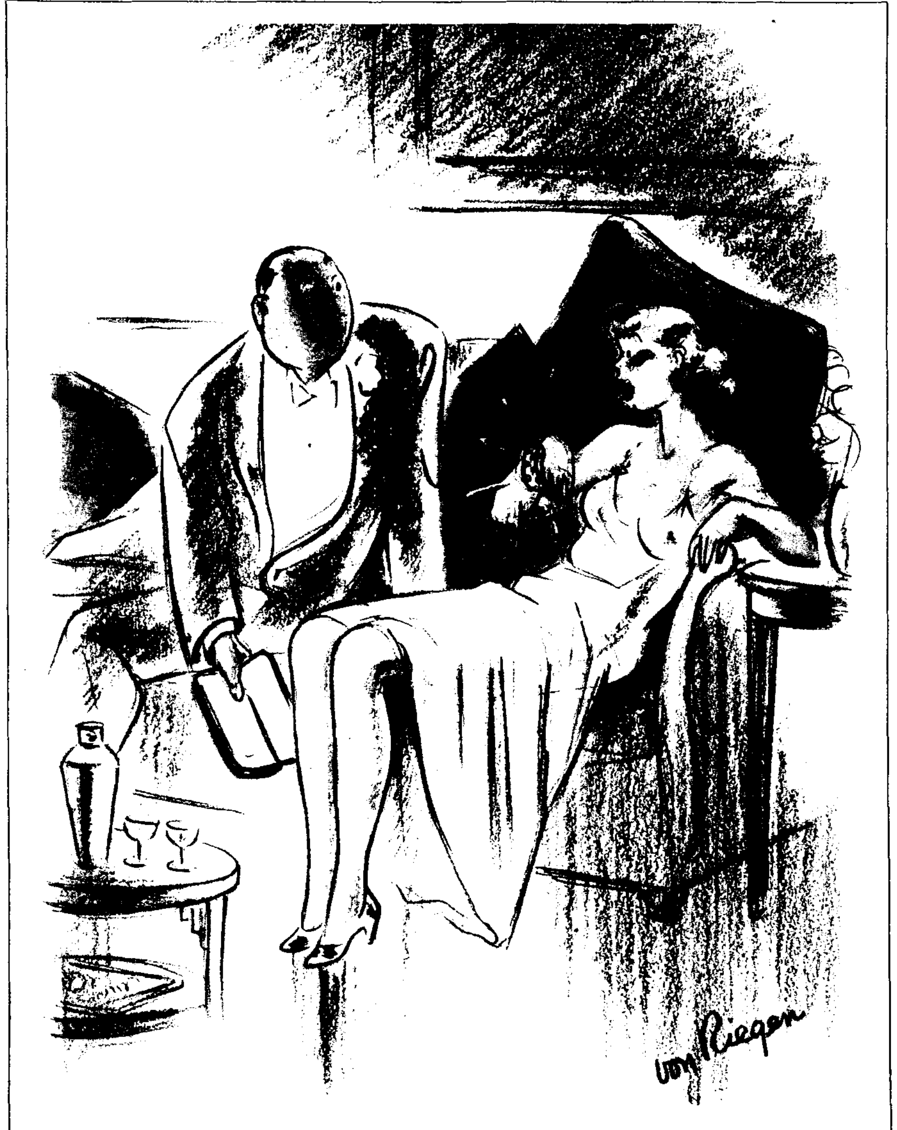
"All right," he said, "I'll stop by the flat and pick up a bag. See you later."

Evelyn's place was spacious, running to twelve or fourteen acres. There were shade trees and a fine formal garden, a stone terrace, with bright awnings. There'd be long, cold drinks, and stars over the water, and a cool wind blowing through his bedroom as he slept. Evelyn was all right. Money hadn't spoiled her and if widowhood disturbed her she didn't let everyone know it, even after a couple of drinks. She could have married again, ten times over. Without vanity Gerry knew why she had not. Driving to his apartment through the muggy streets, the traffic cops sweating in their blue shirts and everyone driving a little wildly because of the heat, he thought, Well, why not?

He had been content with so little, from Hildreth. Lacking even that, he would not be content. He was fond of Evelyn; they were good friends; she would make no very great demands on him. He thought, with humility, What she sees in an old crock like me—

A little later he came out of his apartment, threw his single piece of luggage into the rumble seat, got in the car, meshed his gears and started back over the Fifty-ninth Street bridge, to Long Island.

ARRIVING in Chicago on Friday morning, Gail taxied to her father's office, from the high windows of which there was a sweeping view of the lake.



"I suppose you should get a kiss for this, Mr. Gilmore"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

She waited for him there, walking about the big, heavily masculine room with the photographs jostling one another on the walls, the comfortable, rather shabby furniture, the great desk which no secretarial activity could keep in order.

He came in, slamming doors. He had always been a door slammer. He exclaimed when he saw her, demanded, "Why don't you wire . . . ?"

She walked over to the windows.

"Peter's wife," she said, over her shoulder, "is joining him in South America."

Her father grunted . . . "His ex-wife, you mean." He inquired, "Reconciliation stuff? Is he there on a pleasure trip or to get away from it all—?"

She said, "He's there on business."

"Now what's he up to?" inquired Williams.

"If I knew—and I do know . . . I wouldn't tell you," she announced.

"Monkeyshines," commented Williams, "so you're not entirely back in the fold? Well, I know, if it's any annoyance to you. Going to start a factory, is he, and pull in the various South American air lines' orders. Good. Keep him out of further mischief."

She said, "You don't know how I feel. As if I'd been released . . . Are you going up to camp today?"

"This afternoon. I'm running out to the plant in," he looked at his watch, "an hour and a half. Skip along and sell your papers. Come back here and come along with me, if you want. We'll have some lunch . . . look things over. Your ship came in last night."

"With cargo?" inquired his daughter.

He grinned. "She'll take a going-over," he said. "Get out, for heaven's sake. We'll go directly to camp from the plant. I'll phone Ellen we're on our way."

"What'll I do meantime?" she demanded, at the doorway.

"What do women do when they kill time? Too early for movies; go shopping. Buy yourself a new hat. Two hats. I'll pay the bill." He pressed a buzzer, said, "Letters," to his demure and competent secretary and roared at his child. "Will you go?" he demanded.

Smiling, she went. Two hats, a new bathing suit, a beach robe, three linen frocks . . . She was a little late getting back to the office.

THEY drove to the plant and while her father went to his office there and into conference with half a dozen men, Gail wandered about completely at home. Everyone knew her, everyone spoke to her. She liked the activity, the smell of dope, the noise of machines. She paused to talk about spot weldings with the foreman in the shop. He shook his head. He said cautiously, "We'll come to it, maybe. Let someone else try it first."

Big ships and small ships, monoplanes, cabin jobs, fast, not so fast. She looked at a new army plane which had passed its test and which Sorrensen would manufacture this year. There'd be eight of them. Presently she went out to the sprawling buildings in which the motors were manufactured and assembled; and after that she wandered over to where her own plane stood, a mechanic busy with it, and spoke to him. "Much wrong, Nelson?"

He said cheerfully, "Darned little, Miss Williams, but we can't have you breaking your neck." He added, "You didn't use her much, back East, did you?"

"Not much."

She was thoughtful, walking away. The plane had stood idle in the Long Island hangar, its bright wings static. She had thought flying the most marvelous thing in the world. Then it had taken second place. She remembered the time she had flown Peter and reddened for shame. Perhaps Bill was right, perhaps women were too emotional to fly ships. Certainly she had been that day.

Later in the summer, she'd fly her ship up to the camp landing field, get the feel of her again, feel herself one with her plane, undistracted . . . her pulses steady and her mind clear.

THEY drove up to the lake and reached there after sunset. The sky above and the water below held the afterglow, salmon and mauve and a dusky violet edged with flame. Bill came out of his cabin with a whoop and Ellen came and took her husband's hands and greeted him with the perceptible shyness which came upon her when his daughter was present.

"Don't mind me," said Gail, and turned her back. "I'm going for a swim before dinner."

Bill said, limping beside her, using a stick instead of the crutches . . . "You've been gone a year."

"Not quite," she told him, "eighteen months to be exact."

They laughed for no good reason. He said, "I'm a working man. Going to report at Sorrensen's Monday with your father. You'll see me only week ends. Can you bear up under it?" he inquired anxiously.

She said serenely, "I'll try. Who asked you for week ends?"

"Ellen," he answered calmly.

"It's time I got back," she said, "you seem on excellent terms."

"We are. She appreciates me," Bill said modestly, "but don't worry . . . we've been chaperoned within an inch of our lives."

Later he lay on the dock in a canvas chair and Gail swam and climbed out dripping, and sat there beside him swinging her long, lovely legs over the water. It was darkening toward the long golden dusk and the trees were vocal with bird song.

He asked, "Things come out all right?"

"Everything."

"Happy?" he asked her.

She swung about to face him, slender and strong in her brief crimson suit. She said, "No, I'm not happy, Bill. You don't get away with things that easily. But I'm relieved . . . and—released . . . and very much ashamed of myself." She added, low, "I suppose it's good for me. I had it coming."

Bill stared at the nape of her neck, the down-bent head with its brave red cap. He said, "If I told you what I want to tell you . . . you'd say . . . it's too soon . . ."

"Yes." She rose, stretched her arms, looked toward the circle of tall growing trees on the opposite shore. In the west

Thanks, 'THIRTY SIX!

You were the best year in our history . . .

Your month of May was the best of the 585 months of Collier's life . . .

Every one of your months gave us better advertising income than 1935 . . .

And why, 1936, did you do this? Maybe because Collier's makes it easy for advertisers to reach America's most important market . . . the market that should be appealed to first, and sold first . . . the Active Market—

2,500,000 aggressive and progressive youngsters of all ages and brackets of life, the ones that made it possible for you to give industry a new thrill (and the National Weekly some new linage)!

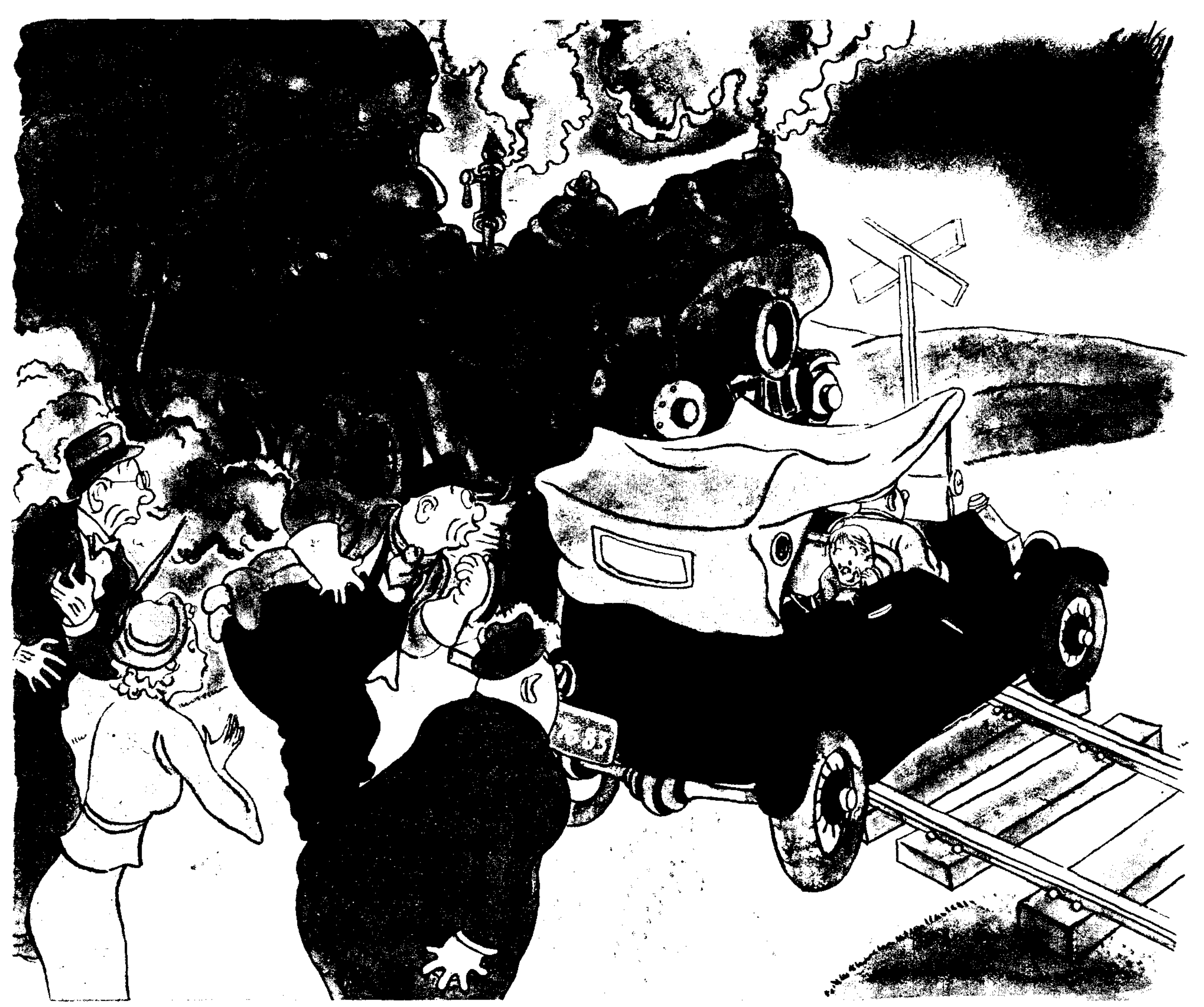
So, thanks, old year, and by the way, we hope you spoke nicely to '37 on your way out!

BECAUSE

Collier's serves the Active Market it has in ten years doubled in circulation and advertising . . for current progress see column left . . .

DOUBLE THE LINAGE OF TEN YEARS AGO!

YEAR	NET LINES	YEAR	NET LINES
1927	578,844	1932	693,510
1928	675,518	1933	684,579
1929	979,760	1934	850,251
1930	1,120,075	1935	1,009,766
1931	974,825	1936	1,165,042



"I don't think the home office is gonna believe *this!*"

a new moon swung pendant, a pale paring of silver. When the sky grew dark and night came the silver would deepen and glow. A hawk sailed, in untiring and graceful flight, above the treetops.

"Will it always be too soon?" he persisted.

"I don't know," she said. "Come on, I'll race you back to the house. Oh, Bill, I'm sorry! I forgot."

"Keep on forgetting," he said, and limped along beside her on the way back. "I won't always be a lame dog—in the manger."

"There isn't any manger." She touched his shoulder. "I'm awfully fond of you, Bill," she said.

"It isn't enough?"

"No, it isn't enough. Neither for me nor for you."

He agreed, sighing, "I suppose you're right." Then he grinned at her. "You're a willful creature," he said, "but remember the old story about the drop of water and the stone?"

SUMMER pursued her lovely incalculable way. This year her moods were many and varied. Hot bright skies, and leaves dying on the trees, and intense heat, and sudden violent thunderstorms, which did more damage than they did good. And in late August a week of rain, for which they were grateful, and of cold, for which they were not.

Bill was living in lodgings near the Sorrensen plant. On Fridays, as a rule, but sometimes not until Saturday, he drove up with Gail's father to the lake. They had become very good friends. And Bill was working. He was learning. He was in the shop, being, as he explained to Gail, educated.

"Damned silly of me," he admitted frankly, "to think that by taking my life in my hands and anchoring my heart in my throat and doing a bit of passenger flying I'd ever get to know about planes. Oh, technically, of course, and theoretically I'm not so dumb. But I've got the right idea at last. I'm learning to build 'em from the ground up . . . By fall I won't know much but I'll know more than I did. Then I can dig myself in, out in Ohio, and see just how practical my ideas are. And, boy, do I like it, or don't I?"

"Well, do you?" she inquired.

"Yes," he responded seriously. "I do. And Sorrensen babies are swell guys . . . every last one of them."

He'd been to dinner with so-and-so, and he'd played cards at this one's house. Quite a settlement had grown up around the plant. Neat little houses, with yards and flowers. Many of the men were married, babies kicked about in the yards, small boys rode their bicycles past the plant and boasted to their fellows, "My pop's foreman in the assembly room" . . . "My dad works in the office."

There were always guests at the camp; they came and went. Gail swam and rode, renting her horses from a stable not far away, walked through the woods, went to the plant and flew her plane herself . . . She read, lazed, talked with Ellen. She and Ellen had somehow slipped back to their old footing.

One of the guests brought her baby, an enchanting three-year-old with fine silk curls, dimples and a capacity for mischief which appeared practically unlimited. They remained a week and Ellen, enslaved by the child, spoiled her and excused her until the young mother declared that she was delighted to be going home. "If I don't, I'll have a monster on my hands," she said. "Grateful as I am to you, Ellen, for this holiday, a spoiled child in a four-room flat is not amusing."

Afterward Gail said to Ellen one day, down on the dock, "You looked cute . . . playing with Rosemary. Why don't you have a baby, Ellen?"

She was astonished that she could say it, mean it, wish with all her heart that it would be so. She had always pushed the thought from her, hating it . . . jealous and hostile. Now she thought, It would be fun, I'd adore it . . .

Ellen said slowly, "Jim doesn't want children."

"He loves 'em," said Gail indignantly, "he's crazy about kids."

Her stepmother said, "He doesn't want any of his own, not now. He says it wouldn't be fair to the child . . . to give it a father old enough to be its grandfather. He said once, 'Look, suppose we had a boy . . . and I lived to see him grow up . . . say, to be eighteen, twenty. How'd he like having a man in his eighties for a father? And if I didn't live,' he said . . . 'Well, that wouldn't be so good either.' "

Gail said slowly, "That's a selfish way for him to look at it, Ellen."

Ellen shook her head.

"I've said that. I've said it wasn't fair to me either but he contends that he'd rather do me an injustice than bring a child into the world who'd be ashamed of him . . ."

"Ashamed," said Gail incredulously, "of all the idiotic . . . I've never heard anything as silly!"

ELLEN said, "I know. But there it is. He said, too, 'Suppose I had an illness, a long one, lingering? How'd a kid, growing up like that . . . like having a father who couldn't play with him, who had to be coddled . . . like having to tiptoe past my door and be shushed every time he came near me? Nothing doing,' he told me, 'I'm too darned vain!' "

She was silent, staring at her own reflection in the clear lake water. It mirrored her young, round face, her bright hair and her deep eyes. Jim had said . . . and she could not repeat it to his daughter . . . "When I die—Oh, don't look at me like that, Ellen, we've all got to die, haven't we?—there'll be time. You'll be young enough . . . there'll be a man you'll love, and his children. I've thought of all that. And there isn't," he added, "much prospect of my living till I'm eighty . . . so . . ."

Aloud, she said, "Don't mention it to him, will you? He'd hate me to discuss it with you. Perhaps after all," she went on, "I wasn't intended to be very maternal. Rosemary was sweet and pretty and healthy but she wasn't my responsibility. If I had six babies," she announced firmly, "and they all had whooping cough . . ."

"Ellen, for Heaven's sake!" said Gail, laughing.

"Or measles," went on Ellen, "and Jim wanted to fly to the moon, I'd kiss 'em all around—"

"And get the measles . . . ?"

"I've had 'em," said Ellen seriously . . . "and I'd go with him. You see, that's the way it is with me, Gail."

Believing her, Gail nodded. And she felt a quick wrenching pity for the girl who had been her school friend and who had married a man greatly her senior. And envy, because Ellen had something which she had once thought that she too possessed, but which no longer existed.

During the week of rain and cold neither Williams nor Bill came to the lake. And before the end of the second week Williams had gone off to Ohio on some junket or other and taken Bill with him. "As," he told his wife over the telephone, "bodyguard."

Ellen wailed and grumbled. She cried, "Jim might have let me go along," and Gail realized that Ellen was forever afraid . . . afraid to let her husband out of her sight, resentful of the time spent away from her, time which could never be regained. She knew, or feared, that time was far too brief. It always is.

"You'd only be in the way," said Gail practically. "Hurry up and get dressed. Do you or do you not realize that we're driving over to the Davis place for dinner and that we're going to be hideously late?"

SEPTEMBER came in, glorious, vivid. A light early frost had reddened the leaves, the sky was brilliant, tempered by a soft violet haze, and noontime was warm almost to discomfort, nights were sudden and chill, and the moon a Japanese lantern, red and gold. Days grew shorter and the lake waters were icy. But the air was magnificent and the sun a benison. Everywhere, in the pastures, along the fences, in the trees, the birds began to gather, preparatory for their southern migration.

Bill and his employer appeared that first week end and were delighted to hear that they had been missed. "We," said Williams, "expected to be missed. That's why we went away. However, in order to make things right, we are taking a vacation . . ."

"How long?" chorused Gail and Ellen.

"A week, ten days, two weeks. Bill, here, isn't used to work. He deserves a break. As for me, it's what the doctor ordered."

"Doctor?" repeated Ellen with a catch in her voice . . . "Jim!"

"Darling," said her husband, "it was a figure of speech. I'll ride with you Gail. Phone the stables and see if they have a horse strong enough to carry a man of my weight and importance. Also one that is comparatively docile. I expect to ride before breakfast."

"Golly," mourned Gail, who enjoyed her sleep.

"Do you good, my girl. You, too, Ellen?"

Ellen mourned, "I hate horses!"

"Then we'll leave you at home. Nothing so puts a good horse on his mettle as a little hate. He thrives on it. He

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Tony Sarg, world-famous man of marionettes, painter and illustrator, says: "The comfort and convenience of Pullman travel remind me sometimes of the magic that occurs on the puppet stage. You can't see the strings, but you know there's a master somewhere!"

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT —THE SAFE WAY TO GO—AND THE SURE WAY TO GET THERE chucks you into the bushes and gallops back to the stall, with pleasure and alacrity. I'll even," said Williams, "fly with you, Gail. Parental love can do no more."

Bill said in a loud, firm voice, "I love her as much as you do, sir, if not infinitely more, but I'll be darned if I'll fly with her."

"Nobody asked you to," said Gail, annoyed.

"It's Lochinvar in reverse," her father murmured. "That's right, Bill, when you love a woman see that she keeps her feet on the ground."

There were no other guests during the two weeks' vacation. The four of them fished and swam . . . all but Bill, who hadn't gotten around to swimming, his leg giving out unexpectedly every now and then.

Once, Bill and Gail went fishing alone. Gail rowed, with long, even strokes, slowly, evenly, while Bill, in the stern, trolled for lake trout. He caught one, a three-pounder, and lost two, whose combined weight he asserted would have made Jonah's whale look anemic. Then, toward five o'clock, with the wind freshening, they changed places; Bill rowed and Gail trolled. They were not talkative. They were drowsy from the sun and air and the reflection on the water. The water was ruffled now, slapping against the sides of the boat, and the mirrored trees no longer grew, it seemed, below surface but were obscured by ripples.

She said, disconsolately, "I never catch anything."

"There's me," Bill reminded her promptly.

She said, "I should throw you back. It's out of season."

"ONCE hooked," said Bill, "I stay hooked." He waited a moment, then demanded, "Look here, did you mean that?"

But she wasn't listening. She cried, "Bill . . . I've got something."

The slender rod bent. She had hooked a lake trout, weighing perhaps six pounds or more, a good size for those waters. And it was giving her a fight.

The reel whined and sang. The waters were thrashed. Gail shouted, "I'm going to lose him!"

"Don't you dare," ordered Bill. He managed his oars with perfection. He said coaxingly, "Let him run. Don't give him too much slack. Keep it taut. Don't jerk, or you'll snub him. Easy does it . . ."

Easy did not do it.

The lake trout took a new lease on life. Six pounds, eight pounds of fighting fish can have considerable authority.

"Look out!" shouted Bill.

She had moved in cautiously, reached, done something. Overboard she went, slacks, and high boots under them, woolen pull-over, curly head, rod and reel.

Bill went overboard after her.

The oars remained shipped, and the boat regained its balance. It was a stout little boat, accustomed to nervous fishermen.

Here the water was deep, and the rocky ledges ran along, not many feet. They were not far from shore and the boat stood by. Gail could swim well enough for any purpose, even in slacks and boots. Bill swam scarcely at all and he had fractured his leg not so long ago.

He wasn't doing very well. He was trying to tread water; he was shouting angrily, "Gail!" as if she were a mile away. The little wind had increased in the last few minutes and the sun was obscured by a cloud, heavy with rain.

Gail shook the water from her eyes and looked for the boat. There it was. Bill wasn't in it. She saw him floundering about; she heard him. She said, "Bill, you utter idiot," and reached him. She asked, "Don't you know enough to stay put? Here, put your hand on my shoulder."

"I'm not being rescued, I'm rescuing!" he complained.

They reached the boat and managed to clamber in. They looked at one another, dripping. They laughed. Bill hoisted himself into the seat and grabbed the oars. And Gail asked, "Where are we going?"

"After your fish!"

The rod was there, some yards beyond, inshore, caught in a tangle of grass and weeds in the shallows. Bill rowed over, seized it, brought it in. "Hook, line and sinker," he said regretfully.

The lake trout had departed, as quickly as possible.

"I suppose," said Gail, "he's home by the fire, telling the family about his remarkable escape and sending for the doctor to cut out the hook. Bill, you're shivering!"

His teeth chattered, and his leg hurt. He had wrenched it, going overside and getting back again.

He said, "I'm all right. Some guy. Walk into trucks, get scared in airplanes, can't swim worth a damn. And also it is raining."

IT WAS, not gently, but in torrents. Gail's hair was already plastered back on her head; it couldn't get any wetter. She wiped her eyes with her hand and said, "Let's get to shore."

They pulled in, beached the boat and went up the bank and stood under a big tree until the shower passed, as swiftly as it had come. The wind died down; the sun shone again, westering. And Bill asked, "How's for home, Mademoiselle Walton?"

"Don't you dare twit me about that fish," she said, "it was a whopper . . . twice as big as any you landed."

"Granted."

She looked at him, wringing wet, grinning, still shivering a little, with a white line of pain about his mouth. She said, "Your leg *does* hurt. You might have broken it again or something. Oh, Bill, you *are* an idiot."

He said, "Don't I know it? Can't even be a hero."

Gail said practically, "Look around; there must be some dry wood somewhere. There, under those trees. Twigs and things. We'll have a fire, get warm, if nothing else . . ."

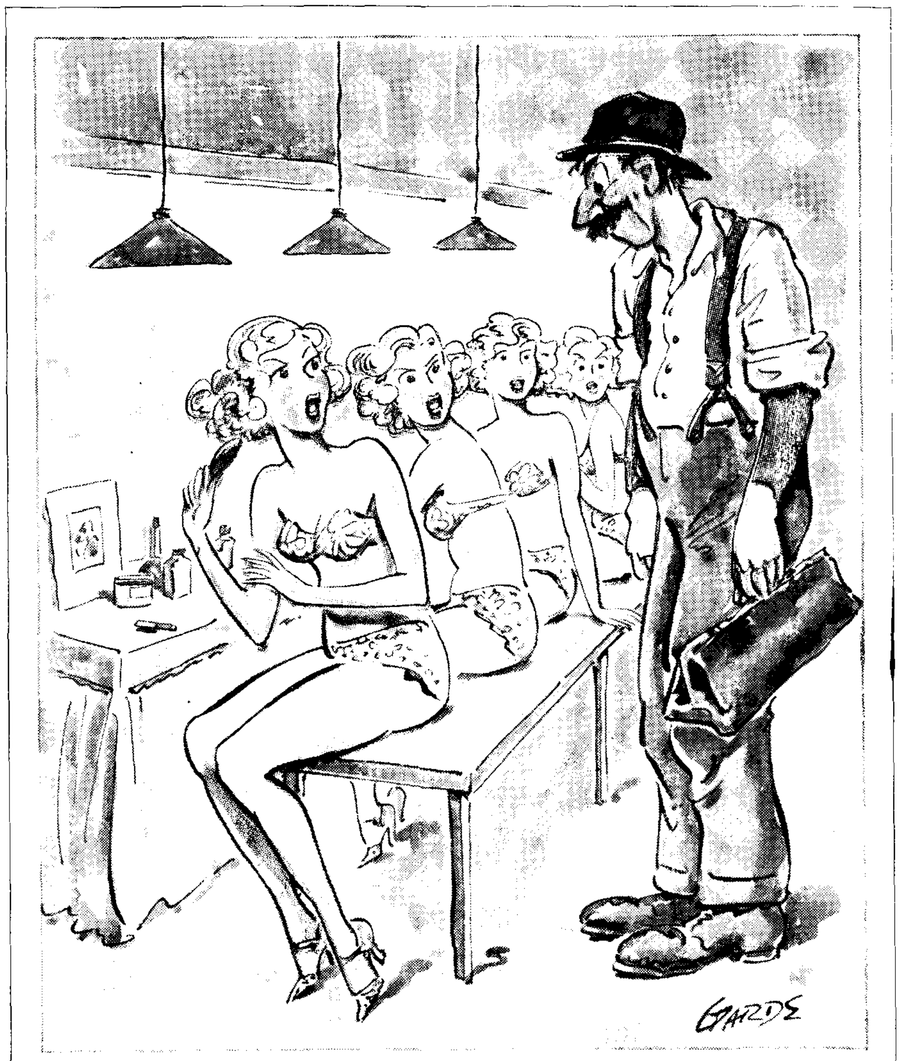
THERE was dry wood, farther along, in the underbrush. They carried it to the beach, piled it, set a match to it. It burned, smoking at first, then blazed brightly. Bill spread his hands over it, stood close. He said, "I always say there's nothing like an open fire."

She thought, You've stood me all this time when I was in love with someone else, you endured me when I was moody and irritable and lower in my mind than anything that crawls, you've made me laugh and you've loved me and you jumped out of a boat because I fell out of one, and you can't swim, really, and you've had a broken leg and it hurts you now and you won't admit it.

"Does your leg bother you, Bill?"

"Nope," he said, "did it good; ought to jump out of boats after good swimmers and vanishing lake trout every second Tuesday."

Warmed and a little drier, they rowed back home. They did not talk much. Bill thought, Comic strip, that's me. He regarded himself inwardly, just a young man under thirty with a yen for radio and for inventing gadgets, an inexhaustible line of idle chatter; a young man with a sense of humor and a capacity for loving, who hadn't done anything startling, and whose girl sat, still very damp, in the stern of the boat and trailed her hand in the water and watched the sun sink in the west and didn't talk to him. And he thought, Well, I'm not very romantic—



"Take off your hat! Where do you think you are? Home?"

AUGUST GARDE

How could you expect her to forget Peter Harris and love you when you weren't romantic?

She thought, I must be crazy; this isn't being in love, is it? Just wanting to be near someone forever and always wanting to take care of him, wanting him to take care of you—someone you can laugh with, someone who talks your language, your real language . . . someone with lots of faults but not any more than you have . . . Why, she said to herself, still trailing her hand in the cool water and looking at the flushed, magnificent sky and the trees at the lakeside, washed fresh and glowing, this is something you couldn't be afraid of, ever . . . something that would endure because its roots are in commonplace things. And she trembled suddenly, not because she was cold but because she had never set her mouth to his in surrender and delight and because she knew that she would do so before she was many hours older. And she thought, I can't tell him I've loved him all along but I've been *ready* to love him—all along . . . almost.

This was all new, and she came to it with astonishment, yet with a sense of home-coming. For surely the heart has wings, for adventurous trial flight and for a swift return. And she thought, No, I needn't be afraid . . . not of myself, not any more . . . this time it's real, this time it will last.

Peter had had reality, but had it no longer. There was nothing in her heart for him, not even regret or bitterness.

"A penny for your thoughts—if any," offered Bill.

"They are worth," she said, "a cool million."

"Millions," said Bill, "are never cool. They're hot. Mind if I don't make any, Gail?"

She said gravely, "Of course not. But perhaps you will. It doesn't matter."

There was something in her tone. He looked up. He did not believe his ears. He had to believe his eyes. An oar slipped from his hand; he caught a magnificent crab. He said to himself, Steady, you're seeing things . . .

HIS leg hurt like the dickens. On the dock Jim and Ellen were sitting in the long chairs, returned from their call and glad of it. A maid servant scurried back to camp; she had brought the cocktails and set them out on the metal table.

"Hi," yelled Williams, "what'd you get?"

"A great big fish," shouted Gail. "Poor fish," she added and smiled at Bill with such sudden radiance that he blinked.

He tossed the rope onto the dock and Williams grumbled his way out of his chair and made it fast. Gail jumped out, just touching her father's hand. Bill came, more slowly. And Williams, returning to his chair, sank supine upon it and demanded, "What happened to you two—fall in . . . ?"

"I fell in," replied Gail, "over my head. Or perhaps," she said doubtfully, "I didn't fall. One moment I wasn't . . . yet suddenly I was. So I must have been a long time . . ."

"What the devil is she talking about?" demanded Williams, bewildered. But Ellen shook her red head.

"Mulligatawny," she said resignedly.

Gail stood beside Bill. He was taller than she; she looked up at him, smiling. She said, contentedly, "We're going to get along swell," and before he could answer, before her father or Ellen could speak or move, and utterly indifferent to their staring presence, she put her arms around Bill's neck, and kissed him, on the mouth.

THE END

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Four Fat Years

HARD times gave character to Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term in the White House. Prosperity calls the tune this year. Times have changed, and once more we have changed with them.

Four years ago people were frightened and uncertain. The security we thought we had seemed to be fading. Rich and poor and all between were fearful of what might happen to them. President Roosevelt stood on the portico of the Capitol, took the oath of office, and in cheerful campaign fashion said everything would be all right.

His confident words on that dark March 4th were gratefully received. They set the key for the following four years. Everything which has since been said and done was somehow related to the depression. Emergency has been a much-used word in Washington.

Affairs are different now. We are in the expansive phase of the business cycle. Fear has been forgotten. People are now thinking of buying a new car or better furniture or a finer radio or a fur coat for Mother or Daughter. The next year or so most of us will be more concerned about reading advertisements of alluring commodities than in considering new political schemes.

So the circumstances which confront President Roosevelt as he enters his second term are radically different from the situation he faced that memorable March 4th not yet four years ago. The majorities which swept him into office this November were even larger than the huge vote given him in 1932. His authority as the favored leader of the people is even greater. But basic conditions have changed.

The program which President Roosevelt espoused in 1933 consisted of two groups of measures, different in character and in purpose. The immediate policies were designed to deal with conditions produced by the intense depression. The closing of the banks to stop the stampede of withdrawals was frankly an emergency act, intended, among other things, to give depositors time to recover their wits. Not even the most conservative objected.

Other measures were intended to accomplish long-time reforms in social conditions. The United States has been a bit of a laggard in enacting social legislation. Old-age and unemployment benefits and insurance, among Mr. Roosevelt's chief reforms, were begun in Germany more than fifty years ago by Prince Bismarck. David Lloyd George built his reputation as a statesman by his establishment of social insurance in Great Britain. In this country, however, even organized labor, until a very few years ago, opposed such laws as being socialistic.

The group of measures which produced the sharpest divisions of political opinion were those which set up various forms of governmental control over business. The NRA was the most ambitious, although the Agricultural Adjustment Administration was almost as far-reaching. Both of these passed out when the Supreme Court ruled them beyond the powers delegated by the people through the Constitution to Congress.

Other forms of control seemed to be within the admitted authority of Congress.

The Security Exchange Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, the Tennessee Valley Authority, extend immensely the controls exercised by the national government over business. So, too, do the Wagner Act, recognizing labor unions, the Holding Company Act, the Surplus Tax Act, and the relatively unnoticed law which, through governmental contracts, seeks to regulate working conditions.

Most of these measures were forced upon the statute books by the unrest resulting from the depression. They will all inevitably be reconsidered in the light of new and more cheerful conditions.

Business is very prosperous now. Employment is increasing. Money is in the hands of consumers. Few in the government, or in the country, want to diminish private employment.

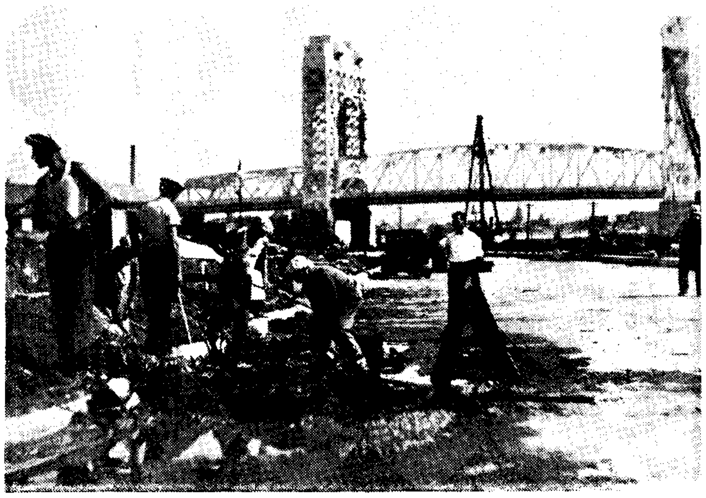
Consequently, in whatever is undertaken, the capacity of private business to provide employment must be considered. With all its new controls over business the Administration is committed to the faith that business and not government must provide jobs and a living for the great majority of Americans.

The task of deciding just how far governmental control can go without retarding business development is difficult and delicate. Barring the catastrophe of a great war, President Roosevelt and the new Congress will be principally concerned with these matters. Governmental control is here, and every effort will naturally be made to render it effective.

The responsibility which President Roosevelt must bear is tremendous. Even in uneventful years the burden is appallingly heavy. All Americans, regardless of party, hope that President Roosevelt will continue to have the strength to meet the exactions of his great office.

President Hoover congratulating his successor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, before the inauguration on March 4, 1933

Workers given employment in one of the camps set up under President Roosevelt's Civilian Conservation Corps



The President's belief in work relief rather than direct relief brought about the Works Progress Administration

Secretary Wallace signing Tugwell's commission

Dust storms resulted in soil conservation measures

The NRA, once popular, was later declared unconstitutional

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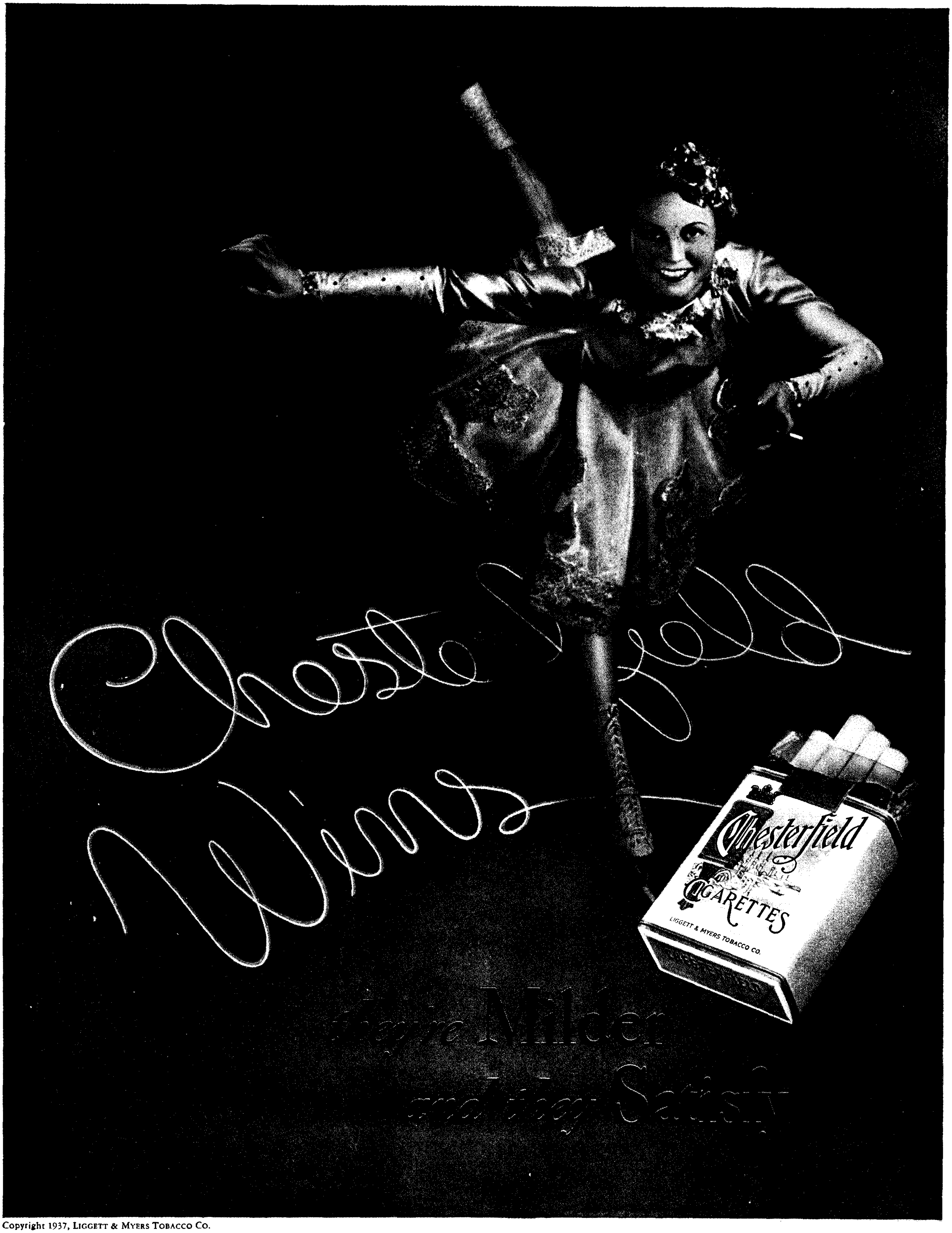
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